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THE ARTS

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ALL PHASES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN ART

VOLUME SEVEN

JANUARY, 1925
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THE ARTS

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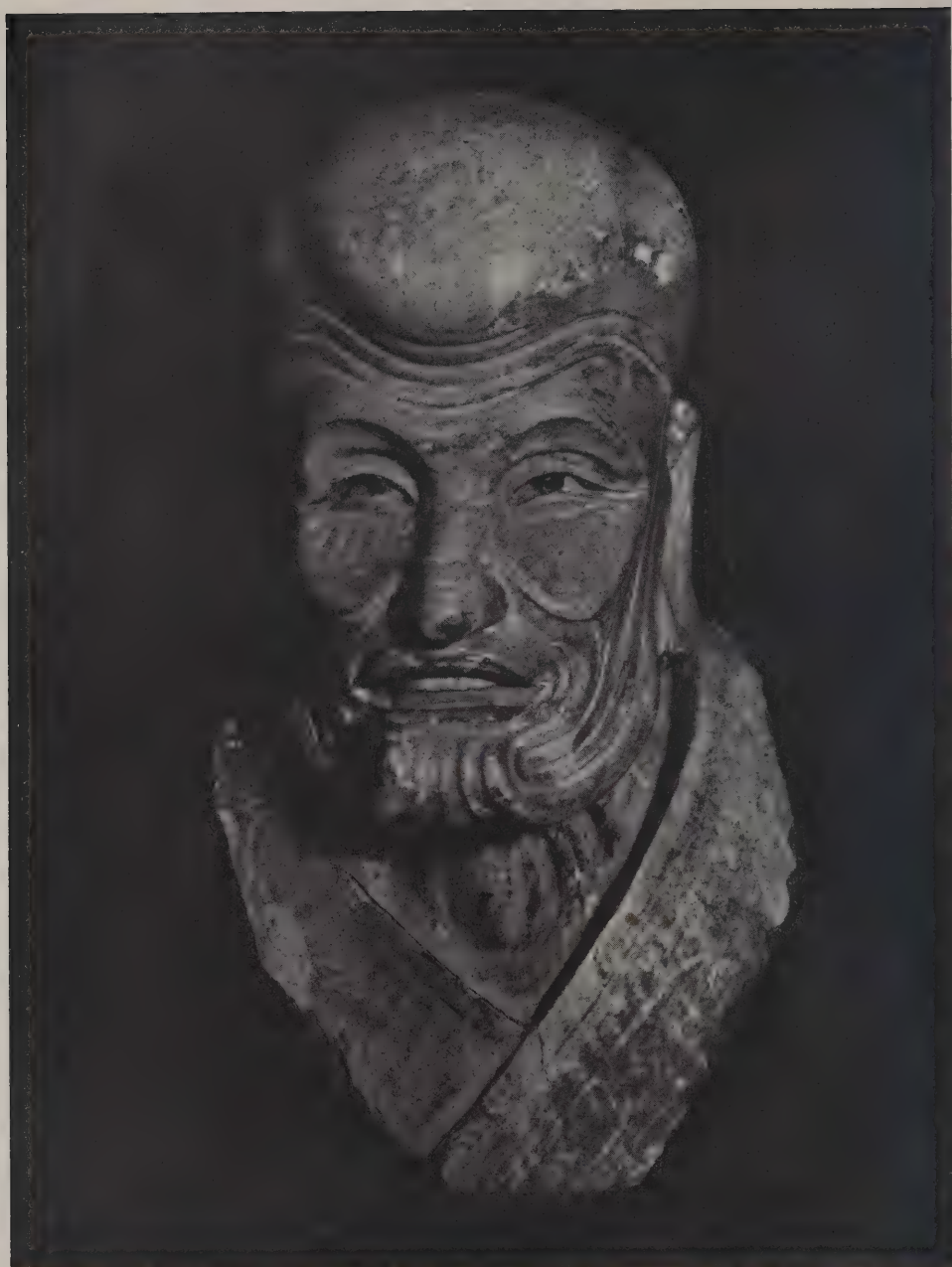
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HEAD OF A PATRIARCH

From C. T. Loo Collection

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"**P**ROGRESS in art is achieved by breaking rules." I found this statement in an artist's note book. In order to escape futile argument, the justness of the term progress can be overlooked for the moment. We do know that art changes. Perhaps the succeeding changes are the result of the instinct common to all men to seek freedom from rules. This instinct seems to be intensified in the artist in direct proportion to his originality, for no sooner is an æsthetic rule laid down by those who wish to impose upon the world their standards and no others, than up springs an artist to break it.

The artist's habit of breaking the rules set down by the makers of fixed standards does not spring from the fact that rules are made to be broken. He finds dogma a bond upon his imagination, and before he can work at all, he feels the necessity of mental and spiritual freedom. Intuitively he knows that ideas concerning painting and sculpture are not standardized until the quality, which the officials wish to confine within the limits of a rule, has lost its living force.

Since æsthetic theories based upon art are not translated into words until after the creation of the works that inspire them, by the time a clear deduction of a theory has been made the artists have already turned away from the source of it. The imitators in the various succeeding movements of art, as they are called, reason from ideas which they receive through the ears. The genuinely creative artist, on the other hand, reasons from ideas received through the eye. He receives his ideas in terms of form and color and conveys them in the same terms, and what he takes from the art of his predecessors as well as what he gives back to art does not become sufficiently cooled to be formulated in words until its value as working material for the artist has passed.

Once removed from its natural element of visible terms and translated into words, the productive theory of art ceases to be a living issue for the painter or the sculptor. It has become a portion of the history of the past. People accept it and repeat it, feeling contentedly safe in the repetition. As soon as this happens, the instinct of the herd to form an academy acts upon the idea, and it is moulded and hardened into a rule. While the imitators and the blind argue and discuss and uphold the fixed rule, the more inventive minds have escaped to make new discoveries and to start the whole process afresh.

The imitators and academicians begin all over again to fight the new ideas until the danger of their being accepted is clearly apparent. They then move up the old forsaken academic camp to the site left vacant by the moderns, raise their banners over the safely accepted idea and ask the people to observe their progress. But alas, age has already come to what was once the new idea, and the academy, physically in a different position, is spiritually just where it always was, hanging to the tail of the kite.

If this process represented progress, then every new idea would be greater than the idea which it succeeded, but to understand the inevitable changes, it is first of all necessary to realize that the question of better or worse is beside the point; nor would it be exact to say that the new idea is the result only of the natural changes in life and conditions. Undoubtedly, changes in conditions affect it, but what affects it as much as anything else is the natural habit of man to become bored with the same idea. There is a limit to what he can squeeze out of a theory or an idea, and when that point is reached the artist turns to something new, leaving the squeezed ideas behind for the academicians and dogmatists to include in their book of rules.

FORBES WATSON.

GEORGE BELLWS

By permission of the New York World

THE death of George Bellows on January 8th at the Post Graduate Hospital in New York brought to an end the career of a painter whose history is quite exceptional in the annals of American art. When Bellows came as a young man from Columbus, Ohio, to New York City, he brought with him a thoroughly American feeling for life, a natural gift for drawing, and comparatively little sophistication in art. Fortunately, he came in contact with the most inspiring teacher of that day, Robert Henri. Henri recognized the gifts of the young artist, and a friendship developed between the two which enabled the teacher to be at once frank and sympathetic. The training of this talented young artist, begun with Henri, continued under entirely American influences and conditions. From early in his career Bellows displayed native force, energy, courage and initiative. When he first began to exhibit, the more timid members of juries (the what-are-we-coming-to school of thought that is always with us) were horrified at his boldness and pace. There have been few American artists who during their lives have imposed their point of view more thoroughly on the public, and for years Bellows has been a kingpin in all big exhibitions. Juries and directors, far from their former doubts and reluctance, have been anxious to get his pictures everywhere. He has been in many controversies, but he had a genial personality and was much beloved among his fellow artists.

To a remarkable degree, Bellows had the painter's gift. He loved life with an easy, tolerant expansiveness, and he did not restrict himself to a specialty. A born painter, he painted everything, as most of those painters who are born, not made, have done. His energy impelled him to try many mediums and many subjects—drawings, lithographs, illustrations, portraits, landscapes, nudes, street scenes, prize fights, and polo games. From the day when the famous "Forty-nine Kids" drew down fury and admiration upon the young painter, Bellows never failed to arouse visitors to exhibitions in which he took part.

His output has been prodigious, and most of it has not been in precious studio arrangements. He has expressed his sense of life—American life, with its exuberances, its humors, its vulgarities and its vitality. For a man not long past his youth, Bellows had made a remarkable reputation, and the sum total of his works constitutes an extraordinary achievement. In forming his style, Henri was the main influence, and the ideas of art received from Henri remained essentially unchanged to the end. Although based on similar conceptions of art, Henri's painting and that of Bellows have developed differently, according to their different temperaments. Curiously enough, although Bellows never went to Europe and developed his gifts in entirely American surroundings, he responded sympathetically to the art of several Europeans. Manet and Goya must have had a decisive influence; and probably Daumier.

The qualities in Bellows, as a painter, that linger in the mind after seeing many of his pictures, are essentially American and essentially personal. This outstanding figure in American art was like other painters, inasmuch as his work proclaims his preferences, but in the end it is not Henri or Manet that one thinks of in looking at his work, but Bellows. He took an understandable pride in being the native product of his own country.

Henri taught him, when he was still fresh from Columbus, how much material there is for the artist in the everyday life that is all about us, and Bellows tried his hand at innumerable New York scenes, leaving a record of metropolitan city life that showed an ardent dramatic sense in painting. Like Henri, Bellows had interest beyond his own production. He fought the battles of many other artists and was always unafraid to give to his fellow American painters the credit that he felt they should have. He felt none of the snobism that is the weakest element in so much American appreciation of American art, and his death not only removes from our midst an ambitious, gifted and courageous painter, but a man who brought the weight of his reputation and the force of his personality to the support of native production in art.

FORBES WATSON.



DRAWING IN CHINESE INK

ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC

ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC

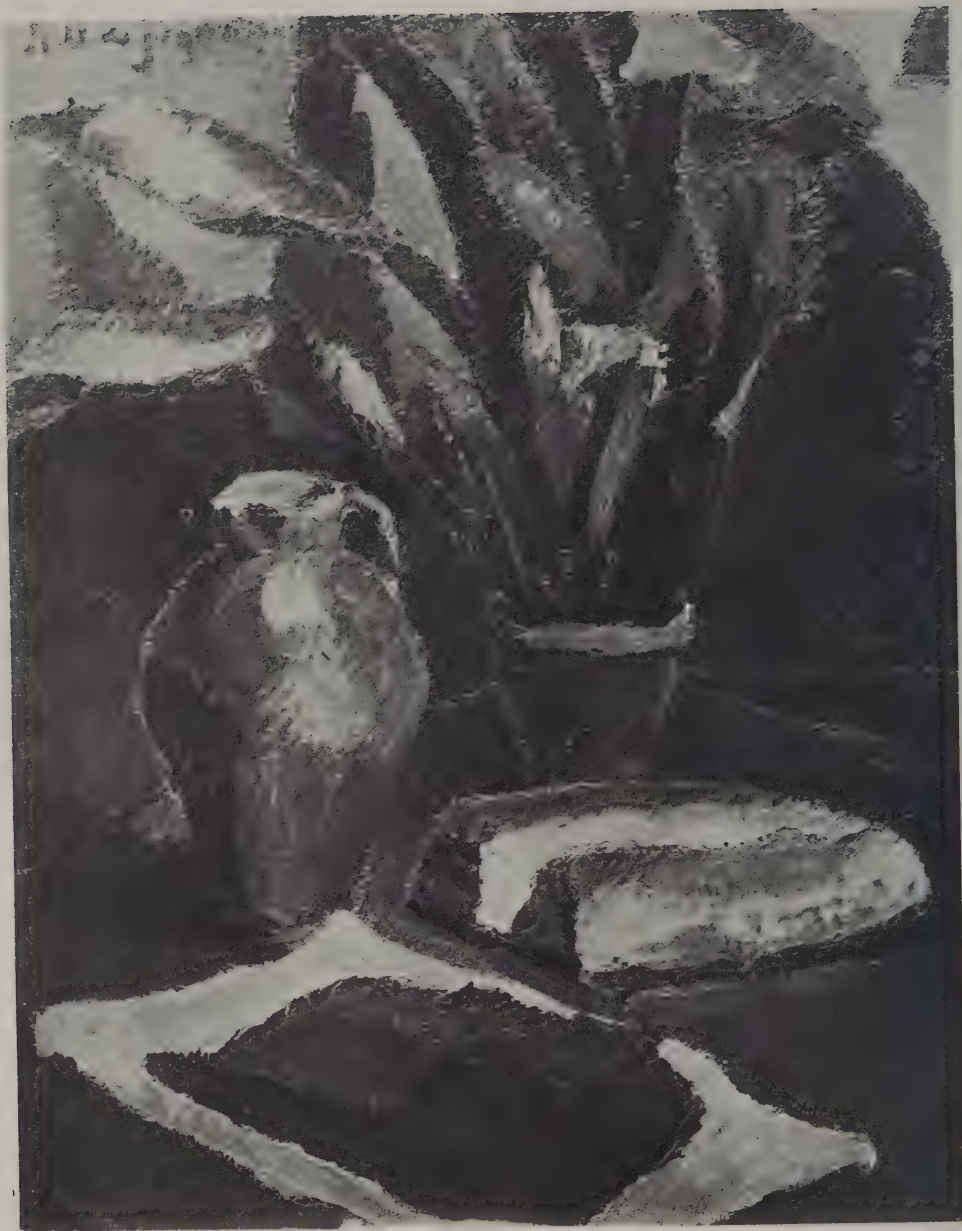
By WALDEMAR GEORGE

TO place Segonzac's work in the tradition of French painting or to define its rôle there is not difficult. The history of our French national art is a ceaseless conflict of counterbalancing and contrary elements. These two elements can be classified as classicism and romanticism, or as Nordic, Flemish or Dutch influences opposed to Latin. At the close of the great century, when the stamp of the Roman School was so brutally felt, it was a man of northern origin, the Flemish Watteau, a true heir of Rubens, who, by communicating to it a new life force, revitalized French painting. And when in the last century the pupils of David, oversaturated with the principles of classicism, had reduced their work to pure formalism, it was England which came to our rescue.

First to Géricault and then to Delacroix Bonington and the landscapist Constable revealed the science of color, and helped at a later date toward the birth and development of our glorious Barbizon school. And still later it was toward Turner and Jongkind, an Englishman and a Dutchman, to whom the young Impressionists turned.

Courbet represents the violent reaction of an art, if not intuitive (the master of Ornans was a *savant* painter) at least materialistic, corporeal, voluptuous, as opposed to the purely cerebral art of David and Ingres. One may find, moreover, that the intellectual art of the meridional regions finds its logical counterpart in the more sensual art of the north.

In the art of our own day these two elements



STILL LIFE (1913)

ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC



SPRINGTIME

ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC

may be represented by Picasso and Segonzac. On the one hand, it is the Spaniard who is directing his eyes toward Raphael, toward Ingres, toward Pompeii and toward ancient Greece. This painter, whose conscious and voluntary art attests inspiration incessantly disciplined by rule, a law personal to himself, is a creator of forms. In a fictitious space he manipulates all those animated details and abstract colors which are the product of his intelligence. On the other hand, in Segonzac we find a Frenchman born in the Ile de France, in love with Rembrandt and the masters of the Netherlands. Segonzac and Pablo Picasso form the two poles of modern painting. I am going to tell here why Segonzac seems to me a force essential to its development.

Not by age alone does he belong to the generation of Picasso and of Georges Braque, the generation which has followed that of Matisse, Friesz, Vlaminck and Derain. In no manner has Segonzac undergone the influence of the environment that

has surrounded him. In so far as his work is concerned, he has derived no benefits from the lesson of the *fauves*. He did not approach the complex problem of color with the ardor of his predecessors. He took no part in the cubist movement. From the very beginning his individuality sharply asserted itself. Certain analogies may indeed be set up between Segonzac's first pictures and those of a Gleizes or a Le Fauconnier, which date from the same period. In them one finds the same effort to organize the surface of the picture by a schematic arrangement of contrasting volumes. But the affinity of Segonzac with the cubists of the second zone is limited to this. His effort at synthesis and at concentration rests rather upon a narrow joining of horizontal planes, of which the Impressionists had respected the perspective grouping.

A dense, rich, sumptuous massing of pigment sometimes placed with a palette knife completes the unity of these canvases. Segonzac naturally reduces all the subjects he chooses to a state of pictorial ele-

ments. It would be vain to search for any contradictory technique in the products of this painter. Analytical study, such as the cubists conceived it, is not precisely his interest. While some of his contemporaries were making a visual tour of objects, practising optical synthesis, isolating bodies in a luminous surrounding, endeavoring to restore to the tactile element all its former prestige by employing local colors to the exclusion of all others, or by introducing upon their surfaces foreign materials like fragments of newspapers, corrugated paper, or the covers of match-boxes, Segonzac was breaking up his surfaces with broad brush strokes, and was painting his Boxers, his Reclining Nudes and his spacious landscapes. The harmony in his canvases is low toned, almost monochrome. As yet one cannot distinguish in them the aim to vitalize planes by that opposition of light tones with dark, an effort which at times evokes Caravaggio, and which is evident in his most recent canvases. The emerald greens, the grays, the ochres, the earth colors, the scale of browns-bitumen, Havana, red-brown and

Van Dyck, form his whole palette. Can the range of such a color scheme be denied? For many years I myself carried on a campaign in favor of so-called "pure color" painting, such as it was understood by the Impressionists. Rightly or wrongly, I used to identify the evolution of modern painting with the evolution of colored pigment. Thus considered, painting seemed to me to be polychromy, to be the language of color. In support of this thesis I called forth the glorious examples of Eugene Delacroix and Edouard Manet. Manet, one recalls, quitting the studio of the painter Thomas Couture, where the usage of nutshell browns was *de rigueur*, asserted his right to oppose without transition clean and vivid colors. Manet based this right upon nature. To support his contention he invoked visual truth. In order to render more truthfully perceived sensations the Impressionists devised their color scheme. Although the excessive favor which brown has enjoyed in modern painting may be looked upon as retrogression, as a renunciation of the chief conquests of our predecessors,



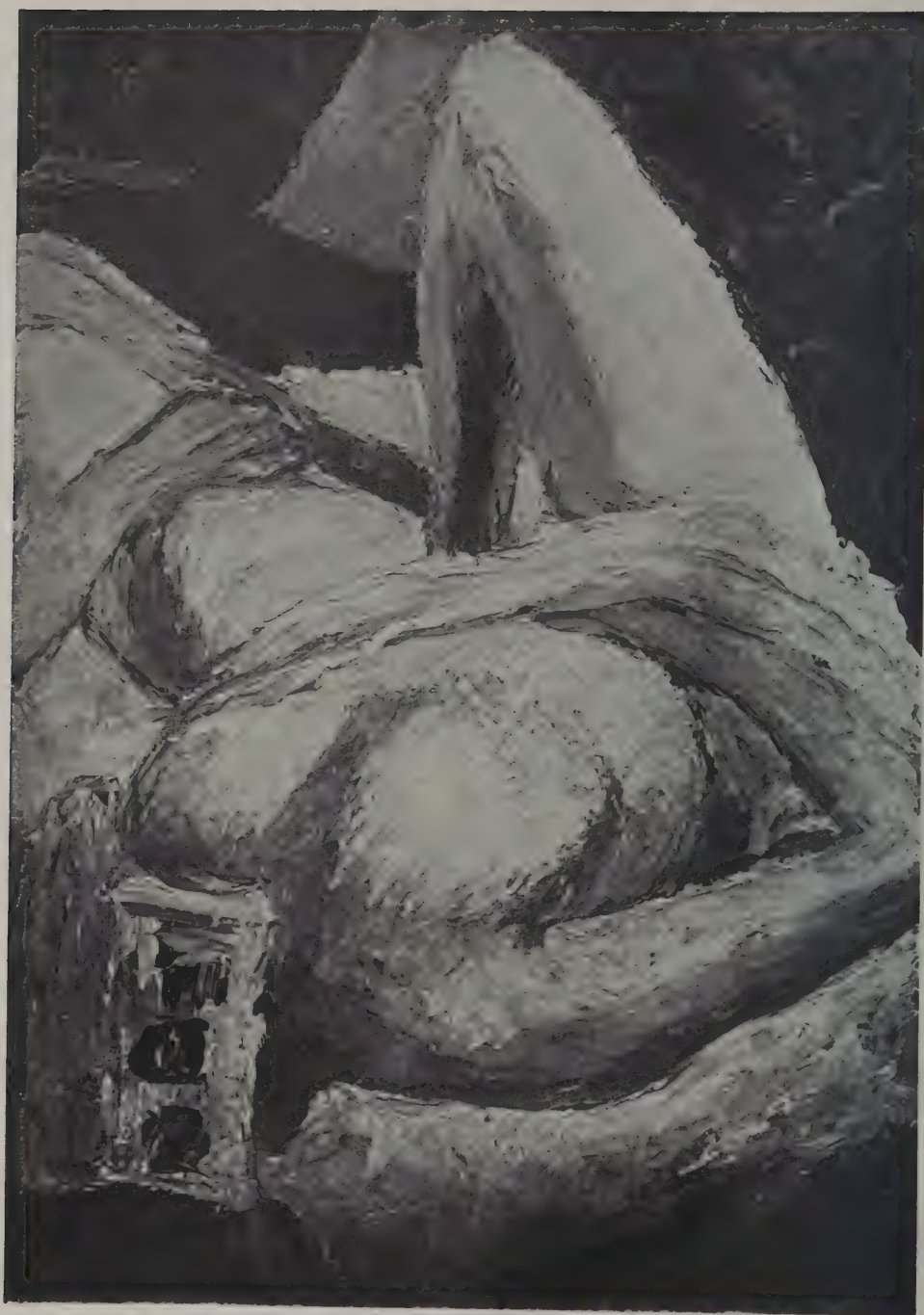
LANDSCAPE (water color)

ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC



LANDSCAPE

ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC



NUDE WITH NEWSPAPER

ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC



LA MÉTAIRIE

ANDRÉ DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC

even as a tendency tiresome to facility, one cannot hold Segonzac responsible for this crusade against color. To reduce the history of painting, as Mr. Huntington Wright does in his book *Modern Painting*, to the evolution of color, a function of light, is to narrow in singular fashion its whole domain.

The sombre painting of André Derain denotes the search of novel effects. It reveals a new æsthetic curiosity, to use an expression consecrated by Baudelaire. The painting of Segonzac is the externalization of a latent interior feeling. Moreover, if it remains possible of renovation, its evolution is not arbitrary nor a matter of hazard. Never in the work of Segonzac does one find successive manners. His work forms a perfectly compact and homogeneous *bloc*. His very first efforts reveal in a potential state the fundamental virtues which are manifest in his latest canvases. Sheltered from external influences by the fine temperament of a painter, the finest perhaps and the most authentic we have seen since Vincent Van Gogh, whose passion and fecundity he possesses, Segonzac has been able to produce pictures sharply distinctive in character. Is he, as some have said, a descendant of Courbet? There does exist, without doubt, a cer-

tain relationship between the landscapes painted by the master of *L'Atelier* and the subject matter of our contemporary. There is the same thick and heavy surface. Often the spectator distinguishes the theme only after absorbing the colored impression, which relegates to the background all representational idea. But Segonzac uses, or until very recently used, tones more closely related than those of the Ornans painter. His color possessed the patina of high-fired pottery. His planes overlapped, his objects did not stand out from a background designed to emphasize their values, because this background, in certain instances, assumed an importance equal to that of the principle motif.

Segonzac's output included still lifes, landscapes, compositions, a series of water colors, pen drawings, and album of etchings, and illustrations for Tristan Bernard's *Tableau de la Boîte*, Roland Dorgèlès' *Les Croix de Bois* and for Gustave Flaubert's *Education Sentimentale*. As his art ripens and develops, it gains in depth and intensity. Still lifes, landscapes, and compositions in monochrome of the beginning become darker, but at the same time more sonorous, more richly orchestrated. Segonzac reduces each object to the state of a pictorial element. Is that to say that he disembodies them? In



LANDSCAPE

ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC

endowing them with a new life, the life of painting, he restores to them, on the new plane of art, all their salient qualities. He paints little earthenware jugs, whose roughened surface he renders marvellously. He paints carrots in brickish pink; he paints a litre of wine, a peasant platter, a soup tureen in faience, sober, simple, rude, familiar forms. He paints *la Métairie*, its heavy masses against a sky of turquoise blue. He paints the *Allée d'arbres*, with branches spread out like fans and massive trunks in a soil enriched by rain. He paints winter landscapes and evokes the damp and naked earth blanketed with velvet moss. He paints lacy, skeleton-like bushes, with their thin bones in profile. His latest landscapes, views of churches placed at the edge of two roads, are brighter, more luminous, more "écrits." Segonzac gives the lie to those who would pigeon-hole him and place his work in a single category, or who would deny him the title of colorist. He knows how to make some bit of sky in a corner of a canvas burst out with radiant light. He knows how to match his reds with blues and sea-greens.

He is bold enough for any effect. He integrates, he incorporates a color in his canvas without even caring to justify it by restraint of tone. In his *Nude with Parasol*, the spot of vermilion throws a gay, sonorous note into the centre of the picture. From the *Boxers*, from the *Drinkers* to the *Grandes Baigneuses* of 1922, including the nudes of women, we may follow all his compositions.

The *Drinkers* reveals Dunoyer de Segonzac in full possession of his powers as a painter. The scale of his palette appears limited; but it is composed of rich, generous colors. A picture painted with a full brush, its volumes modelled by the lights, its contours traced with a wish to express the quintessence of a form and to throw into relief its salient characteristics, the *Drinkers* is, perhaps, a unique specimen of robust, healthy art, of realism brutal but broadened by an understanding of the earthy atmosphere of the people. These humble peasants by Segonzac will some day take their place in our museums alongside Louis Le Nain's austere villagers.



LANDSCAPE

ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC

Nudes of women reclining either alone or in groups of two, incrusting the grass with their delicate, flexible bodies; nudes contorted and twisted and stretching out with abandoned relaxation—these serve Segonzac as a pretext for studies of form of rare boldness of conception. He twists them, elongates them, adapts them to his preconceived rhythm. Out of that mass of legs and buttressed torsos arise structures which suggest comparison with the dynamism of the Baroque. With his violent effects in *chiaroscuro*, his forms literally broken by shadows, which literally conceal the essential parts, his lines traced with fullness, his vast polyrhythmic movement, drawing into its tumultuous whirlpool human forms and landscape forms, mixing forth in a sort of symphony in colors of earth, evoking Caravaggio. Segonzac is no constructor according to the creed of the neo-classicists.

"*L'art, c'est ce qui tourne,*" said M. Bouguereau.

Neo-classic French painters are against taking account of this vain assertion. They bore holes in their surfaces; they make their plastic surfaces turn. After the example of Daniele de Volterra, that clumsy pupil of the great Buonarroti, they build up bodies generously sculptural in structure. As for Segonzac, he remains a painter. He translates spatial forms to his surfaces and respects the inherent qualities of his medium. His technique assures and cements the unity. As a water-colorist Segonzac delights in harmonies made of transparent tones—blues, greens and grays. An armature of design supports these torrents of diluted color. The drawings—nudes, landscapes, boxing scenes, and the moving series of war sketches, merit a special study in themselves. Segonzac looks upon these drawings not merely as preliminaries or even as sketches for pictures, but as finished works produced by specific principles. With a fine arabesque, run-



DRAWING

ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC

ning hand, made up of linear traits and at times heightened by a sharp touch of wash, these drawings, seemingly made with a single penfull of ink, impress us by the economy of means employed and the freedom exerted by the artist in their preparation. They reveal to us and expose his method of working. Segonzac scrutinizes the form. His numerous repentances are witnesses to his scrupulousness. In these landscapes scratched with a few penstrokes on a scrap of paper he most closely approaches the Dutchman Van Gogh.

In his war sketches, which, with a few drawings by Luc Albert Moreau, remain the only works of art that the war brought to life in France; Segonzac has succeeded in making the long martyrdom of the Infantry live for us. He shows us the infantry soldier on guard mount, in the first line with gun in hand, or off duty, under his helmet. He drew

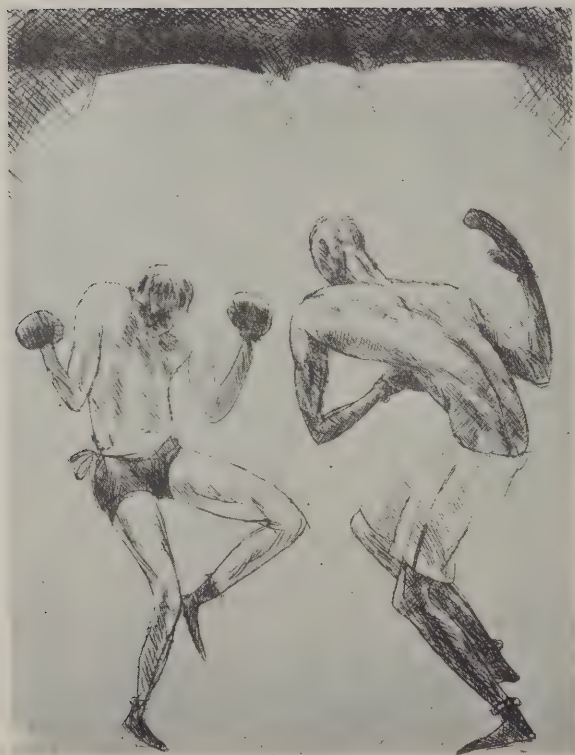
the dead and wounded entangled in the barbed wire, the land torn up by German shells, the uprooted trees, the trenches in disorder. . . . He was the painter of this cruel, useless, modern warfare. He gave us its typical aspects with a truly exceptional piety and sense of the tragic.

Here is a great artist who has risen to style without recourse to stylization or imitation of the great masters of the past, by the single virtue of impetuous talent and innate gift. Segonzac is a happy genius. He has succeeded in escaping the peril of intellectualism. He forms a counterbalance necessary for the equilibrium of contemporary French art.

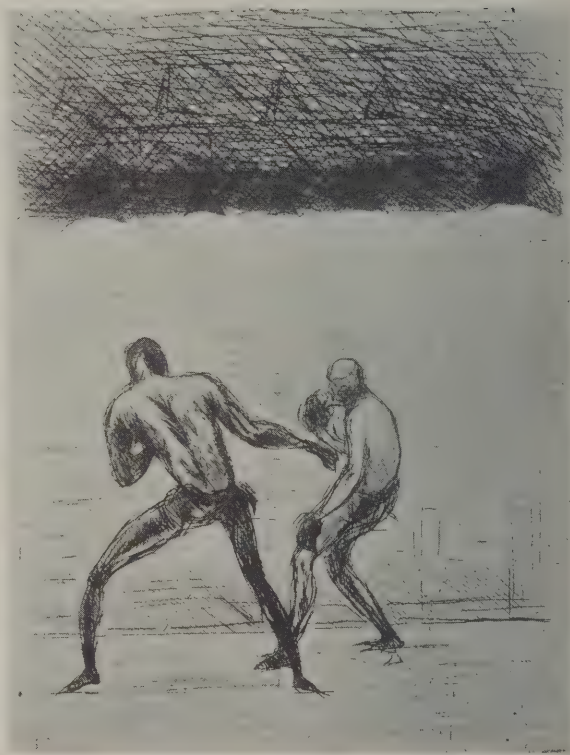
It is well that opposite Picasso, the most cerebral of today's painters, should arise a Segonzac, whose fertile, vigorous, generous work retains the accent of the earth and attests the physical health of French painting.



ETCHING FOR "TABLEAU DE LA BOXE" DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC



VERS

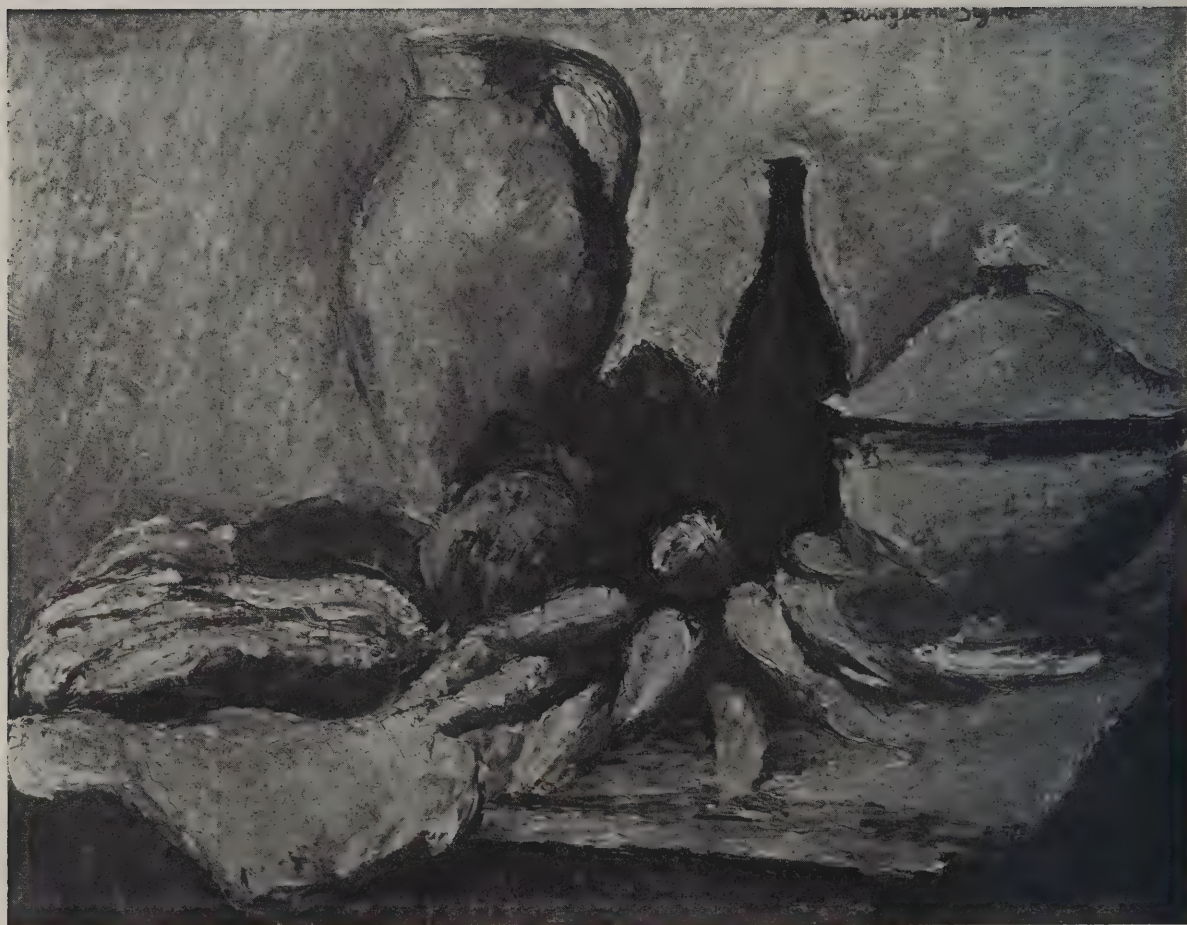


ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC



TRENCHES OF THE SOMME

ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC



STILL LIFE (1923)

ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC



STILL LIFE

ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC



CARRYING A WOUNDED SOLDIER
ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC

FROM A MEXICAN PAINTER'S NOTEBOOK

By DIEGO RIVERA

(Translated by Katherine Anne Porter)

HERE in Mexico, I find that very simple intuitive persons, in common with a highly sophisticated and prepared type, accept my way of painting. But the bourgeois mind (here as elsewhere called "cultured," I believe) does not. This bourgeois mind of Mexico is of a special virulence, for being mixed in race for only a few generations, it is also lamentably mixed in its "culture." It is, in a word, saturated with European bad taste, the finer European influences having been almost wholly rejected by the Creole of Mexico.

As intellectual arrogance and spiritual understanding are always enemies, this bourgeois has not really comprehended anything, and has remained insensitive to the atmosphere of art about him. He has not only aspired to be altogether European in the manner of his ill-chosen masters of art, but he has attempted to dominate and deform the æsthetic life of the true Mexican (the Indian, who possesses his own heritage of classic art) and his failure to do this has created in his mind a profound rancor against all native things, all art expression truly Mexican. He has so fouled the atmosphere that for a century art in Mexico has been almost stifled.

He accepts without discrimination the dubious cultural influences of Europe, not only in one style, nor from one country, but from all. A monstrous school has thus been created, as one may see by a glance at our popular Academy exhibitions. This catholicity of corrupt appetite has spoiled his palate for the pure beauty to be found in America. When he encounters anything so natural and limpid, so foreign to his taste, he is at a loss to classify it. Not being tainted with the flavors he loves, he regards it with enmity, and rejects it. If you should ask him for a reason, he would answer, in effect: "Indian art? Absurd! What can a peon know about beauty?" For being in the main Spanish, he even now confuses race with class, and has not learned the difference between an Indian and a peon. He is, in Mexico, as bad a student as he was a teacher.

This Indian æsthetic is not proletarianism in art, as it has been called. It is above all not a new aristocracy in art. It is a profound and direct expression of a pure art in relation to the life which

produced it, a relation not obscured by petty cults, or corrupted with theories. It is produced whole and elect from the natural sources of art, human experience and human emotion grounded in a spacious sense of beauty. The artist is always the aristocrat of life, one whose sense of responsibility for his work is absolute.

When I began my life as painter, I made exact copies from nature. I copied rather well; but very shortly they failed to satisfy me, for even at that time of first youth I felt the presence of the divine mysterious core hidden within the visible spectacle of the world. Through contemplation of the great works of art, above all in the ancient sculpture and architecture of my own country, Mexico, I began delving through to discover this core, the very armature of these things. For when I had copied them, without wisdom, through the eye only, the life went out of them, and I saw only a shallow surface of related planes, without meaning or emotion. In this way I saw that my copies of nature were also meaningless, because I had failed to capture any element of inner life: the dynamics of forces, actions and resistances striving to balance each other in harmony with the laws of the visible universe and the secret soul of man. So my life as painter has been a search for the most personal, intimate and rhythmic way to express this architectonic or constructive sense which I perceive as the base of all creativeness.

In my early days in Paris I was first the disciple of Picasso, and later his friend. Above all others Picasso is the modern painter who most frankly worked to make a painting with purely plastic elements. He is also the only modern painter who formed a style undeniably new. Hardly a painter who came after him escaped his influence.

This point of view without precedent, this new style of Picasso, was called Cubism by the 1900 school of painters, by the critics, and by the docile, imitative public. It became in time an honorable word, as it was already an old one as applied to the style of the Dutch painters of his time by Erasmus of Rotterdam: "*Ils sont remarquables par leur bon façon d'exprimer le cubisme des choses qu'ils peignent.*"

It is true that Cubism was created by analytical observation, and was developed by analysis, until the later painters in this method were justly accused of being "cerebral" and precious. They replied that their way of seeing was superior to what they termed optical painting. And they were right. But since then the means have been simplified. The Cubist painter pre-creates his subject, instead of merely copying it, and it is this which links Cubism with the classical tradition. For this reason, too, the Cubist painters who are evolving styles which apparently have departed from the principles of their earlier work are said to have abandoned Cubism, when as a matter of fact they are following the natural evolution of those principles into the final plastic stage.

For me now, Cubism seems too intellectual, more occupied with virtuosity, with technical rarities, than with the natural fluidity of design supported by a fixed law of inner structure. That is why the characteristic aspects of Cubism gradually disappeared from my work, though it retains the original point of view. I still believe that Cubism is the most important single achievement in plastic art since the Renaissance.

(Shall I modify this by excepting the genius of the reasoning Cézanne, and the intuitive Renoir, whose paintings contain all the elements of art? But this does not change my opinion, for the genius of Picasso was in this, that he saw clearly and explained for the first time in modern life that hidden universal structure which other great artists had perceived but only hinted at.)

Classic art has always been pre-creation, not copying. It has been produced in harmony with an internal spiritual rhythm, and has never occupied itself with simply reflecting images of an exterior world. So long as there are those to say, when facing a work of art done in obedience to this law: "But I hate that, I do not understand it!" so long will there be painters who have not the courage and scorn to ignore this phrase. So they continue to be painters and not artists. But they should not, they really should not make a banner of their shamelessness.

A painting that is only a small fragment of nature seen objectively under a certain aspect is merely a minute reflection of the painter's personal vision, and consequently, no matter how complete its reality, nor how impressively done it may be, it will never be a true work of art.

Because classic art does not concern itself with copying the exterior world, but expresses the inner world through the vibrations of the painter living in harmony with the forces surrounding him, it follows that his true medium shall be found in the plastic materials which compose his own nature. Therefore all classic art is on the one hand universal, related, and complete, while on the other hand it is intensely personal and particular so far as geographical, ethnic and physical conditions are concerned. Circumstances surrounding the artist at a given time may determine his mode of expression, but not the inalterable principle of it.

It is possible to discern in a work of art, whether of Chinese, Hindu, Mexican, Greek or Italian origin, that the details pertaining to the dynamic structure are in every case identical; while the surface aspect will be totally different in each one, even though the same technical means may have been employed in the execution.

An altar painting by Cimabue, an ancient Mexican religious sculpture, an Assyrian bas-relief are by this found to be perfect works of art because they have been produced out of the necessities of a profound conviction, an ideal projected in complete obedience to the impulse from which they sprang. If for Cimabue the motive was Christian sentiment, for the Mexicans the cosmic mysticism, for the Assyrians the all-powerful and absolute cruelty, yet their knowledge of æsthetic principle was identical.

These divergences in the outer forms often make the art of one race almost inaccessible to its neighbor, the most precious symbol of beauty to the one may be the absolute form of ugliness to another. Only the man who has reached a high degree of development can apperceive the essence, the emotion of an unfamiliar beauty through the alien surfaces.

Today the boundary lines of æsthetic understanding are set beyond any territories dreamed of by the ancients. Modern men, living in cities of fabulous size, laced together with highly charged nerves of communication, can no longer cherish a narrow ideal in isolation.

Being the product of a great spiritual evolution—yes, I insist that all recent evolution has not been "mechanical, materialistic"—he has come in contact with the expression of all races, from the Hellenic to the Esquimo, and can, with versatile sympathies, enjoy at the same time all modes of

art, not from an electric point of view, but because the modern man is, in the special sense of the word, more human than his ancestors.

These highly developed and sensitized persons are few: the day of the race of Overmen is far off. When a man has not reached this plane, and if further, by a mixture of chemically hostile bloods he has deteriorated, and lost his instinctive natural tastes (for bloods are subtle, and corruptible as art!) this man, individually or as a social unity cannot apprehend the artistic forms of a pure and strong race. These "cultured" unhappy people take kindly to that type of art of which the particular attribute is a sentimental flabbiness. A heroic, stern and challenging beauty antagonizes them, because valor, orientation and order are foreign to them. If they live in order at all, it is either by concerted enforcement of numerous petty rules on which they can lean without moral responsibility, or by the iron hand of political dictators. This is because they cannot come to terms either with life or with art, they cannot fuse the inner and the outer world into a body balanced, proportioned, and free. The visible world is too strong for them, and in the inner world they fail to find themselves, they cannot identify their own souls, for each one is a mask.

This is why, in America, social and artistic development alike depend on individuals of occidental races, or the Jewish (not the Latins, who are decayed with artificial cultures) transplanted and well rooted in this continent, or the members of unmixed, autochthonous races, who today produce examples of a marvellous popular art in Mexico. This saying excepts, again, the few rare personalities which have developed into modern men, a type that is above classification and beyond geographical boundaries. These have regained the pure freshness of their primitive instincts, combined with civilized intelligence, those two elements which are never at war. I have seen a Mexican Indian from Oaxaca, and a North American of the most civilized type, agree upon the merits of a piece of ancient primitive sculpture with the same direct and unerring judgment; instinct and consciousness in flawless union.

It is the cultured bourgeois who scoffs, wavering this way and that, afraid alike of his instincts and his reason, who can be stampeded into all sorts of absurd positions by one artistic fad after another; but you in the United States must be as well acquainted with him as I am.

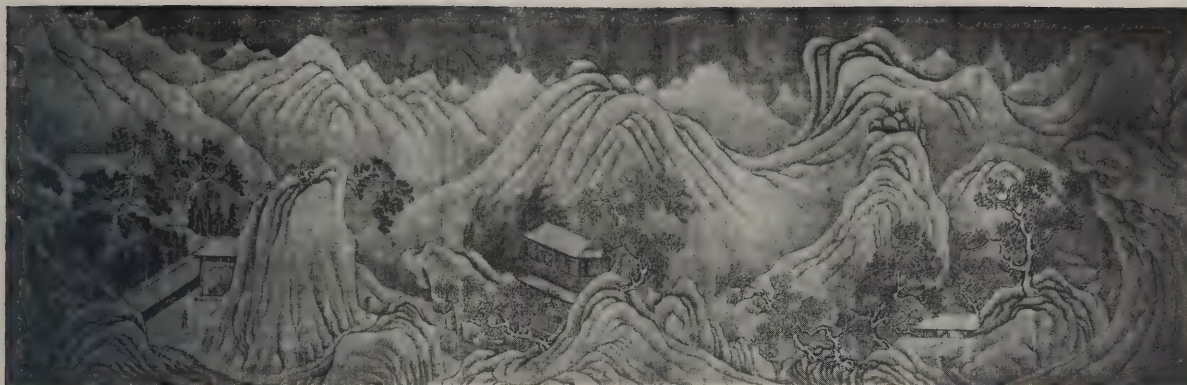


THREE-HANDLED "T": SHANG DYNASTY

Courtesy of C. T. Loo and Co.



PAINTING ATTRIBUTED TO WANG'WEI
Loaned by V. G. Simkhovitch



LI - CHENG (early 10th Century)

Loaned by V. G. Simkhovitch

CHINESE PAINTING AND WESTERN EYES

By CHARLES DOWNING LAY

ANTICIPATION of a new experience often leads us to fortify ourselves to meet it. We try to avoid being taken by surprise and overwhelmed by the rush of new thoughts and new sensations. This preliminary activity influences the impression when it comes and must be taken into account in forming our conclusions. What may we expect for instance at the Exhibition of Chinese Art now at Columbia University? In what way will the art of a civilization so different from ours speak to us?

The satisfaction of curiosity, the gathering of the facts of a different life, are indeed an agreeable occupation for the intellect; but what will the emotional experience be when we see Chinese art? Will it arouse us with its breath of vitality, as modern art does, or will it be as meaningless to us as the conventional gestures of the Eastern theatre? Must we become accustomed to it, have our mind satisfied with its forms, before we begin to enjoy it and feel that it has as much meaning for us as for the Chinese artist who did it?

We know the Chinese discard our precise style of perspective and are not bound to a fixed point of view. Our Western customs are supposed to hold us to the hard conditions of a scientific perspective. We do not, as they do, show in one picture a number of objects which cannot be seen at the same instant. This was, indeed, done in the Renaissance in a way that we consider naïve; but there is nothing of naïveté in the Chinese neglect of perspective, or

in the representation of things which cannot be seen in one flash of the eye. We seem too much limited to the vision of the snapshot camera and do not allow fancy to put dull facts in a more stimulating order.

The Chinese disregard facts, or one might say, bare statements of facts, in other ways. They are never bothered by the questioning of the Western artist who might say to himself, "If representation be the end of art, why not copy nature exactly; make perhaps a cast of the figure and color it as in nature?" The Idealist would interrupt here to protest: "There is no perfect form, you must copy as closely as possible, but all the time improve on nature, making the foot not perfect as in nature, but perfect according to a more sensitive ideal. There may be somewhere a perfect foot, a perfect leg, a perfect torso and a perfect arm. These you must seek and combine in one figure." From such reasoning comes most of our naturalistic and sensuous art. The Chinese are not so bound to anatomical facts, nor do they seem to look for sensual or erotic stimulation in their pictures. Likely enough, they wonder at our imitating in pictures what is so common in everyday life. "We can do it, if you demand it," they might say, "but it does not interest us. We prefer that the picture have more freedom to create by its own means a mood or an emotion in the spectator."

The painter must decide whether he will represent the thing he paints as it may appear to the cold

scientific eye (and we know how the stories of eye witnesses differ), or whether he will represent it as his warmer spirit sees it or as he remembers it. Without being literary or sentimental, we can easily give him freedom to paint the atmosphere, the haze, the rainbow, or the details of the site of a waterfall. Another painter may choose to indicate with all his power the tremendous rush of water of the



MI - YUE - RUI (1132)
Loaned by V. G. Simkhovitch

fall itself. This way seems more significant, and carries more of the essence of the scene which always affects us in reality with its overpowering force.

The means which are suitable for use in all visual art, and on which it depends for its emotional effect, are harmony in color and form, rhythm in movement and balance of attractions for the eye. It must be, on the whole, such a perfect arrangement of all these means that it appears to us a complete organism existing by itself. The Chinese express this feeling in the Six Canons of Hsieh Ho, who said that to be perfect a picture must have rhythmic vitality, anatomical structure, conformity with nature, suitability of coloring, good composition and must be in the classical tradition.

There are many Chinese stories of pictures coming to life when the last stroke of the brush is put on the picture. This is, we may well believe, a way of saying that when a work of art is finished it seems, because of its perfect organization, to have a life of its own.

I should like for myself to see Chinese painting with fresh eyes and a mind free from the suggestions conveyed by stray words of this picture's mystery and that picture's atmosphere. I would wish to hear nothing of its romantic spirit, or calm philosophy, being left free to see only what my eyes tell me is there.

It is not easy to carry forgetfulness so far. Carried further it might result in attempting to see with the eyes of the uneducated, or in seeing nothing. I can, at least, forget all esoteric knowledge and go to these pictures with whatever capacity for enjoyment I may have acquired. Without knowing the periods and the sequence of the dynasties, I can nevertheless see something, and I can for the moment disregard many of the technical perfections of Chinese painting, such as the marvelous brush work, letting it stir me as it inevitably will, by the magic of its movement. I can try at least to enjoy only the emotion which I get through their fundamental qualities of harmony, rhythm and balance.

In the collection at the Avery Library at Columbia University, which has been gathered from many New Yorkers, there are paintings, tomb jades, early pottery, early bronzes and some sculpture. All are of great beauty, with no mediocre examples. They suffer from the dullness of a museum or exhibition hall environment, which is as unbecoming to them as a railway station is to fine people. In a home associated with their equals, they would shine with a new radiance.

There is a small picture by Wang Wei (Tang) surprising in its perfection. It draws the eye up

with shapes like leaping flames, but it quickly moves down again to the calm spaces and horizontal shore lines of the lake which have a contrary movement and to the people with their umbrellas on the straight bridge at the bottom of the picture.

Another larger picture by Wang Wei is no less beautiful. Mountains at the right seem to pile up like clouds. At the left there is a lake and distant hills. Trees are scattered here and there. All is rhythmical, moving—yet there seems to be over it all a great placidity and a noble restraint. It has more of what we call space composition than many Chinese paintings.

Chao Mong Fu's picture of a man riding one horse and leading another, is spirited. The simplification which it shows make one think of the Greek horse in the Metropolitan. It cannot be called naturalistic, yet it is most natural and expressive. It is a kind of classic genre painting, full of movement, and it is a perfect design in curves which lead the eye in a circular movement.

There is a small drawing of Tung Yuan (Sung) of trees, back of them a lake and beyond a hill with more trees reaching up against the sky. It is imaginative. It thrills me not because of the blank spaces, but because of the magical effect of the crude black lines, which are in one place trees—in another shore, and because as a design, it is simple and direct. It satisfies the eye with its movement and complexity and the mind with its expression of the spirit of such a place. It is impressionistic in its feeling and in execution, and, nevertheless, nervous, vehement, impassioned.

The large picture of Mi Yü Jen (son of Mi Fei, 1136, called by the painter *The Dawn*), is a grand design of cloud forms or of mist. It is rhythmic in a big way. It holds one's attention and seems to feed one's soul. There are bamboo trees to be seen and other recognizable features, yet it is not a picture of any world we know, but rather of a bigger, more swiftly moving world, where one may at any moment expect a dramatic catastrophe or a sweeter light to shine. As a design, nothing could be finer. It is simple, almost elemental, and it is this great merit rather than a degree of mistiness and large blank spaces which make it a great picture. We must not be led to think that, because a painter says nothing on large parts of a picture that his thoughts are too deep or too subtle for visual transmission, and must be put by the spectator into his own delicate and poetic words. What the painter cannot tell us in the picture might better not to be guessed at. *The Dawn* is to me an expression of the dramatic quality of landscape. Something is going to

happen—is, indeed, happening—what it may be is no matter.

There is a large landscape by Li Cheng (early 10th century) characteristically Chinese in its shapes which means little to us, and resemble kidneys or footprints. Yet it is fascinating—and one returns to it again and again with ever renewed delight. It is like the larger Wang Wei; a study in eye move-



MI - T E I (painted 1103)
 Loaned by V. G. Simkhowitch



PAINTING. ATTRIBUTED TO WANG' WEI
Loaned by Mrs. William H. Moore



CHU-YAN (late 10th century)

Loaned by V. G. Simkhovitch

ment. One side is of the greatest complexity, tortured shapes in endless progression cover it to the center line. The other side is quiet; a lake and some hills. It is a good example of occult balance, a balance that is to say of eye movement, so that one looks first at the complexity, but is inevitably drawn to the more sure movement of the other side and to its restful open spaces. It seems to represent the infinite variety and delight of living in a complicated world. This, too, is a great design, how great we can guess if we try to think of its equal in Western art. There is also the beautiful picture of Mi Yü Ren, showing signs of the dramatic quality of his "Dawn."

There are a number of rhythmic landscapes which seem closer to an abstract unrepresentative art than most of our modern attempts. They are composed of a succession of similar curves, suggesting only diagrammatically, mountain shapes as we know them, yet they do represent quite perfectly mountains and lakes and an ever varying scene, while they lead the eye in an endless movement repeating with delightful variations the same pleasing curves.

The scrolls which we may suppose are unrolled by the Chinese a little at a time are fascinating to study. Rolling and unrolling so that only a foot or so of a six-foot scroll is seen at one time, the spectator has the chance to make compositions for him-



ATTRIBUTED TO
CHANG TUNG LI (Tang)
Loaned by V. G. Simkhovitch

self, to decide which way to go to get balance, what degree of opening gives the most delightful eye movement, agreeable rhythm or the perfection of harmony. To make such a thing seems almost beyond the capacity of a Western artist. One small picture by Chu Yan (Sung), is unparalleled as an exercise in design for its deliberate playing with lines and strokes and dots, which are near the top of the picture, while below there are only a couple of men on horseback. The scroll of Hsia Kwei is a naturalistic landscape reduced to rhythmical expression without conventionalization of form. It is a method admirably adapted to our use today.

A picture of Mi Fei, painted in November, 1103,

has a strong but imaginative realism—at the bottom there is a picturesque scene of rural charm, above it rising toward the sky, a mountain; beyond distant hills and the side of another mountain rising still higher. It seems like the first step from pure naturalism to a more passionate impressionism.

Chang Tung Li (Tang) has the same pastoral foreground, with a lake at the right, distant hills and bold mountains rising at the left. It is vigorous, becoming more frankly rhythmical. Occult balance and movement can hardly be more perfect.

An early landscape without attribution is curiously rhythmical and at the same time naturalistic. It has exceptional largeness—a great world in which one may still be humble and enjoy the simple pleasures of country life.

The picture of two geese attributed to Ma Kwei is more in the manner of the Eastern art with which we have long been familiar. It is naturalistic and would delight the simple minds who get pleasure in recognition. The geese are as correct as Audubon, and the grasses would illustrate a treatise on graminology. But the picture has other and greater qualities. It is an exercise in rhythm, in eye movement of the greatest subtlety and intricacy. It is smooth, soft, elegant and wholly delightful.

It is not often possible to tell what attracts us to a picture. There are a thousand reasons, each affecting us in delicate ways. Its color, its sense of space, its visualization of a scene in which we might be the chief actors or its representation and explanation by another person, are all strong reasons for liking or disliking. Pictures may please us in giving a visual image of a thing we are incapable of seeing alone. These are aside from the literary reasons, as for instance, the enjoyment we might have in recognizing *Oliver Twist* bringing his bowl for more, and reconstructing for ourselves much that goes before and after that incident. There are few or none of these reasons in Chinese paintings for us. They are not travelogue pictures like those of the Hudson River School, they tell nothing of scenes we have read about, and they give us almost no information about the habits or dress or architecture or scenery of China.

Of the millions of combinations of form, color, lines and spaces, there is one perhaps which unlocks our emotions and makes us feel that the work is beautiful. The means for conveying this emotion of beauty is, I think, in the design which, as I have said, gives it life for us. The appeal is more simple in these Chinese paintings than in Western art, for it is to our eyes more free from other possibilities of delight.



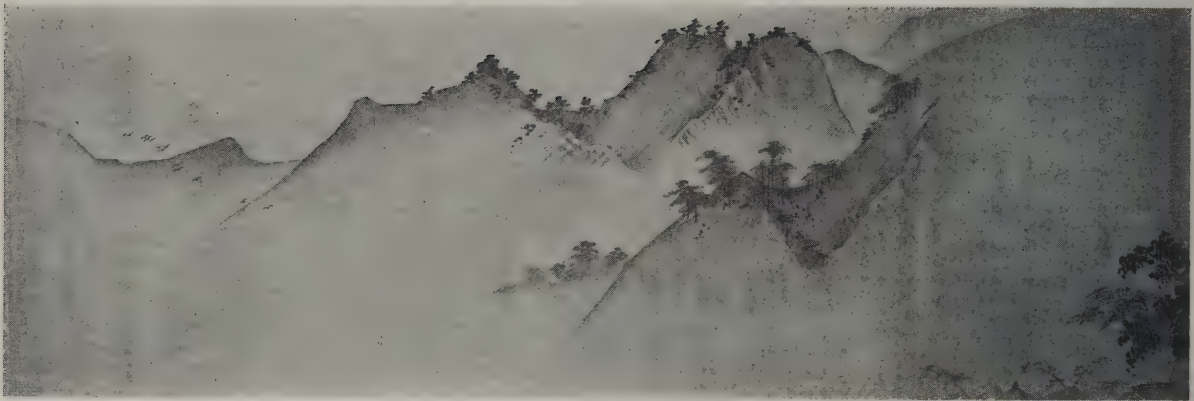
EARLY LANDSCAPE (date uncertain)

Loaned by V. G. Simkhovitch

One should go to this exhibition with a determination to forget one's ethnological interests—refusing to remember that the Chinese are a strange topsy turvy people, and closing one's ears to the chatter one may hear of Sung and Tang, aim to be receptive only to the emotion which may come through the eyes, without the help of literary association or interpretive words. They will, I feel sure, impress us all with their vitality, with the fundamental similarity of all great art—even with their modernity—for there are examples which might have been done by Western masters of the last fifty years. Any great master of the Christian era seeing these paint-

ings would be bound to recognize his spiritual comrade in the painter—for hand and eye and emotion differ little in different races and times. The Chinese have, moreover, an interest in landscape much akin to our own, of which there are no traces in Western art until quite modern times.

My anticipations have been in most part justified. There is no need to know the history of China in order to enjoy Chinese painting. Nor need one bother to learn much of Chinese customs, habits or ideals, for all that one needs is to look at the pictures to know that they were painted by great artists and have beauty for us.



H S I A K W E I

Loaned by Mrs. William H. Moore

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE IN THE VERNACULAR

By A. R. POWYS

ARCHITECTURE throughout the world is now in a state of flux. Buildings rise in all styles and in no styles. All the manners of the past are known; and the idea is still prevalent that in order to build nobly and truly it is only necessary to reproduce old forms that were fine. Here and there an academic study in an old manner successfully shows the people how the Romans built, what the Greek temples were like and even occasionally catches something of the beauty born of the chisels of the masons of the Middle Ages. But for the most part these old forms are reproduced higgledy-piggledy over the surfaces of the buildings which rise in response to commercial or other needs, needs quite different from those of any other age. Seldom either consciously or spontaneously are the forms material to such needs allowed to come into being; and still more rarely are the economic forces allowed to combine with man's esthetic impulses to produce a work of architecture as true to our ways of thought as were the cathedrals, warehouses, barns and dwellings of the Middle Ages.

In England, of which land I can speak with knowledge, this description of modern architecture is sadly true. Let one example suffice to give point to this statement. Nashes' Regent Street in London is gone. In the place of the unity of conception and the variety of form which made it famous have risen buildings of a very different type. They are higher and more convenient for the sale of the goods displayed there. They are economically of the size demanded by the land values. In these senses they are true to the age. But they are false and feeble as seen by those who move through the street. Instead of delicately modelled plaster which was always gay with clean paint, instead of decorative motives which had become traditional, Portland stone cut into heavy mouldings, cornice above cornice, consoles, blocking courses, bulky key blocks, lion heads—forms all derived from some ancient work—appear in disorder from end to end of the street. The cause of this is the desire of the owners each to make his own building richer, at least, if it could be no grander than those of his neighbors; a desire adopted too willingly by the designer. These forms are unrelated to modern building methods, are not even applied with scholarly nicety, and the result is a barbarous confusion of modern custom

and superficial learning. The mass of English architecture is of this kind, but there are exceptions. And more important still there is the school of thought which centers around the teachings of Professor W. R. Lethaby. His influence is increasing and reaches far beyond the shores of the small island which he loves so dearly.

Professor Lethaby is a scholar and a man experienced in the realities of modern civilization. He is one who knows the past thoroughly, seeing deeper into old architecture than do those who study the forms which make it easy for the amateur to tell the work of one period from another—forms which grew from a variety of human needs and impulses. It is the civilization that produced old architecture and man's ever vigorous impulse for beauty, that Professor Lethaby sees when he considers these buildings: and he holds it is as an expression of *our* life and ways lighted by the fire of *our* impulse to beauty, order and harmony, that a true architecture can again arise.

It has always seemed to me that in America such an architecture would first again appear; and it is for this reason that I have come to the United States to see if indeed I can find it either in full being or in embryo.

It may be that I am not succeeding in expressing clearly the beliefs of this school of thought; and, therefore, before I tell how far my expectations have been justified I am about to attempt a second explanation, taking an analogy from literature to my aid. In the Middle Ages in Western Europe, Latin, the language of the Roman Empire was the universal medium. The great written works are in this dying tongue. But in Architecture the new civilization expressed itself not as a fixed form but as one that changed with each political, religious or economic development. It was, so to speak, the common language of the people. It was only after the fall of Byzantium and in the early years of the Renaissance that Latin, the language of the scholars, gave way to a new literature in the vernacular. Chaucer, Dante, Rabelais, and Shakespeare did not use the language of the book-learned. From the common tongue they made the beginnings of those great literatures which still continue with us as a true tradition—a tradition which is never a revival, which takes from each new generation new forms

of expression. In England at the present time the position of architecture can be described in similar terms. The new buildings are an expression of our ideals written in a language which is ill-fitted for that object. Our new buildings adequately serve their economic purposes but are disguised under a verbiage unfamiliar to the people, forced upon them by the half-learned, and popularly marvelled at, or held in respect almost in proportion as they are misunderstood. Architecture is no mystery. Yet while it is in the hands of quack doctors using a degenerate Latin it is held to be so, and either left as too high a thing to be criticized by the mass of the people, or disregarded by them as unrelated to daily life.

Lest the analogy of Literature which I have used be misunderstood and lest I be taken to mean that only the forms used by the Greeks and Romans are ill-suited to our day, let me at once explain that to clothe a building—a real workaday building—in any past costume is an affectation not to be indifferently endured. It is as inappropriate to use the Gothic dress as it is to use the Egyptian. Any such method results in falsity. Now and again, however, we may admire a scholarly study in a dead style and get a vision of the glory of a past civilization. In this way, now and again, a scholar may appreciate the beauty and skill with which a man learned in the Greek tongue may write a passage of fine prose or a poem in that language, and get from it some of the pleasure to be had from the contemplation of that long dead civilization. Such a work is the great Hall of the Pennsylvania Station, and such is the pleasure to be had from Liverpool Cathedral.

It was then in the hope of finding an architecture in the vulgar tongue—as the English prayerbook has it—an architecture in the vernacular, the live language of the people, that I journeyed to the United States. I have not traveled in vain. Not only in little buildings of the “Jerry builder,” but in great works for commercial use in New York have I found what I sought. And here again it is interesting to note that as it was the language of the people, of the masses, that imposed itself on the few in the days of the “New Learning,” so it is now the methods of the builder’s yards of the small house property, which is being developed by the master artists in the world of American Architecture.

Of the great buildings of New York which are in this manner, the Shelton Hotel in Lexington Avenue stands out, not only as the most important expression of this new form of art, but one in which it is most ably expressed. The architect to whom we

owe our gratitude for this work is Arthur Loomis Harmon. In this building the new spirit seems inevitable. It appears to have used the architect as a medium rather than that he has understood the spirit and modeled his work in conscious obedience to its dictation. The Shelton Hotel is like some great Norman Castle built on all sides from the economic material of the district, a material chosen without affectation, without any set conscious search for a special medium. It rises in commercial brick from a base of stone. From this level to the very top of this heaped pile of bricks the material has suggested the design. The vertical lines are not enriched—as in the eighteenth century it was the custom to enrich the quoins of brick buildings, with seeming blocks of stone—but by a slight variation in the plane of each succeeding unit of the angle the vertical line is both softened and emphasized. It is to me a cause for slight regret that the plane faces of this immense mass of building have been nervously touched with irregularly spaced spots of projecting bricks. Some surface treatment of the even brick face may well have been desirable, but surely it would have been better had the slight shadows of these projections been arranged in an inconspicuous but ordered pattern. The placing of the decorative bands and the marking of certain windows with rounding brick balconies are excellent both on account of their position and of their individual beauty. The whole is fine architecture in the “vulgar tongue.” There is, however, one quality in the building which leaves my mind a little uneasy: the brick walls are a veneer applied to a steel frame. Brick-work, as also is masonry, has so long been associated in the human mind with the idea of great strength and of power to support immense loads that the building is in this sense a deception; for surely part of the pleasure to be had from looking at it is the same as is derived from Tattershall Castle in Lincolnshire, England, where the brick walls of the keep truly transfer to the earth the weight of a crushing superincumbent load. I do not wish to share this hesitating doubt of mine with others. I am conscious that it may derive from prejudices I have formed in the search for a formula by which to judge and know flawless architecture. It is for the reader to decide whether there is justice in this suggestion.

But the thought leads me again to consider a manner of building which would not only satisfy my uncertainty about brick and stone veneer, but would also be capable of achieving a new beauty. I have not yet seen a monumental work in this manner—a work in ferro-concrete. With this material

it is possible to build both frame and walls. It is further a material itself susceptible to a variety of surface treatments. And again there is a long tradition for covering concrete with a fine veneer of marble, tiles or mosaic. In England ferro-concrete is little used even for warehouses and factories, buildings with which it is in my country more usually associated. This is a material well

suited to the new development in Architecture which is taking place. Yet I do not wish it to be understood that the Shelton Hotel should have been other than it is. Like a mediæval cathedral it stands, a great building inspiring others to follow further the impulse that compelled Mr. Harmon to add this hotel to the number of the notable buildings on the earth.

EDGAR VARÈSE AND THE GEOMETRY OF SOUND

By MASSIMO ZANOTTI BIANCO

IT is generally conceded that there are only two elements in music: rhythm and melody (melody involving counterpoint and harmony). Certain musical epochs and generations have exalted rhythm; others have exalted harmony. There was a time that saw the triumph of counterpoint, another, very near to us, that of harmony. Beyond this no one has thought of going. I now wonder whether it would not be possible to consider music under an aspect not implicit in rhythm and melody only; whether a new factor in musical construction might not be conceived so important as almost to assimilate the elements already given, using them for its own ends.

If we project an imaginary sound-mass into space, we find that it appears as constantly changing volumes and combinations of planes, that these are animated by the rhythm, and that the substance of which they are composed is the sonority. Might it then be possible to consider a musical composition as a succession of geometric sound-figures; as a resultant of volumes and planes whose successive projections would give birth to architectures of sound whose logic would be given by the equilibrium of their sound vibrations and their forms? It must be understood that we are here dealing with music not from the point of view of its psychological function, but rather from its elementary physical aspect, thus arriving at a sort of musical objectivation. The sound-mass whose weight, whose substance is given by the intensity of sound, would derive its movement from the rhythm which transports it into time. All this is nothing more than a successive step in the direction of that independence toward which music has been tending for ten years or more, toward the objectivation of music—the negation of romanticism—toward the exaltation of music for music's sake.

The above considerations presented themselves to my mind while reading two of the latest works (*Hyperprism* and *Amériques*) of Edgar Varèse, French musician, living in New York: rebel artist, tenacious will, indomitable individuality. These two works (in *Amériques* one feels man's aspiration toward the unknown worlds he questions), dissimilar only in dimension, are both examples of, what I should call, sound-geometry, the objectivation of music. How does Varèse obtain this musical objectivation? By subordinating the melodic and harmonic element and by setting in motion his sound-groups like masses that change in shape and intensity, comparable, I should say, to waves whose dynamic logic enters into and is one with the logic of cosmic phenomena.

And the life, the movement of these masses is given by an original use of the percussion group which with Varèse is an essential part of the orchestral body. His musical body is divided into two parts: the sound-mass molded as though in space (the orchestra without the percussions); and its stimulus, its movement, its dynamics (the percussions). Not that the percussion group marks the accents nor determines the cadences. It is sometimes heavy, sometimes aerial. It does not, from the outside, mark the accents intended to square the melodic design but, on the contrary, it penetrates the sound-masses, making them pulsate with a thousand varied and unexpected vibrations with an effect not unlike, in the field of vision, a ray of light striking through a crystal prism, giving it a multiple existence.

The effect of this music is primitive. But I believe that this impression is due, less to a barbaric sense of things in the artist than to the fact that he makes use of primary, naked elements. Varèse's musical objectivation is born of the complete union of his musical emotional impulse with the abstract

exigencies of his mind. It must not be forgotten that Varèse's first studies were mathematical. He now brings geometric elements into the field of music, as I have said before. Varèse's rhythm is multiple and kaleidoscopic; his flux is continuous, and even when the play of the percussions stop one has the impression of a long syncopation. Sudden stops, sharply broken intensities, extremely rapid crescendi and diminuendi give an effect of the pulsation of a very complex organism, whose life comes from a thousand sources. The atonal harmony, crudely coloring the sound-groups, throws them

into frigid relief, like great masses in astral space.

Varèse proves that without bringing any foreign element to music and without becoming "literary," an ideal abstraction, conceived exactly like a geometric abstraction, can be realized musically. For music is, after all, a resultant of geometric relations. And I believe, moreover, that the highest abstractions of the mind are music, in so far as they are permutations of ideal elements. I believe that there is a special musical philosophic sensibility which is the highest form of pure musical sensibility: that of a musician with mind nourished by the absolute.

GIVEN TO THE NATION

By CARROLL MORTIMER

"I am struck, on returning from Europe," explains the author, "with some of the consequences of unloading private collections upon or converting them into public institutions. The imagination plays no part in the names of pictures or artists used in these verses. They occur in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington."

"THEY'VE begun saying in their magazines that I've got no taste, but didn't I buy 'The Judgment of Paris' by Henry Peters Grey and 'Niagara Falls' by F. E. Church? Ever seen Bouguereau's portrait of Catherine Wolff? Well, she and I took up collecting together—kind of friendly competition. Over there's 'The Ruins of the Parthenon'

by S. R. Gifford. A lot of our buildings are copied after it. It's a famous building. And here's my 'Ave Maria' by Walker—real religion,

eh? Even the oxen seem to worship. I like it. Well painted. There's education in it. That's 'The Seamstress' by Ducamp—lace curtains like life. Some of our smart Alecs ought to come down and take a look at it. Then, over there there's 'Lovers' Lane' by Max Weye.

I guess it was painted in Paris but it's nature, straight nature. That other's 'The Fortune Teller of Brittany' by Rohit. You know what girl's in love, don't you? The coals in the brazier, wouldn't you think they'd burn a hole

in the canvas? And if you could see the things they're selling in New York—craziest rubbish! I bought in time when there was something to buy. No bunch of daubs. This is 'Wm. Page, Artist,' by Thos. Le Clear, 1876.

He looks like that English Shakespeare expert—

what's his name? Stevens? Stephens? That's it. I bought it just before I landed 'The Housemaid' by William Paxton. Then I've got an absolutely genuine Stuart 'Washington.' They say now—the people who can't get any more of his—that he had a picture factory, or his son did, or his nephew, or somebody. Well, after I spent twenty-five years getting them together—but it was money well spent! I should say we do need art—beautiful things to harmonize you when you get back from the office and a man's jumpy and worried. Well, I gave the whole batch to the nation. And they had Congressional experts pass on it, and they didn't throw out a single picture. Passed them all. But when they had me out of the way, they began putting in a lot of crude things like that 'Postman' over yonder by a lunatic peasant named Van Gogh who used to eat his paints, can you imagine it? Then, as if that wasn't enough they went out and bought in New York an awful green tin table with a bunch of flowers sliding off it smeared in raw by a certain Matisse. And they're saying

I had no taste, after I brought over my 'General of the First Empire in a Steel Cuirass,' by Detaille, and Von Horen's 'Lost Dogs' and one of Rosa Bonheur's best bulls.

And those were the days when you couldn't get even

an empty frame through free. I don't mind their adding
'The Wood Gatherers,' though I never was much for Corot.

'Too many on the market. Some people say they're fakes. May be. I always bought from the artist

direct. Producer to consumer. That's the way I got hold of 'Paddy's Mark,' by Nicol, A.R.A. Just look at that picture! Haven't you known Irishmen like that yourself? Yes, I guess they thought they'd got to add something. But when they've spent twenty-five years collecting they'll get something worth-while for their money. Only, trustees—you know, trustees!

This over here is one of the biggest things in the collection—
'Lighting the Lights in the House

of Representatives.' Isn't it a credit to any gallery? I had a chart made to tell visitors who everybody in it is—Barkledge, N. C., and Tracy of New York, and the Hon. J. S. Morrill, Vt., all notable men I used to meet quite often. Good likenesses, too, and an impressive moment. Look in on us again. I drop in frequent about this time, to see how things are going. You get my idea? I meant this to be a gallery for the man in the street—you know, the everyday American like me and you that know's what's good and likes it.

That's right! Good-bye. What state did you say you're from?

Oklahoma? Great state, Oklahoma! Never been there, but they tell me it's a great state, a great state!"

* * *



LA PISTE

Courtesy of Paul Rosenberg & Co., Inc.

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



CHAMPION SUFFOLK PUNCH
(Owned by Lord Manton)

HERBERT HASELTINE
Courtesy of Whitney Studio



THE AMOROUS TURK

Courtesy of Scott & Fowles

THOMAS ROWLANDSON

CURRENT EXHIBITIONS

Holiday Small Pictures

IN the world of exhibitions December is an intermediate month when activities lapse a little to allow the holidays to pass and to prepare for the most active period of the year. In New York the artists bring out their small pictures and as Christmas approaches, the number of small pictures on

view becomes overwhelming. I have seen during this month more than a thousand small paintings.

On the whole, however, these exhibitions of little pictures have not been particularly flattering to the state of mind of the artist, either toward his art or his public. A number of contemporary artists so frequently sell their pictures for exaggerated sums



PORTRAIT OF MRS. JOHN GARRETT
Courtesy of Reinhardt Galleries IGNACIO ZULOAGA



THE BOX PARTY
Courtesy of Scott & Fowles

THOMAS ROWLANDSON

that some of them appear to feel that the public is fortunate if it can secure a painting for a small amount.

A picture which is worth selling at all might, it seems, represent the very best that the artist can do, and I am convinced that throwing all sorts of unconsidered works into public exhibitions tends to lower the standing of contemporary art and to weaken the reputation of the artist who indulges in this practice. Small pictures are in great demand, and the demand can easily be destroyed if too many of them are manufactured, not because the artist has something to say, but because he thinks the holiday season is a good time to "turn an honest penny."

George Bellows

Beginning January 29th an exhibition of ten of the most recent paintings by George Bellows will be held under the direction of Mrs. Marie Sterner at the galleries of Durand-Ruel, who have courteously lent their exhibition room for this occasion. Though limited to ten canvases, the exhibition will

have variety. The following canvases will be shown; Portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wase; Dempsey and Firpo; A Nude; Lady Jean; Portrait of the Violinist, Leila Kalman; Portrait of Elizabeth Alexander; Ringside Seats; River Front; Jean, Anne, Joseph; The Picnic (loaned by Adolph Lewisohn).

Herbert Haseltine

On the cover of THE ARTS this month is a reproduction of the head of Suffolk Punch, a champion horse which was modelled by the American sculptor Herbert Haseltine. Mr. Haseltine came to America to make the portraits of Cherry Pie, the famous race horse belonging to Mrs. Payne Whitney, and other horses belonging to Mr. George Widener and Mr. W. A. Harriman. He brought with him a number of photographs of the models of various prize-winning animals of England which the sculptor is making, and which will eventually go to a British museum. The photographs, together with the sketches of his recent work in America, and a number of bronzes were exhibited in December



THE BOX PARTY
Courtesy of Scott & Fowles

THOMAS ROWLANDSON

at the Whitney Studio, New York. The combination of the two suggested an interesting problem to the reviewer, for apparently this artist has two almost separate and distinct outputs.

The best of his photographs, such as Suffolk Punch, indicated a genuine sculptural sense. One or two of the bronzes, notably two small heads of horses, were also handsome in design. Other pieces, on the other hand, seem to suggest that before Mr. Hesaltine reached his present development, he had produced a great deal of rather literal and unimaginative work.

Beltran-Masses

One of the most popular exhibitions of the month of December consisted of a large assortment of paintings by the Spaniard Federico Beltran-Masses. They were pictures of a somewhat vampire quality, showing ladies theatrically costumed, or still more theatrically devoid of costume, against settings which a romantic moving picture fan might have found just too wonderful. The paintings will travel to Palm Beach and in attracting popular attention should rival the bathing beauties which, ac-

cording to the illustrated sections of the Sunday papers, help to make Florida so attractive.

There seems to be a character in Spain which at once attracts artists and eludes them. Senor Beltran-Masses makes little more than a frivolous effort to penetrate to the realities of Spain, while in another exhibition which went on simultaneously, another painter displayed almost the same inability to portray Spain and the Spaniards, as a real country inhabited by real people, although he made a much more serious effort. The painter referred to is the American Maurice Fromkes. Mr. Fromkes has worked steadily in Spain for some time and met with royal official success. His paintings, as shown at the Milch Galleries in December, evidenced a desire to follow in the footsteps of the late Henry Golden Derth. He paints with brilliant color put on very flatly, and achieves contrast without unity. One escapes from the heavy artificially scented atmosphere in the painting of such a painter as Beltran without arriving much closer to Spain. However, Mr. Fromkes is not alone in his inability to get close to the country which attracts him so much.



THE BOX PARTY

Courtesy of Scott & Fowles

THOMAS ROWLANDSON

Ignacio Zuloaga

When we come to native artists, men of Spanish blood who have lived in Spain, it is reasonable to expect, on the theory advanced, that they will see beneath the surface of the country. Apparently even for Spaniards Spain has its own secrets that it never gives up, except to a spirit in sympathy with them. As we have seen, Beltran-Masses, though Spanish, did not penetrate beneath the surface of Spain. At least Ignacio Zuloaga can justly claim a national quality in his art. His paintings are Spanish. That they are deeply rooted in Spanish soil is open to argument. An interesting fact in the career of this visiting artist is his increasing interest in landscape. Senor Zuloaga told a friend that he would not paint any more portraits, except of people who appealed to him as good subjects. This announcement may easily lead to an even greater demand for portraits by him.

His art has a bold, firm, unhesitating manner of presenting itself, and this manner knocks the public flat. Especially as in addition to the manner, we recognize a theatrical romanticism that any moving picture director could not look at without a

sense of envy. Many French and American artists are superior to Zuloaga in originality, sensitiveness and the finer qualities of painting, but Zuloaga has a rough and ready effectiveness, and even when he falls down pretty badly on the drawing of the figure, or when his landscapes look a little like dull pasteboard rocks and buildings, the outstanding confidence of the way the brush is swished about the canvas with an apparent abundance of medium carries the work across.

Zuloaga's paintings on the present occasion are not exhibited to the best advantage. They cry aloud for vast exhibition halls. Mr. Zuloaga on this visit shows some portraits of widely known Americans as well as his paintings of the Duke and Duchess of Alba, and at least three full length paintings of the famous bull fighter, Belmonte. His portrait of the Marchesa Casati is stage stuff and one or two of his nudes suggest a painter's boredom. But there are plenty of pictures here in his exhibition to prove his capacity to make a positive statement of a theatrical vision of Spain. Look for a moment at the portrait of Belmonte, representing the bull fighter immediately after he has killed a bull. The



BETTY BANDALL DAVEY
Courtesy of New Society of Artists

blood on the sword and splashed on the stockings and the little pool of it at the bottom of the picture is studio blood. Here in the work of Zuloaga are none of the real horrors of a Goya. Just as in his portraits, there are none of the penetratingly subtle characterizations of the greater Spaniards. Nevertheless, in his portraits of American women Zuloaga enters the field in which he may expect to be successful. He paints costumes brilliantly, if not with rare delicacy and elegance. A dress in his hands becomes a dress of a costumer. It glitters with effectiveness. Indeed, glittering efficiency is a main characteristic in this painter's work. His popular success is assured.

The New Society of Artists

At the time of going to press, The New Society of Artists had arranged its principal galleries of paintings, and while the reviewer could not see the drawings, water colors and sculpture, an opportunity was given him to obtain a general impression of the quality of this year's exhibition. The paintings are well hung and the arrangement is, on the whole, just to the exhibitors.

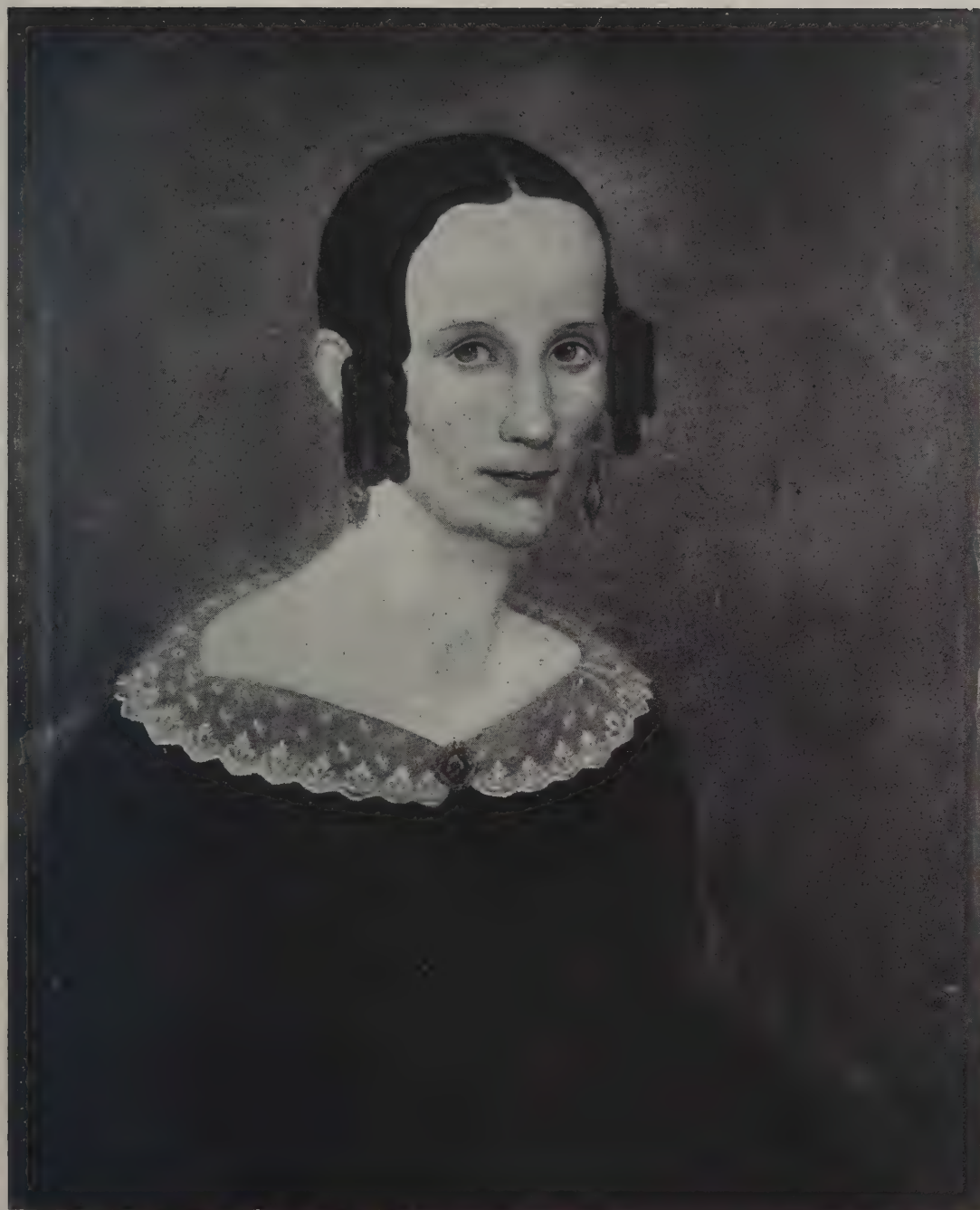
Among the artists who have contributed pictures that add interest to this year's exhibition are, Henry Lee McFee, Paul Dougherty, Randall Davey, John Sloan, William Glackens and Gifford Beal. The panel of small paintings by William Glackens strikes the note of distinguished and joyous color so characteristic of Glackens' work, and in two large portraits by Randall Davey there is a fresh and courageous attack somewhat diluted by structural weakness that one does not expect in an artist of such long experience. John Sloan's painting of a merry-go-round at night is personal in viewpoint, amusing in detail and altogether a most enjoyable canvas. Two portraits of himself and a still life are the contributions by Henry Lee McFee; sound solid straightforward work, and a similar note of thoroughness and completeness is seen in the two smaller still lifes by Paul Dougherty. A painting of a man emptying a pail of fish represents the later development of that sincere artist Gifford Beal. There is a group of fresh impressions that might be called portrait notes by Robert Henri, several very typical specimens of the art of George Luks, one of which is beautiful and characteristic paintings by the other members of the Society. Boardman Robinson, better known for his work in black and white, has sent two paintings, one of which is a really characteristic portrait. The three chief absentees are Eugene Speicher, Rockwell Kent and Maurice Sterne.

British Art

A widely heralded exhibition of British art under the auspices of the English Speaking Union opened at The Grand Central Art Galleries with a reception on January 10th in honor of the British Ambassador, His Excellency, Sir Esme Howard. The exhibition is retrospective and includes the work of Hogarth, Reynolds, Raeburn, and in addition to many other celebrated painters of the past, a number of British artists more or less official in character of the present day. Much is made of a group of paintings by John Sargent, and apparently The Grand Central Galleries is following the custom established by English museums by classifying Mr. Sargent as a British artist. This shows a pride in his work which must be very flattering to the many Americans who are proud of the fact that America has such an internationally famous painter on its list of native artists.

Rowlandson

An exhibition which combined financial and artistic success with a completeness that is always agreeable to hear about, consisted of an exception-



AMERICAN PORTRAIT

Courtesy of Dudensing Galleries

ANONYMOUS



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS
Courtesy of Grand Central Galleries

WILLIAM HOGARTH

ally fine group of drawings by Thomas Rowlandson at the galleries of Scott and Fowles. Rowlandson has been so much written about that it is a little late in the day to expatiate on his long accepted peculiarly personal contribution to English art, but we could not resist the opportunity of reproducing once more a group of Rowlandson's joyous drawings, and six of the works shown in the delightful exhibition are herewith reproduced. The group was not only well selected on account of the condition of the drawings, but also because it had great variety and contained the most delicate, as well as the most riotous, good drawing of the English master. Rowlandson loved life. An exuberant overflowing nature, he had moments of extraordinary delicacy, and as I have written elsewhere, the most delicate drawing will be found not among the works of those who strive always to be subtle, but among such particu-

larly living artists as Rubens, Rembrandt, and on another plane, Rowlandson. Goya had this same capacity for superlative delicacy, and Daumier also. The bigger the artist, the greater the range of his refinements. The artists who feel obliged to display power and breadth in every line frequently are merely covering up emptiness, just as the draftsman who proclaims his refinement constantly is likely to be nearly effete.

FORBES WATSON.

Early American Portraits

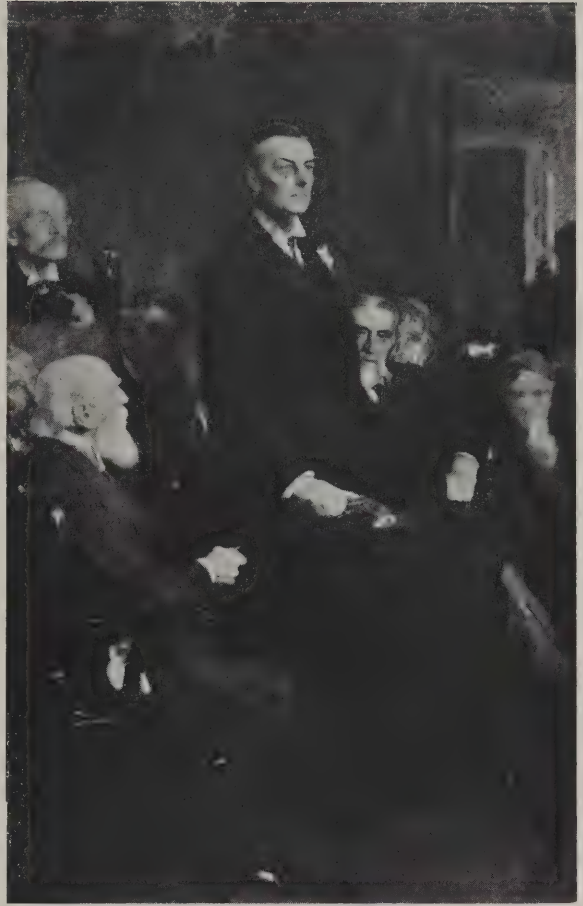
EARLY American portraits and landscapes at the Dudensing Galleries indicate the awakening interest in a period of our art which has been sadly neglected. These works are all anonymous and were painted probably in the first half of the nineteenth century, when the profession was largely

in the hands of itinerant painters who travelled from town to town doing portraits at so much a head, or, when the portrait business was slack, turning their hands to carriage and sign painting.

These men were almost entirely self-taught, and of course their work is extremely crude. It has none of the primitive splendor of most peasant art, for it was painted for a hard-working people whose chief interest outside of their daily lives was a cheerless religion. A stiff formalism pervades it. For example, in the present exhibition, which contains portraits from many different hands, most of the sitters are painted from exactly the same angle. And yet it is extraordinary how fine many of these paintings are in the elements that go to make up a work of art. In spite of their pathetic awkwardness they have a breadth that many more sophisticated painters miss entirely. In the portrait of Priscilla the salient facts are stated quite simply; the blue of the dress, the red of the chair, the dark background, and the delicate outline of the face are put down naturally and without any sense of striving for effect, and each takes its place in a scheme of surprising breadth and balance. In the portrait of Ella a deeper arrangement of color is carried out with the same unconscious perfection, and the strong note of red in the arm of the chair is a touch of which any colorist might be proud.



PORTRAIT OF A CHILD
 FRANCES CRANMER GREENMAN
Courtesy of the New Gallery



THE RT. HON. JOSEPH
 CHAMBERLAIN C. W. FURSE
Courtesy of Grand Central Art Galleries

In certain cases a remarkable amount of character is achieved. In Hannah we are face to face not with a type but with a real personage. The artist has lost himself in his subject, and there is not a trace of the desire to flatter or to display technical cleverness. It is interesting to note also with what unconscious tact he has reduced color and composition to their simplest and severest terms to harmonize with the character of the sitter.

The landscapes are fewer in number and on the whole less successful. Put the provincial painter in front of a sitter whom he had to paint with more or less fidelity, and he was safe; but let him give free rein to his fancy in a landscape, and the results were apt to be disastrous. However, most of the landscapes in the present exhibition escape the results of unbridled poetry. Portsmouth Harbor is a particularly fine example, very nautical in its pale gray-blue, and marked by precise handling.

LLOYD GOODRICH.



PORTRAIT
Courtesy of Kraushaar Galleries

EDOUARD MANET

The Kraushaar Galleries

UNUSUALLY interesting French work of the nineteenth century has been on view at the Kraushaar Galleries during December. Although the paintings are not all the first rank, their quality on the whole is high, and they have been selected in such a way as to form a well-balanced group.

Easily dominating the collection is a magnificent Courbet, *The Rocks at Ornans*, a painting of extraordinary power and veracity. Against a brilliant blue sky the rocks stand out, overpowering in their weight and mass and the luxuriance of their forms. The color is deep and fresh, and the whole picture bears evidence of having been painted with an almost barbaric enjoyment of the strength and fecundity of nature. Looking at it, one can readily understand the disturbance which Courbet caused in conservative circles seventy-five years ago.

Compared to this exuberant work, the other paintings seem strangely civilized. Delacroix, who had spread dismay in the academic ranks a generation before, takes on some of the dignity of an old master. His church interior is an excellent example, particularly interesting because we have so few opportunities in this country to see his work and to appreciate his position in French art. On the other hand, this is hardly true of Corot, who can scarcely be said to be inadequately represented over here. The landscape by him in the present exhibition is a respectable but not very exciting piece. Daumier is represented by a small painting and a group of five drawings.

The work of Henri Fantin-Latour is in curious contrast to those already mentioned. An artist with a double personality, one side of his nature is shown in his portraits like the one in the Metropolitan Museum—solid and sober work, painted photographically but without any technical fireworks. The other side, which was possibly caused by his repressions asserting themselves, appears in the two examples in the present exhibition—a somewhat saccharine romanticism usually linked with Wagnerian opera. *The Femme au Lys* by Eugene Carrière also seems rather sweet for this company.

With Manet's *Profil de Jeune Fille*, however, we are once more back on terra firma. Although hardly more than a sketch, it is a brilliant piece of work, with all of that suavity of touch that never degenerated into cleverness. Manet's sister-in-law, Berthe Morisot, whose work is seldom seen in this country, is also represented by a portrait of a young girl, painted with a great deal of freshness and charm, and still a third young lady is contributed

by that other feminine member of the original impressionist group, Mary Cassatt.

LLOYD GOODRICH.

The Loo Collection

BEFORE beginning an account of the C. T. Loo collection of Chinese antiquities at the Montross Galleries, it might be well for the writer to confess that his knowledge of Chinese art is extremely limited. He can recognize the fact that the collection is distinguished from the average by the great antiquity of most of the examples, and that it is representative of many sides of Chinese art, containing bronzes, porcelain, paintings and sculpture, but so far as the ability to place each piece in its particular dynasty is concerned, he is frank to confess his ignorance.

However, he can console himself with the reflection that it may be questioned how far an Occidental can really comprehend Oriental art. Critics are fond of saying that art speaks a universal language. We should thank heaven that this is only partially true, for art that is universally comprehensible would be something like Esperanto, a thing hideous to contemplate. It is the combination of universal elements with those peculiar to one time and place that constitutes the appeal of the work of art.

Sometimes, in the present collection, one comes across a piece in which the barrier between East and West is completely down. Such a piece is the Head of a Patriarch, which might almost be the work of Daumier, but a more serene Daumier with the ability to contemplate reality dispassionately. The humor of some of the small terra cotta figurines also seems very close to our western way of seeing things. There is something essentially comic about these small images, as if the sculptor had taken a large and overpowering object like a horse and made it small in order to be able to laugh at it in safety.

In the third room is a large dry lacquer figure, in which the pure and delicate modeling of the face and the restrained grace of the draperies do not need to be interpreted to the western mind. In this way the uninitiated can go through the exhibition, finding here and there points of contact, and the longer he stays the more comprehensible this art will seem. Gradually, if he does not try too hard to understand it, it will take possession of him—its serenity, its sense of standing solidly on the earth, and of being absolutely itself.

LLOYD GOODRICH.



GILT HU: HAN DYNASTY

Courtesy of C. T. Loo and Co.

BOOKS

THE MASTERS OF MODERN ART. By Walter Pach. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1924. (\$3.50.)

ONE approaches this volume prejudiced in its favor. It is handsomely printed and bound. It concludes with thirty-six admirably chosen and splendidly reproduced works of those painters and sculptors who have legitimately won the right to be considered masters of modern art. Included is a comprehensive bibliography of contemporary art, and explanatory notes concerning the thirty-six reproductions. Moreover, there is the unqualified recommendation of M. Elie Faure, whose massive history of art has been translated into English by Mr. Pach himself. "I know nothing more luminous," asserts M. Faure, "nothing simpler and stronger in the critical literature of our time." Yet, despite Mr. Pach's admirable choice of men representative of contemporary art, despite those effective half-tones, despite the commendation of so great an authority as M. Elie Faure, I must confess that instead of luminosity, I close this book with a sense of confusion and inadequacy. I cannot dismiss from my mind the irreverent and perhaps unfair image of a Jack-the-Giant-Killer attempting to stuff the bloodless body of his victim into a somewhat worn and threadbare carpet bag.

In the present instance, the carpet bag is Mr. Pach's method of criticism. He limits his text to a meagre hundred pages; and despite this self-imposed and unnecessary limitation of space, he seeks to trace the complete "evolution" of nineteenth and twentieth century art, "from the revolution to Renoir" to our very day. In his effort to crowd all the great in, he is forced into strange groupings: Redon and Cézanne are found crammed together in one chapter, and Rousseau *le douanier* and Constantin Brancusi in another! In relying exclusively upon "evolutionary" criticism or appreciation, Mr. Pach is either deliberately, or through lack of understanding, shirking his duties toward the men he praises. For more than any other manifestation of the spiritual life, art today is crying out for a fresher, more vital type of appreciation than this pseudo-archæology of the contemporaneous, with its unilluminating comparisons, its pigeon-holing and placing of works of art in their historical sequence, its insistence upon the temporal order of past, present and future, its fatal preoccupation with the dissection of living art with the clumsy instrument of evolutionary determinism.

Since Mr. Pach has, with evident intention, refrained from the inclusion in his bibliography of certain notable essays published in *THE ARTS*, it may not be amiss here to quote from one of them the opinion of Pablo Picasso on this very point. "I often hear the word evolution," asserts Picasso (*Picasso Speaks*, *THE ARTS*, May, 1923), "To me there is no past or future in art. If a work of art cannot live always in the present, it must not be considered at all. The art of the Greeks, of the Egyptians, of the great painters who lived in other times, is not an art of the past; perhaps it is more alive today than it ever was. Art does not evolve by itself; the ideas of people change and with them their mode of expression." And with a simplicity, incisive penetration and power of intuition that are characteristically Spanish, this master continues: "If we are to apply the law of evolution and transformism to art, then we have to admit that all art is transitory. On the contrary, art does not enter into these philosophic absolutisms." If the thoughtful reader gives to these statements of Picasso the sober and patient consideration they deserve, he may find that his whole conception of art undergoes a new orientation. From this newer point of view, in contrast to that represented by Walter Pach, modern art is no longer merely "the ensemble of the painting and sculpture that tells us of the genius of the period," nor is our problem of appreciation to be solved in "following the unbroken line that leads from the older classes to those of the present day." Art, true art, whether ancient or modern, we are just beginning to surmise, exists with inscrutable serenity on a plane above and beyond the limits of "evolution," *sub specie æternitatis*. We may measure the canvas, analyze the pigments, trace all the changes in technique; we may join in the current passion for attribution; we may dissect and tear to pieces the whole apparatus by which the artist works his miracle, but all of this frenzied activity, this comparing and tracing and cataloging will bring us not one step nearer to the secret of that eternal life which radiates from any real work of art.

The great achievement of these masters of modern art is emphatically not, as Mr. Pach seems to think, that they follow the unbroken line that leads from the classics, nor that they "have in their hands the making of the future." As far as appreciation is concerned, it is rather that they have rendered obsolete the traditional methods and implements of criticism. They are making us see reality from a

new and unaccustomed angle. They are recreating our vision. By posing a new and seemingly insoluble problem for appreciation, they are thus profoundly creative and life-giving. It is not that they conform to the high standards of the art of the past; rather should we say that they are recreating and resurrecting by recreating our very vision, the arts of the past, compelling us to drop or ignore what seemed so worthy to the eyes of the last generation, and revealing new life, new energies in great art to which the nineteenth century was blind. The very failure of Walter Pach, with his obsolete method, to give us anything more than superficial information concerning these masters of modern art, is one of the surest signs of this silent revolution. And if we must have "evolution" in criticism, let us never forget that evolution itself 'evolves,' and that our greatest need at present is the evolution of appreciation, meaning by evolution the development and maturity of criticism to meet the problems confronting it.

ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER.

* * *

DIE BUDDHISTISCHE SPÄTANTIKE IN MITTEL ASIEN. By A. VON LE COQ. Berlin: Dietrich Reimer (Ernest Vohsen).

Part of Chinese East Turkestan was in the beginning of our era a fertile country. The lands surrounding the Tarim basin were well watered by rivers, and where these failed, by a well ordered system of irrigation. The Tarim basin itself, however, was always a sandy desert particularly inhospitable because traveling sand dunes made it impossible to establish roads or dig wells. But both north and south of this Taklamakan desert old-established trade routes lead from China proper, that is, from where the great wall ended, from what was called the gate of jade. The northern route by way of Turfan and Karashar went to Yarkand, the southern passed through Lobnor and Khotan, from there the travelers went west to Persia or south to India. These were the trade routes which connected China with India and the western countries. Towns and villages along these routes flourished like modern winter resorts, enriched by the continual passage of caravans and gay travelers.

Not only wealth and gayety passed along these roads; different religions passed through on their way east. Priests who brought Buddhism from India trod these roads in the early years of our era; followers of Mani spread from Persia over Turke-

stan; and Nestorians later brought the Christian faith to the very heart of China. These different religions, especially Buddhism and Manicheism, left abundant traces in the form of shrines and monasteries. Judging by the great number of temples found, East Tuskestan must have been in those days one of the great religious centers.

All this and the whole face of the country changed absolutely when the rivers gradually dried up; the traveling sand dunes invaded the cultivated lands, irrigation was neglected and ultimately abandoned. About the year 1000 conditions were such that the population abandoned the country. Only those towns along the trade routes situated in more favored spots and a few oases remained poorly inhabited. The rest was given up to the dry, all-invading sand. It was then that at Tun Huang in one of the caves of the Thousand Buddha Grottoes the manuscripts, paintings and ex-votoes of the neighboring shrines were stored away, walled up, and forgotten till Sir Aurel Stein, and later Paul Pelliot, found and saved these precious relics.

This drying up of the district which made the country uninhabitable also saved the thousands of interesting and beautiful objects which have been found in the sand. Conditions in Turkestan are like those in Egypt, except that no tombs are found in which the objects of interest have been preserved. Families, when they gave up the fight and abandoned their homes, and priests, when they closed their shrines, took away what was considered useful and precious. But many of the pieces which they discarded are treasures for us. An old shoe made out of brocades older than any silks in our museums, accounts and sealed letters of inhabitants whose languages even have been forgotten, often teach us more about the life of the early inhabitants of those places than more precious objects would. But what is better still, temples and ruined shrines still have frescoed walls, rubbish heaps hide pieces of sculpture, manuscripts, and painted miniatures, which the dry sand has admirably preserved and hidden from the eyes of vandals.

In ancient times Eastern Turkestan was the heart of Central Asia. There it was that different trade routes converged. For that reason it was the meeting place of all the different Asiatic civilizations. The Greek influence came through Gandhara and Bactria; the Iranian from Persia; the Scytho-Sarmatian through the Mongolian nomad tribes; the Chinese, the Indian and many others all met in the different road stations round the Tarim basin. For this reason and because of the extraordinary climatic conditions Eastern Turkestan has been found one

of the most interesting places for excavation and research. The English, French and Germans sent expeditions. Sir Aurel Stein and Paul Pelliot explored chiefly the places on the southern side of the Tarim Basin, while Grünwedel and von Lecoq led four German expeditions north of the Taklamakan desert, chiefly in the neighborhood of Turfan.

The English expeditions have been splendidly described and illustrated by Sir Aurel Stein in Serindia. Paul Pelliot began the publication of the French expedition in "*Les Grottes de Touen Houang*," with excellent reproductions of the frescoes in the Tun Huang grottoes of the Thousand Buddhas; but the descriptive part of his publication has not yet appeared.

The records of the four German expeditions have been published by Prof. Dr. Grünwedel, in "*Alt-buddhistische Kultstätte in Chinesisch Turkestan*" (1912) and in "*Alt Kutscha*" (1920). Then Prof. A. von Lecoq published in 1913 Chotscho, the account of the first German expedition to Turfan in which he took part. Chotscho is full of magnificent color plates reproducing the interesting and very beautiful frescoes found in this ruined capital. Prof. von Le Coq has now published, "*Die Buddhistische Spätantike in Mittel Asien*." It consists of three volumes and one atlas containing color plates and black and white reproductions. Volume one reproduces the sculpture, beginning with a selection of Grandhara sculpture, of which there is a splendid collection in the Berlin Museum. It is reproduced to show the close relation with the art of Eastern Turkestan of which it is the direct ancestor. This volume contains further reproductions of statues and heads of plaster found amongst the ruins, and architectural details. The second volume is devoted to the rare Manichaean miniatures which were found in the neighborhood of Turfan and gives valuable information about Mani, his followers and his religion. The third volume and the atlas contain splendid colored reproductions of the wonderful frescoes which were saved and brought back in large numbers.

This publication, which completes the reports of the German expeditions to Eastern Turkestan, reproduces and describes in an admirable way the objects brought to Berlin and is therefore called "The Results of the Turfan Expedition." These results are now exhibited in the Berlin *Museum für Völkerkunde*, and form not only the most admirable collection of material for study of the early civilizations and religions in Middle Asia but also a collection of wall paintings of the greatest artistic interest. For the great benefit of those who could

not undertake the difficult and perilous voyage to Turfan, it was found necessary and possible to remove a great number of the frescoes, mainly due to the great skill and care of Mr. Bartus, Dr. von Le Coq's assistant, who accomplished a most admirable piece of work. It was necessary because the frescoes were chiefly found in places which had first to be dug out from the sand which protected as well as hid them. If they had been left in place the people in the neighborhood would immediately have come to scrape them off the walls, as early frescoes are considered excellent manure. Fortunately however they are now in the Berlin Museum beautifully shown.

As it is now shown in the *Museum für Völkerkunde* in Berlin the collection is one of the great sources of information for those who are interested in the early art of Eastern Turkestan. It completes rather than rivals the collections in the British Museum and in the Louvre, which consists more especially of paintings and manuscripts. The beautiful publication of this collection will be of the greatest advantage to the student and the art lover.

S. C. BOSCH REITZ.

THE NATURE, PRACTICE AND HISTORY OF ART.

By H. VAN BUREN MAGONIGLE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. (\$2.50.)

Here is manna for the laity. The Nature, Practice and History of Art—forbidding title!—by H. B. V. Magonigle, is a small, heavy book in good type on solid paper. The work owes its inception to a "regret that the future patrons of art in America, the young men and women in high school and college," are "growing up in virtual ignorance of art as art." As the book took shape its author "determined not to make it strictly a text book for school use only, but so to treat it that it might be acceptable and useful to the laity at large."

A sufficiently clear statement of purpose, certainly. Let us turn at once to the text.

"Art is a positive index of the character of races, nations, individuals and epochs," Chapter One tells us at the start. For instance, "the chief characteristics of the art of the Greeks are: Simplicity, Serenity or Repose, Clarity, Subtlety, Grace, Beauty." Similarly, the arts of Italy and France reveal, in each epoch, qualities peculiar to themselves. "The paintings of Watteau and Boucher could only have been done by Frenchmen." Unfortunately "the origins of psychology of the arts

of the East differ so widely from those of the Western world that they cannot be conveniently included here, although the arts of China and Japan are immensely important and have strongly affected the work of many Western masters, notably James McNeill Whistler."

Now for the qualities common to all forms of art. "All works of art, whether poems, musical compositions, works of architecture, or sculpture, or painting will be found upon analysis to have fundamental traits, qualities, principles, in common, such as: Design, Proportion, Balance, Symmetry, Rhythm, Pattern, Harmony, Contrast, Taste, Style, Beauty. Some of these are more evident in some forms of artistic expression than in others. . . . Style and Beauty are the products of Design, Proportion, Balance, Symmetry, Rhythm, Pattern, Harmony, Contrast; and Taste . . . combines these elements in such a manner as to produce Style and Beauty." A few definitions follow: "To balance is to place, or keep, in equilibrium. . . . Contrast is the opposition of light to dark, width to height, great dimensions to small, length to brevity, a staccato accent to a measured cadence, and the like."

At this point we must pause for a chapter to consider the artist himself. Another definition: "An artist is a practitioner of any of the arts of expression." During the course of history his status in society has not always been the same. In Greece, we may judge, he enjoyed a high measure of consideration. In Assyria, Babylonia and Egypt his identity was lost in that of King or Priesthood. During the Middle Ages it was merged in the guilds, associations, or unions, of workmen. But with Cimabue and Pisano it once more emerges, "never again to be lost so long as the printed word shall endure." And next ensue five chapters in which we are told a little about the materials of the three major arts, and about the processes by which architect, sculptor, painter, etcher and lithographer does his work, processes in at least one case "far too complex," the author confesses "to attempt to describe here with any degree of clarity." Should the future patrons of art in America be tempted to ask, "Why bother at all to describe these processes without clearness?" let them reflect upon the smallness of the book and the greatness of its subject.

We have now achieved the end of part one. The Nature and Practice of Art are already behind us. In the remaining pages of the book we are to hasten as rapidly as we may across the twenty-five or more centuries that separate Ictinus, Polyclitus and

Apelles from Garnier, Rodin and John Singer Sargent. Of course, a great deal, nearly everything, in fact, that might make the history of art enlivening or richly informative has to be omitted, owing to limitations of space. The author's task is to strip history not only to her bare skin, but to her dry, white skeleton. We may believe that his labor will accomplish no good purpose, that it is futile and misguided, but we cannot deny that he has accomplished it with skill. Here are Giotto, Brunelleschi, Donatello, Masaccio, Da Vinci, Perugino, Raphael, Michael Angelo and others, at least by name. We must not expect to find Ucello, Castagno, Signorelli, Melozzo, Piero della Francesca or Antonello. Mantegna appears, but, strange to relate, we learn that "to modern taste the archæological flavor of his work, its constructed episodes and display of the erudition of the age, rob it of a living interest." This is a little disappointing. Somewhat farther on, at a passing allusion to "the astigmatic and contorted crudities of El Greco," our doubt and dismay deepen. Finally in a chapter on Some Modern Tendencies there is brief mention of the Pre-Raphaelites, The Barbizon School and the Impressionists, whose names are Manet, Monet, Pissarro and Sisley. Whistler's name is mentioned with approval several times in the course of the work, Sargent's at least once, those of Renoir, Degas and Cézanne not at all. Concerning all the recent unpleasant events in the world of art there is discreet silence.

Let us admit that the book is honest, generally sensible and sufficiently informed, according to its lights. The historical summary is deft and clear so far as it goes. The whole is dry, tedious, conventional, utterly uninspiring. The author's good intention cannot be doubted, but he underestimates the intelligence of our "future patrons of art in America." If henceforward they hate the very thought of the Three Major Arts they cannot be blamed. Probably they will be influenced to no such degree, for the instinct that leads certain people to the arts is powerful and will survive any discouragement. After all, is it really true that the "young men and women in high school and college are growing up in virtual ignorance of art as art, as a source of pleasure, as an influence upon life?" If so, it is their own fault. Is there any lack in our colleges of courses organized to remedy this evil? Not in one with which we are acquainted, and which we suppose may be considered representative, where the most general courses in the Nature, History and Practice of Art manage to include an abundance of detail that

might well put this particular book to shame, where the student may roam at will among courses in Architecture, courses in Greek and Romanesque and Renaissance and Modern Sculpture, courses in Sienese and Florentine and Venetian and Spanish and French and Flemish Painting. And the laity at large, to which the author hopes that the book may be "acceptable and useful," what of it? Here we are no longer concerned with young people, but with the adult intelligence. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and it so happens that the world is full of people who are laymen in art who yet have exceedingly good and, not rarely, brilliant minds. When one of these chooses to inform himself concerning, let us say, the history of Italian Painting, will he discover either the information or the intellectual nourishment he requires in a text book whose general tone and quality is about that of a bed-time story? Will he be satisfied with this: "To balance is to hold or be in equilibrium," or with, "Zeuxis and Agatharcus were other celebrated painters, unfortunate like their fellows in the complete destruction of their works"? Something tells us that he will prefer Venturi or Von Marle.

Apparently the book is really addressed to one portion of the laity, to the people who hate to make an effort, to the lazy-minded. Yes, that is clearly the case. "Long books are discouraging to many people," the author tells us. He wanted to write "a short one that might have a fair chance of being read through without too much skipping." He takes what he believes to be pardonable pride "in announcing that there is not one foot-note in the book." Neither is there an index. As for the illustrations, which range from the Victory of Samothrace and the Primavera to Whistler's Mother, "the reader's convenience has been studied by so placing them on the page that in no instance is it necessary to turn the book. Nor are there any reference notes in the text to the pictures, . . . because a reader's attention is disturbed and diverted by such references." There are people who believe that no knowledge worth having is acquired without some effort. The author is not among these. He demands of the reader neither initiative nor intellectual curiosity. Whoever feels that we get out of any form of human activity just about as much as we put into it may—and assuredly will—direct his attention elsewhere. DUDLEY POORE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

AN AUBREY BEARDSLEY LECTURE. By A. W. King. (With an Introduction and Notes by R. A. Walker and some Unpublished Letters and Drawings.) London: R. A. Walker, XVI The Avenue, Bedford Park. 1924. (18s. 6d. post free.)

GRUNDZUEGE DER INDISCHEN KUNST. Von St. Kramrisch. Hellera bei Dresden: Avalun-Verlag. 1924. (28 Goldmark, \$7.00.)

EINFUEHRUNG IN DIE KUNST DES OSTENS. Von Ernst Diez. (Mit Dreiundsiebzig Abbildungen.) Wien: Hellerau. Im Avalun-Verlag. 1924. (20 Goldmark, \$5.00.)

ART STUDIES. 1924. Medieval Renaissance and Modern. Edited by Members of the Departments of Fine Arts at Harvard and Princeton Universities. Arthur McComb, Allan Marquand, Walter W. S. Cook, E. Baldwin Smith, Frederick Mortimer Clapp and Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press (\$3.50 net.)

BRONZES ANTIQUES DE LA CHINE. (Appartenant a C. T. Loo et Cie.) Par M. Tch'ou To-Yi. Avec U e Preface et des Notes de M. Paul Pelliot. 1924. Paris et Bruxelles. G. Van Oest, Editeur.



POSTSCRIPTS

L'ART VIVANT, a new bi-monthly, appears this month. Florent Fels is editor-in-chief. It will not neglect the past, and will keep its readers *au courant* with "immediate manifestations." Painting, sculpture, decorative and applied arts, interior decorations, exhibitions and expositions, will all be included in the 40 quarto pages of the new review. Its list of contributors and collaborateurs is impressive. It includes: Messrs. Jean Ajalbert, of the Académie Goncourt, Arsène Alexandre, Roger Allard, Gaston Baty, Luc Benoist, Bissière, Jacques-Emile Blanche, André Breton, Francis Carco, Capitain, Chareau, Clouzot, Pl. Couchoud, Jean Cotteau, René Crevel, Delafosse, Fernand Divoire, André Doderet, Raoul Dufy, D'Ardenne de Tizac, Carl Einstein, Raymond Escholier, Elie Faure, Paul Fiérens, François Fosca, Galanis, Gustave Geffroy of the Académie Goncourt, Georges Grappe, J. G. Goulinat, J. Guiffrey, curator of the Louvre, Hackin, curator of Musée Guimet, Edouard Harau-court, curator of the Musée de Cluny, Jean Hugo, Edmond Jaloux, Clément-Janin, Tristan Klingsor, Laboureur, Le Corbusier-Saugnier, Simon Lévy, Frédéric Lefevre, Lhote, Tervueren, Rob Mallet-Stevens, Pierre MacOrlan, Camille Mauclair, Maurice des Ombiaux, Auguste Perret, Peyronny, Maurice Raynal, Gabriel Réal, Jean Robiquet, Conservateur du Musée Carnavalet, Samuel Saradin, Philippe Stern, Tabarant, Temporal, architecte, Paul Valéry, F. Vanderpyl, Van Genney, Jean-Louis Vaudover, Verneau, curator of the Trocadéro Museum, Ambroise Vollard, André Warnod, Serge Romoff. * * * * * Walter Sickert says: "Since we are talking of art produced in Paris, Picasso is certainly not a patch on Poulbot, or Genty, or Métivet, or Arnac, or the amazing Laborde." Poor Picasso! poor Poulbot! poor Walter!!! * * * * * "A single nude by Renoir," writes Francis Carco in his new book "The Nude in Modern Painting," "reveals Renoir to us better than his landscapes or portraits." Carco's sympathies are all with the modern spirit as opposed to the official art of the last century, as readers of his novels might guess. * * * * * George Bernard Shaw says that auto-satisfaction will be the ruin of France. Shaw thinks that French art is characterized by "provincial immobility." "The French spirit," says the prophet of Adelphi Terrace, "is no longer represented in literature; it cannot even find expression in the newspapers,

which are desperately Americanized." We half agree. * * * * * At the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, the Ballets Suedois recently attempted to combat public apathy by producing an "instantanéiste" ballet called "Relache," devised by the indefatigable Francis Picabia, with music by Erik Satie. At the end of the performance Francis and Erik appeared on the stage in a 5 HP. Citroën. * * * * * There was a cinematographic *Entr'acte* created by René Clair. This film created a more profound impression than the Picabia-Satie ballet, which was not as amusing as its creators believed it to be. * * * * * Gustave Coquiot has just published a book called "*les Peintres Maudits*." The title is arresting, at any rate. * * * * * SELECTION, published in Brussels, has printed Tristan Tzara's "Mouchoir de Nuages," which was produced at the Cigale last May, during the *Soirées de Paris* organized by M. le Comte Etienne de Beaumont. It is a tragedy in fifteen acts and out-pirouettes Pirandello. * * * * * Gustave Fuss-Amoré and Maurice des Ombiaux have been writing about Montparnasse in the MERCURE. They say that quite unintentionally Modigliani started the custom of open-air exhibitions. Modigliani used to try to sell pictures to his friends on the street, leaning his canvases against the trees to show them. Naturally they attracted the attention of passersby who frankly "told the world" just what they thought of them in no uncertain terms. * * * * * Georgette Leblanc's film "*L'Inhumaine*" has been shown at the Medeleine-Cinema. Its admirers acclaim this picture as a "film which really marks a triumphal date in French cinematographic evolution." Perhaps. * * * * * Paris is making active preparations for the opening of the Exposition of Decorative Arts. So many visitors are expected that a footbridge is being built across the Seine to divert traffic from the Pont de la Concorde. * * * * * M. Fels, who wrote two columns entitled "Seurat Enters the Louvre," forgot to say that "Le Cirque" was bequeathed to the Louvre by an American citizen, the late John Quinn. Seurat's masterpieces are widely dispersed. "La Baignade," which was sold for 300,000 francs, is in England. "Honneur" is owned by Herr Goetz of Berlin. The "Grand Jatte" is in the collection of a Chicago artist and connoisseur.

Paris,
December, 1924.

THE ARTS

FOUNDED BY HAMILTON EASTER FIELD

FORBES WATSON, *Editor*

WILLIAM A. ROBB, *Manager*

ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER, *Associate Editor*

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*South Façade of the American Wing,
Metropolitan Museum of Art*

(By Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

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AMOS DOOLITTLE is credited with the engraving of the first regular historical print ever published in America. Born in 1754, he volunteered in the Revolutionary War. His print "The Battle of Lexington" had a wide sale in revolutionary days. The Prodigal Son series was published, printed and offered for sale by the firm of Shelton and Kensett in Doolittle's native town of Cheshire, Connecticut, in October, 1814. Amos Doolittle's success with this series led to his successful career as an illustrator-engraver for the American

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NUDE
Courtesy of the Whitney Studio

CECIL HOWARD

THE ARTS

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THE idea that crude force is, or should be the essential note in American art has been cultivated in the minds of a number of Americans by foreign commentators. The artists usually cited to illustrate this theory are Winslow Homer and Walt Whitman. With this slight evidence to bear them out some of our romantic critics condemn works which are essentially American in spirit, because they fail to discover in them what they have decided for themselves is the one American essential, namely, crude force. But if we try to recognize the actual character of our art instead of promulgating a theory which has little enough basis in fact, what we shall find in it may lead us to other conclusions. Refinement, or if this word is too vague, delicate discrimination, and the absence of ebullient material ornament, seem to be characteristics in American art, rather than unharnessed vitality.

In the prevailing fashion of belying the Puritan spirit as antagonistic to the aesthetic spirit, there has grown up the desire to prove that fineness and weakness are synonymous. On the contrary, fineness is a strength, and whereas many writers suggest that in our early crafts the lack of rich and handsome effects denotes a provincial inability or limitation, it seems to me that no understanding of the deeper qualities in American Art can be reached without the realization that our early crafts express, in their unconscious delicate discrimination, a positive spirit. Delicate discrimination may be either unconscious, as when it was employed by artists developed in a Pilgrim and ascetic community, or it may be the result of the conscious effort of the eclectic.

To draw a romantic picture of the United States, to cite innumerable examples of the pioneers' successful combats with natural forces, and then to deduce that art produced in America in order to be fundamentally American must in obvious fashion express the conflicts in the pioneer's and engineer's conquest of the country, is to overlook the source and the development of our art. It would be splendid, no doubt, if painting and sculpture created by native Americans stirred the imagination of the foreign or American beholder in the same way as do the stories of the pioneers, but no production of art can be given its character by a theory, and declarations as to what its real character should be will not make it other than it is. Art will come up white or pink, according to its nature.

When American art is attacked on the ground that it has not developed in proportion to the material development of the country, the most usual defense is that this is a young land, that we have not been so very many years removed from the pioneer epoch, and that for the greatness of American art we must wait until the future, when more of the energetic minds of the country turn to the creation of painting, sculpture and architecture. This defense is not altogether sound, since many other countries in the past have produced great art in a period of time shorter in extent than the time since a more or less settled civilization began in this country.

Greece, like Italy and other countries which have produced art of the very first order, was smaller than one of our small states. We spread over a tremendous amount of territory which has only begun to have connecting links in the last half century, and the mixture of races represented by our body of citizens is still an unamalgamated mass. What will eventually come as a consistent art expression of this great body of people will inevitably come; it cannot be forced. Perhaps it is safe to predict that its art will not achieve its greatest possibilities until we cease to be, as we are now, too ready to accept the position of a pupil of Europe. That there is in American art today a positive spirit of

choice and fastidious quality can, I believe, be absolutely proved. This we inherit quite properly from our forefathers who came to this country from Europe and who, in their architecture and their crafts and their painting, gave forth a positive expression of their belief in freedom, fineness, antipathy to luxury, independence and honesty.

They did however come from Europe and that which they created in America indicates to how great an extent they were representatives of a civilization which was far advanced beyond the days of hand to hand contacts with nature and the elements. This goes to prove that the beginnings of American art were not inspired by the first battles with the Indians, but by memories of what had been left behind in Europe, and when romantic foreigners, or when foreigners take the romantic view of America and think first of our battles with the Indians, of our pathfinders, of our engineers pushing forward across undiscovered rivers and unmapped mountains, and wonder why American art is not primarily an expression of this life, they are either ignorant of our real beginnings or blind to our real traditions. Remembering what our traditions actually are, it may be difficult to realize why we have not produced works of art of ultimate power, but it is not difficult to understand the prevailing note of sensitive discrimination and idealism which characterize American art. We can discover this quality easily in our earliest furniture and paintings and it only becomes created when we attempt to impose characteristics upon our art which do not inherently belong to it.

FORBES WATSON.



DRAWING

Courtesy of the Whitney Studio

CECIL HOWARD

THE AMERICAN WING AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

By MEYRIC ROGERS

[Illustrations by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art]

1

INTRODUCTION

THE opening of the new wing of American Decorative Art at the Metropolitan Museum is an event of epoch making importance in what may be called official art circles. For a generation or more, there has been growing a by no means silent demand that the great museums make more than casual provision for the acquisition and display of not merely American painting present and past, but of those crafts which, in many respects, mark the highest level of native artistic achievement. Public criticism—by public of course one means that small section of the general public who are interested—has often been leveled at the authorities with rather ill-judged asperity in this respect, since the means to make such collections and such a display involve not only effort and funds but time.

Of these the last factor is certainly of definite importance. Any assemblage worthy of permanent housing in what amounts to a national treasure house cannot be summoned together overnight by even the most productive Aladdin's lamp; and when one considers that three decades ago, interest in American decorative art was confined to a few prophetic souls crying in the wilderness, what has been accomplished is no less than astounding. Given fair means, a private collector can hope to acquire his heart's desire in a lifetime. Institutions move perforce more slowly, for by nature they are Argus eyed and cannot look in one direction only. That this defect—though exasperating to the thoughtless—has not meant stagnation is now wonderfully apparent. What seems magical in its completeness is the result of years of slow hoarding heartened now and then by windfalls or acquisitions like the Bolles and Palmer collections, and the public spirited zeal of many private collectors whose names will be found on the Museum's roll of honor. The American public's debt of gratitude to the Metropolitan is enormously increased by this new national service. But this debt is due not only to those whose generosity has provided the funds and material, but also in large measure to those whose scholarship, taste and unremitting labor have utilized these to the best advantage. The prob-

lems of museum installation are often unrealized by the public. Their admirable solution in this case is largely due to Charles O. Cornelius of the Department of Decorative Arts and other members of the staff whose skill and zeal have made the wing what it is.

This introductory apologia may seem out of place in view of what is apparent to all; but human nature is all too apt to take the best for granted after the first huzzahs are over, wonder why in thunder it hadn't been done before and presently develop some heat when the next rocket is not immediately forthcoming.

Now that what the flippant call the cult of the American Antique has been provided with a worthy official temple, and kitchen tables in deal are bringing the price of genuine green upholstered mahogany, it is rather astounding to remember that not only these kitchen tables but even our proudest eighteenth century mansions were despised and rejected of men within the memory of those now living. Certainly it is quite credible that the late General Sherman felt no compunction outside that natural to humanity in destroying or allowing to be destroyed quantities of beautiful Southern architecture. Those rioting in the splendors of the jig saw felt, no doubt, as little inclined to cherish the "barbarities" of their predecessors as Jefferson felt called upon to admire the taste of the early eighteenth century. Disregard of the past is often regarded as a symptom of artistic virility. May this give us pause!

Strangely enough the Civil War itself may really be credited with beginning the change of heart, though one of the first steps had been taken in 1859 by the national purchase of Mount Vernon. Enthusiasm over a nation saved to itself begat renewed interest in its beginnings. The prevalent romantic sentiment, ever flourishing luxuriantly on the manure of rank commercialism, promptly drew a halo around every visible reminder of the Declaration of Independence. Providence was kind. Had Washington and his contemporaries lived among the chewing-gum wonders popular under Grant, they likewise would have been sanctified. By good fortune sentiment dragged treasure and not merely old shoes out of oblivion.

The steps by which "Colonial" architecture was rehabilitated are well brought out in Fiske Kimball's scholarly and clarifying work¹ which shows that little was actually accomplished save in a half hearted fashion till the end of the century—marked by the appearance of Ware's "Georgian Period" in 1899-1902.

It took somewhat longer for specimens of early handicraft to emerge from the limbo of historical curiosities, and it is fair to say that previous to the last two decades, it was associative interest rather than æsthetic merit which made such of value to the collector. Pieces of silverware, of furniture, of pottery, et cetera were guarded or resurrected from attics because of supposed connection with some national hero or ancestor of Revolutionary times.

Imbued with sentiment rather than knowledge or æsthetic zeal, questions of period and quality were hopelessly confused or entirely ignored. Though the evil effects of this point of view are still very largely apparent, it must also be remembered that had it not been for such borrowed glory an enormous quantity of fine works of art would have disappeared from view. It was also largely in this spirit that most of the local historical museums and "Preservation" societies were initiated which in their turn have formed the basis upon which a sane estimate of our craft heritage has been attained.

During the last quarter of the nineteenth century with the ever increasing prosperity of the country, European travel became a matter of course among the upper reaches of our middle class. Increasing opportunities of observation and experience were rapidly breaking down the barriers of provincial self contact in art matters and raising the standard of taste. Finding that many objects closely resembling those stored away in attics at home were held in high esteem abroad, it was only a step to the realization that the chair used by Washington was worthy in its own right.

At first with scanty logic everything of a style previous to the romantic revival of the thirties was cast into the Colonial grab bag. That such miscellaneous company did not get along well together was soon apparent and a search for some means of regrouping was implied. In this the pioneer work was Dr. Lyon's "Colonial Furniture of New England," published in 1891, followed in 1900 by Miss Singleton's "The Furniture of our Forefathers," and in 1913 by L. V. Lockwood's "Colonial Furniture in America." A further stimulus was given

by the Hudson-Fulton celebration in 1909, the exhibition at the Metropolitan at that time marking the beginning of the Museum's activity in this direction.

From this time on the interest of the collector spread forward and backward from the Revolutionary mean; till today nothing has been left unsung from the vagaries of the thirties and forties to the practical, home-made joinery of the backwoods farm. Collectors scramble madly for junk heap resurrections. Prices soar and dealers rejoice. Only a small number seem able to subdue the fever which apparently destroys all powers of discrimination and standards of taste.

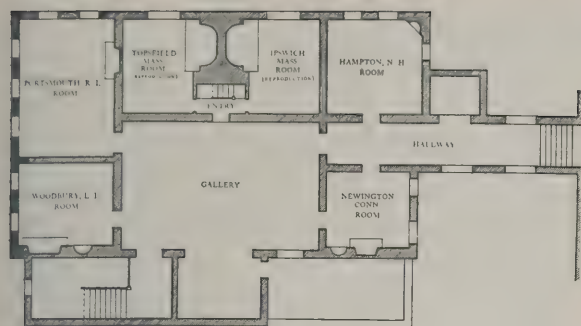
This disease is, however, not the same as that which blinded the sixties. It is a product of the reverse order—of too many facts and too little imagination—the astigmatism of specialization which tends with fatal precision to encourage specimen gathering for its own sake. This point of view has little or nothing to do with the real merit of the objects involved. A specious value is given to rarity. The blight of commercialism enters and the various manias for assembling gim-cracks are encouraged and licensed by authority.

In matters æsthetic as in any other the products of humanity are never wholly bad or wholly good. The general average of our Colonial and early Republican periods is undoubtedly high but especially in the early XIXth century a great many things were made often quantitatively, which from an artistic standpoint are absolutely worthless. Under the conditions outlined above, often aided and abetted by an out and out culture—history viewpoint, this valueless material is lumped with the good and passes muster as being of permanent worth.

This distortion of perception is in fact a great menace to real enjoyment and appreciation of our legacy of craftsmanship and good taste. Indeed, if in the future we may hope for high standards of accomplishment based on that of the past, our estimate of that past must be on a sound foundation.

This brings us to a realization of the extremely important part this new section of the Metropolitan should play in the field of national art. Almost without exception the small "Colonial" museums which have sprung up under local auspices along the Atlantic seaboard have been fashioned after a sentimental or culture-history point of view. Largely on this account and also for lack of resources, the real significance of the material has not been brought into relief. This significance lies in the evolution of a series of successive design ideas which, as the na-

¹ *Domestic Architecture of the American Colonies and of the Early Republic*, by Fiske Kimball. N. Y. 1922, Chas. Scribner's Sons.



PLAN OF THE THIRD FLOOR
FIGURE 2

tional life developed expressed themselves in forms less directly dependent upon European precedent.

The setting of a sane standard of discrimination must involve a recognition of the dominant importance of these design ideas.

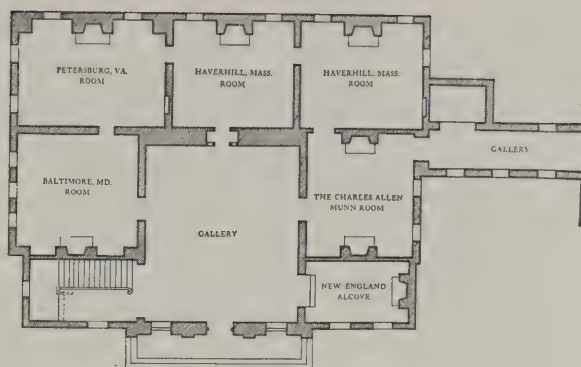
By and large the museum authorities have recognized this necessity and expressed it in the arrangement of their rooms and galleries. Historical accuracy has been given, but one feels throughout the just dominance of æsthetic principle which in the main results in a truer historical picture than mere archæology can attain unaided.

II

ON THE WING ITSELF

As may be seen in the accompanying diagrams (Fig. 2) the rooms and collections have been arranged on three floors corresponding with the three main period divisions. The wing is entered on the third floor by a passage from the second floor of the Pierpont Morgan wing.

This third floor is devoted to the first phase of Colonial art in which the traditions of Elizabethan and Jacobean England were carried on by craftsmen either trained in the Mother Country or in the workshops of men so trained. These traditions were essentially of medieval origin which even in early seventeenth century England were but slightly and superficially affected by the tide of renaissance ideas flowing from Italy via the Rhineland. It is safe to say that, throughout the major part of the first epoch of settlement, the life of the English middle class from which the first settlers came was still definitely of a late medieval character. Recent researches have shown in what an astonishingly short time the permanent colonies established this life on the shores of New England, rearing frame and brick houses with all their fitments in place of shelters of wattle and daub, and so transplanting to this coun-



FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS

try not only the life, but the crafts of Tudor England. By about the second half of this first period which may be dated roughly between 1630 and 1725 the effect of Dutch and Flemish influences upon English art becomes apparent in the colonies. These influences are in a way more sharply marked in this country owing to the immediacy of the Dutch colony of the New Netherlands which in the first years of its existence brought the life of the Low Countries directly to these shores.

These elements representing medieval and northern renaissance traditions were projected into the eighteenth century, but were speedily modified by the prevailing taste for those forms of parogue design known as the "rococo." Originating or rather attaining their supreme development in early eighteenth century France, these "rococo" forms profoundly affected all European decorative art and in consequence, mainly through English and Dutch translation, that of the then prospering American colonies. The tangible evidence of the reaction of the American craftsman to this influence is shown on the second floor, which represents, roughly, the period of 1725 to 1790.

In the third period that of 1790 to 1825, illustrated on the ground floor, we find the rococo influences overcome by two interlocking factors: first,

the rediscovery of classic forms by archæological research, which profoundly affected the decorative art of Western Europe; second, political independence and national consciousness. The interrelation of these two factors is a long story but in the main the spirit of the times was imbued with the idea of the similarity between political freedom in Republican Rome and the liberties of the new Republic of the United States. The forms of the preceding period, associated with the idea of political servitude, were speedily abandoned except in the most outlying districts. Though the models for the new style were furnished by English and French designers, their American rendering shows not only a natural provincialism, but a translation, in many instances, into forms peculiarly adapted to the conditions of American life, and to what may be called American taste.

Rather than attempt to give a complete account of the various rooms and their contents in this limited space, the writer will try to follow the emergence of this character—not an always visible trail. Those who wish to get further details of historic background, of evolution of style, and a more complete discussion of the collections, can find



REPRODUCTION OF "OLD SHIP"
MEETING HOUSE—
HINGHAM, MASS. FIGURE 3



TURNED CHAIRS OF "CARVER"
AND "BREWSTER" TYPES
FIGURE 4

them in Professor Kimball's work mentioned on page 62 and in the admirable "Handbook of the American Wing Opening Exhibition," by C. O. Cornelius and R. T. N. Halsey, to whose admirable work the present state of the wing is largely due.¹

The corridor leading to the main gallery of the third floor has been treated in the usual seventeenth century manner—plastered walls, projecting oak beams and posts, all white-washed. The windows are leaded glass casements in triple grouping with only the centre panel opening, following an authentic model found in the old Brown house in Watertown, Massachusetts. In this setting are several examples of the chest with one or two drawers, the second stage in the evolution of the chest of drawers from the medieval chest. These are very simple both in construction and decoration, the latter consisting mainly of semi-conventionalized foliate motives on a slightly incised background. One of the examples shows the use of the applied split turnings typical of Jacobean design. With these are exhibited simple turned chairs of the rush seated, ladder back variety, such as were probably in general use from late medieval times.

It is, however, in the main gallery of this floor (Fig. 3) that we have the most striking evidence of the late Gothic spirit of our early crafts. The timber roof with its king post truss was constructed after the design of that in the "Old Ship" Meeting House at Hingham, Mass., built in 1681—a humble colonial descendant of the mighty roofs of Westminster and Eltham. The gable lighting is a concession to necessity and follows English precedent instead of the dormer construction common in the colonies. In the center of the gallery is a pine and oak trestle table, a simple colonial version of

¹The writer here wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to both these works for the majority of the facts in this article.

the late medieval "board" which may have been used as a Communion table. The so-called "Carver" and "Brewster" chair of which several are on exhibition is another link with the middle ages, the heavy ring turning of the posts and spindles appearing in the Elizabethan "Byzantine" chair which is as ancient in type as its name indicates. Along the walls are a number of specimens of the court or press cupboard (Fig. 5) a two-story affair with the upper portion slightly recessed between turned balusters. These with the various types of chest (Fig. 6) show the early attainment, at least in the larger communities, of a degree of comfort not far from that left behind in England, the designs used closely following those in vogue there in rural districts.

In an alcove off the main gallery are some pieces of early painted furniture, their simple decorations in black, red and yellow being derived in all probability from Dutch or German sources, though it is to be noted that the majority of the furniture of this period was doubtless originally embellished with paint, in one or two colors.

Important as the woodwork and furniture of these early times are, they did not monopolize its entire artistic activity. Silversmiths had early established themselves in the colonies and by the end of the seventeenth century their products (Figs. 7-13) attained a very high degree of excellence. Numerous pieces of church silver, an inkstand made by John Cony (1655-1722) a native Bostonian and a fine bowl made by a New York maker shown in this gallery bear witness to this. In purity of line and restraint of form they are equal to the best English work and perhaps offer the first indication of a fine sensitiveness to line and proportion which is characteristic of the best early American handicraft.



OAK COURT CUPBOARD
FIGURE 5

In textiles little save the crude form of embroidery known as "Turkey work" seems to have been accomplished, the energies of the housewife to whom such work would fall being taken up with supplying the necessary homespuns. The more prosperous houses at the turn of the century were undoubtedly equipped with printed India cottons or richer woolens and damasks for hangings and covers since "glazed chince" was advertised in the Boston papers as early as 1712, 'calicoes,' 'blew Linnen keutins,' 'India chints,' and 'says and serges,' the preceding year."

Ceramics were also imported but most of the service not given by pewter and silver was rendered by wooden trenchers and bowls much as in contemporary England. A few of these humble pieces are shown on this floor. English slipware was, however, imported, and a fair quantity of Delft and oriental porcelain found its way to these shores by the early part of the eighteenth century.

The puritan traditions of New England seem to have delayed the appearance of the portrait painter till well into the eighteenth century, though a portrait of Jan Strycker by his brother Jacobus Gerritsen Strycker dated 1655 and exhibited in this gallery evidences his early appearance in New Amsterdam. This portrait, clearly in the manner of the seventeenth century Dutch masters, is also superior in performance to that of its neighbor—Nathaniel Byfield, an eminent Rhode Islander, painted about 1730 by Jonathan Smibert. Jonathan Smibert, who apparently spared his sitter little, was an Englishman who found Boston a favorable field for his sec-



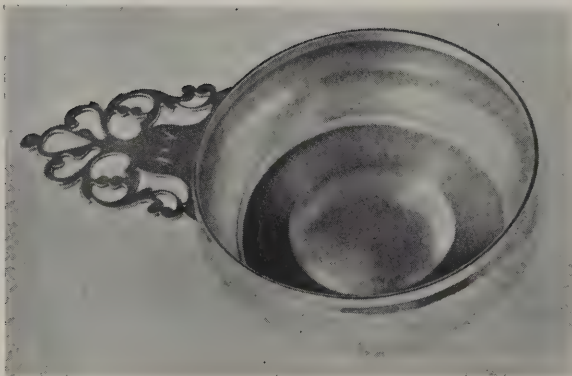
OAK CHEST
FIGURE 6



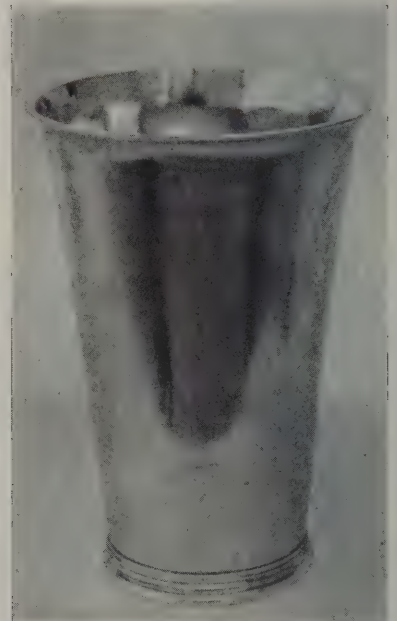
CHOCOLATE POT
EDWARD WINSLOW
FIGURE 10



TANKARD
GARRET ONCLEBAGH
FIGURE 11



PORRINGER PAUL REVERE, SR.
FIGURE 12



BEAKER
FIGURE 13



THE IPSWICH "PARLOR"

FIGURE 15

ond rate talent. The woodenness of early native portraits doubtless owes much to the quality of instruction a man of such ability could offer. There is, however, little question of his sincerity which, after all, is a more valuable heritage than facility. In connection with this main gallery which serves as a general introduction to the period are six rooms each illustrating a definite phase and furnished in such a way as to give the clearest possible idea of actual living conditions. We now know that the "log cabin" as applied to the early settlements is a myth and that the first crude shelters or wigwams of wattle and clay daub served only temporarily, speedily disappearing before substantial—if small and simple—"framed" dwellings.¹ These in many cases assumed fairly ample proportions by the second half of the seven-

teenth century, and were found sufficiently comfortable to be preserved in their essentials to the present day. The Capen house in Topsfield, Mass. (c. 1683) and the Hart house in Ipswich (c. 1640) are cases in point, and a room from each of them has been reproduced by the museum. They illustrate respectively a typical early New England kitchen and parlor in their customary positions on either side of a great central chimney in front of which is just enough room for a small entry and a narrow steep stairs to the attic or second floor. In both of these rooms their character is mainly due to the proportions and the frank display of the heavy structural posts and beams. In the Ipswich "parlor" (Fig. 15) the moulded joints of the vertical sheathing and the careful chamfer on the summer beam indicate a definite attempt at decorative effect still more emphasized by the billeted moulding running over the fireplace and along the top of the

¹ See Kimball, or Isham & Brown "Early Rhode Island Houses," "Early Connecticut Houses."



ROOM FROM HAMPTON, N.H.
FIGURE 17

sheathing. This moulding according to traces on the original has been colored red and black and is especially interesting as showing the continuation of Tudor forms. In both rooms the placing of the casements on the north instead of the south side and the omission of the "sanded" floor are necessary concessions to museum installation.

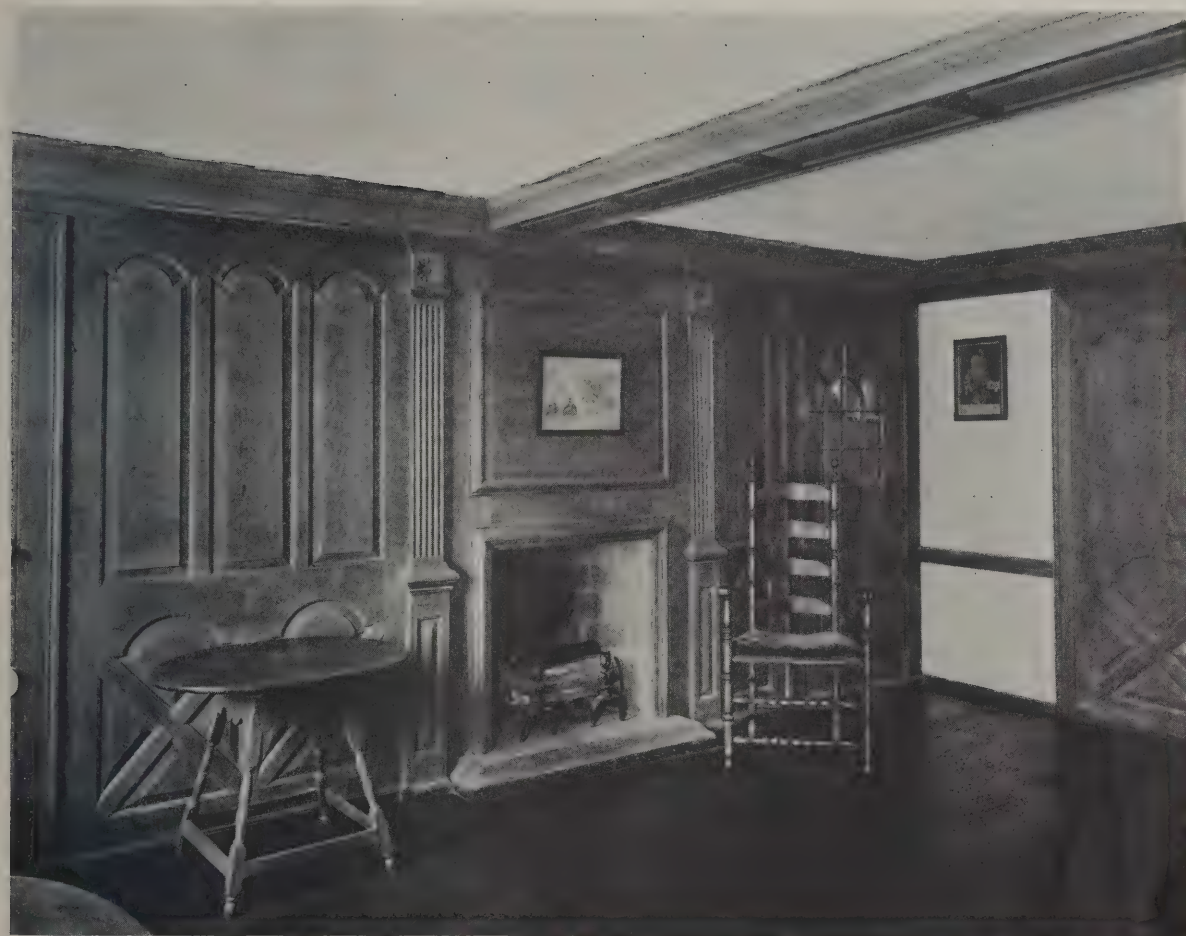
In the "kitchen" are fine examples of the usual chest and cupboard, a charming old cradle and the seat-chest or settle with its high back to protect from very prevalent draughts. A table and stool or two with perhaps one chair would complete the usual equipment, chairs still being somewhat of a rarity and regarded as seats of honor. In the wide fireplace we find the usual cauldron suspended from an ash sapling set in the chimney in lieu of the later crane, and the bakeoven built into the masonry.

The furnishings of the parlor are essentially similar though a map hung on the wall; a cover on



EMBROIDERED LINEN
BEDSPREAD

FIGURE 18 MARY BREED (1770)



ROOM FROM NEWINGTON, CONN.

FIGURE 19

the center table and court cupboard, and a very fine wainscot chair which give a somewhat less workaday note. This chair deserves special mention, since it was made during the months-long voyage of the ship *Anne* from England in 1623 and serves as material evidence of the early arrival of skilled workmen on these shores.

From these representatives of the seventeenth century with its lingering medievalisms we find the transitions to the next phase somewhat abrupt. "The museum's earliest 'old room' is a bed-chamber, removed many years ago from an old house in Hampton, N. H., the fourth earliest settlement in New England." This room (Fig. 17) was probably built into an earlier structure some time during the first quarter of the eighteenth century and is chiefly remarkable in having the ceiling as well as the walls panelled in pine. The design of this panelling though very simple shows very strongly the influence of the post-renaissance forms of con-

tinental Europe with which the name of Queen Anne is associated in England. These appear in the division of the wall vertically into long and short panels, the rail between making a continuous dado line, the form of the panels themselves with their beveled edges, and the rudimentary pilasters flanking the corner cupboard. The method of division in the ceiling panelling is very unusual in this country, and as the handbook suggests may show the work of some immigrant French craftsman.

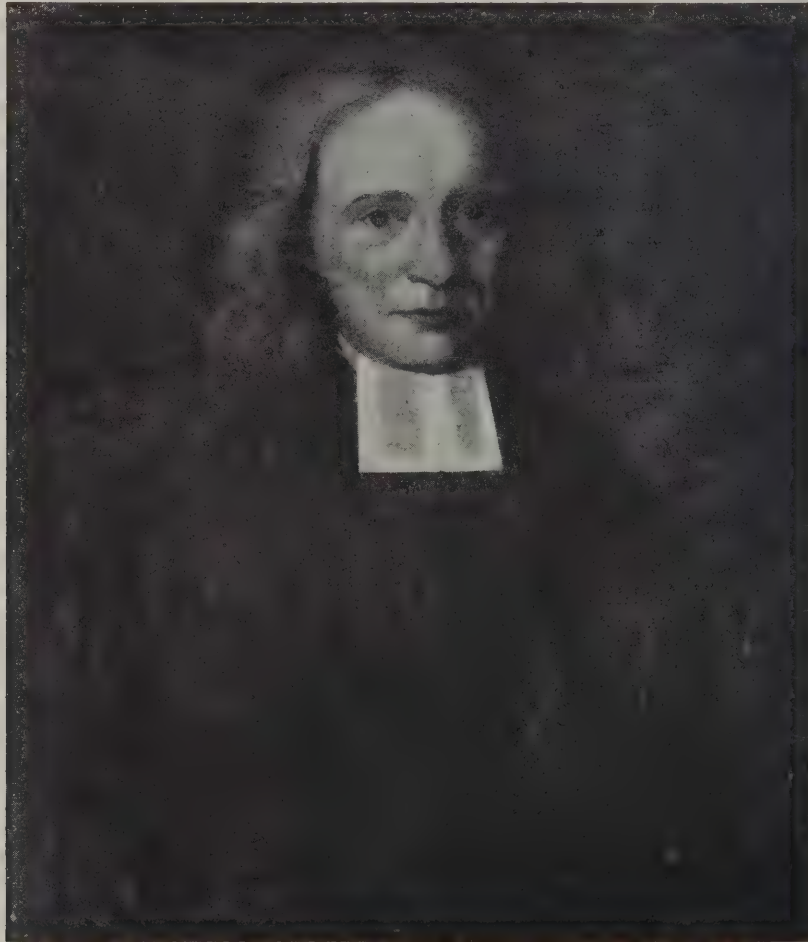
The furniture is of an appropriately simple early eighteenth century type, the chairs, in particular, showing the union of developed Chippendale or Queen Anne back forms with the earlier turned frame, an indication of mid-century country workmanship. Perhaps the most interesting thing in the room is the embroidered linen bed cover (Fig. 18) which though much later in actual date uses the same naïve floral patterns popular in the early part of the century. This piece is signed and dated,

Mary Breed, 1770. In the corner cupboard are displayed some examples of English Whieldon ware such as were imported at the time. The shape of the teapots is very close to that of the silver pieces made in the colonies both, of course, being derived from Oriental models. Though delightful in itself and showing a definite effort towards a decorative ideal this room is more or less of a "sport" in the biological sense.

A more typical design, a few years later in date, is that of the panelling from Rewington, Connecticut (Fig. 19) installed across the corridor. The woodwork on the fireplace wall is original, the rest is a reconstruction. Here we find the structural timbers discreetly boxed in and refined with mouldings and panelling. The wall panels are round headed on the upper tier, the lower being divided decoratively by diagonal rails, a favorite Connecticut device. A well developed pilaster order and strong bolection

moulding around fire-opening and mantel evince a familiarity with late seventeenth century English forms. The use of these forms, however, has not resulted in slavish imitation. The design shows a distinct adaptation to local conditions and a feeling for composition and treatment of mouldings that is at once naïve and refined in a very un-English way. It seems to the writer that here we have an early instance of the effect of new conditions on old forms handled in such a way as to merit the recognition of a new style.

The furniture as shown in the illustration is typical of the period and of what would be found in such a house (Fig. 20). On the walls are displayed some contemporary engravings and portraits in oil of the Rev. James Pierpont (Fig. 21) and his wife. The artist is unknown but the style in its wooden sincerity is in the best manner of the journeyman "limner" of the times.



REV. JAMES PIERPONT

FIGURE 21

The panelling from Portsmouth, R. I. (Fig. 22) installed in a room on the other side of the main gallery is probably some twenty-five years later in date than the Connecticut example, being built into the summer home of Metcalf Bowler, a rich Newport merchant, between the years 1750-1775. While this is late in date, it is actually of an earlier type and bespeaks the work of a local man—possibly a ship's carpenter—who had not kept up with the more sophisticated work which was then being built. Though lacking in the architectural qualities of the last room it makes an excellent background for the furniture displayed in it—furniture in which the use of Flemish and Dutch baroque motives predominates. These are evident in the elaborate "S" scrolls on the high back cane chairs, in the appearance of the Spanish scroll foot (Figs. 24 and 25) and the highboys and lowboys with their surfaces of walnut veneer. All of those—closely following English precedent of the first years of the eighteenth century—have an air of richness emphasized by an occasional piece of K'ang-hsi porcelain and the use of



PAINTED OAK CHEST (1705)
FIGURE 20

chair pads and covers of velvet and damask, indicative of the increasing prosperity of the colonies.

In following the development of American furniture during this time it is particularly interesting



ROOM FROM PORTSMOUTH, R. I.

FIGURE 22



CHESTS SHOWING STAGES IN EVOLUTION FROM 1650-1700
FIGURE 23

to trace the evolution of the highboy, for though used in England it never attained there the continued popularity it had in the colonies. The illustration (Fig. 23) shows the three main stages—a simple oak chest with drawers, a late seventeenth century Jacobean chest of drawers, with richly moulded front (a very fine American piece) and a typical early eighteenth century chest of drawers.

While these developments were taking place in New England proper the neighboring Dutch and English settlers to the south were evolving a somewhat different architectural type, here represented by a room from Woodbury, L. I., a room built about the middle of the century. Though showing a kinship with the Newington room, it is more pretentious in its fuller use of architectural motives and elaboration of mouldings. Dutch feeling is perhaps recognizable in this overemphasis, but some of it may be due to the handiwork of a country carpenter. It must be admitted that the design is not altogether satisfactory, not only for the above reasons but also because of its general lack of architectural scale and proportion. Though it represents a type, a better example might have been found.

The illustrated Gospels in Delft tile framing the

fireplace is a truly local touch while the color of the woodwork—a soft grey-blue—is authenticated by a reference by Peter Kahn in 1748 to its general



SPLIT BANNISTER
BACK CHAIR
FIGURE 24



WALNUT SIDE CHAIR
FIGURE 25

use in the vicinity of New York. A further Dutch note is struck by the presence of a painted kas, or cupboard, adorned with swags and garlands of fruit in grisaille, remarkable for quantity rather than beauty. In contrast to this is a delightful little slant-top box desk on a delicately turned stand (Fig. 27) which marks a half-way stage in the evolution of the bureau.

Before descending the stairway to the second floor



DESK ON STAND
FIGURE 27

the visitor will find a framed print of one of the earliest views of New York made in this country. "The South Prospect of Ye Flourishing City of New York in the Province of New York in America" (Fig. 28) was engraved by J. Harris in 1721 some sixteen years later than Burges' Charlestown with which it is shown here. Both these "Prospects," a form of illustration very popular at this time, show a high degree of proficiency in the graver's art, which was utilized to a great extent by contemporary silversmiths.

Though to some extent the last rooms on the



VIEW OF NEW YORK
FIGURE 28

J. HARRIS, 1721



EXHIBITION GALLERY, SECOND FLOOR
FIGURE 29

third floor show the changes that were taking place in the arts of decoration during the first half of the eighteenth century the character of the second floor gallery (Fig. 29) comes almost as a shock. In place of the timber roof, rough plaster walls, and simple lined pine and oak furniture, we see the ordered dignity of sophisticated architectural detail in cornice and doorway, accompanying highly

finished mahogany furniture of complicated design. Several large portraits of notables in colorful eighteenth century dress still further emphasize the note of substantial elegance. In furniture and trim alike the use of the double curve gives evidence of the dominant influence of the times—the so-called Louis Fifteenth Style—which at its height replaced the straight line with a curve wherever physically possible. The extremes of the style were, however, never popular with the colonial craftsman partly, no doubt, through lack of technical skill but more



TEAPOT
JOSEPH RICHARDSON
FIGURE 30



BOWL
FIGURE 31

probably through a racial lack of response to the rococo ideal, true also in large measure of English work.

One imposing mahogany bookcase—top desk or secretary said to have been part of the furnishings of the Craigie House, Cambridge, during Washington's occupancy shows, in its lower part, an unusual combination of kettles or bombé curve with a block front motive which gives a rather Dutch flavor to the design. The upper part with the exception of the ogee curves framing the door panels is quite severe. This not altogether harmonious arrangement is avoided in the secretary facing it across the gallery (Fig. 29) in which the curved line is confined to the crowning swan neck pediment and minor ornamental details. This piece was probably made a few years later than the other, about the time of the Revolution. From the point

of view of design the highboy and accompanying lowboy on the adjoining wall are the most satisfactory of the larger pieces. On the highboy the curvilinear hood, the shell ornament, and cabriole leg are just sufficient to balance and relieve the straight lines of the main structure. These are examples of the best American cabinetwork of the period of 1750-1775 and demonstrate the skill of the designer in obtaining a feeling of lightness and monumentality at the same time.

That the skill of the cabinet maker was fully equalled by the silversmith is proved by a representative group of contemporary work shown in the center of the gallery. The designs of this period (Figs. 30-31) are on the whole simpler than the European product, mainly through the elimination of elaborate chasing or embossed ornament. What ornament there is is generally of the rococo type



HON. WM. C. GREENLEAF BLACKBURN
FIGURE 33



MRS. EPES SARGENT
FIGURE 34

COPLEY

but in the main the influence of this style is more evident in the full contours and subtle interplay of curve. This restraint is another indication of the lightness of touch characteristic of the best American work.

A glance at the portraits in this gallery, the work of Joseph Blackburn and John S. Copley shows, what must be admitted, that judged by European standards at least, the art of painting lagged behind the humbler crafts in the colonies. It is true that a good deal of the immobility of the earlier work has been overcome in these examples but it is still distinctly provincial—its primitive quality smacking more of incapacity than of restraint. For this reason the simple directness of the Greenleaf portrait by Blackburn (Fig. 33) is more agreeable than the early Copleys where an attempt at the grand manner has only resulted in affectation. The Timothy

Folger is a case in point, though in the possibly earlier portrait of Mrs. Epes Sargent (Fig. 34) Copley shows the quality of which he was capable.

This comparative retardation of the fine arts is really a normal situation in the development of an æsthetic culture, fine qualities in design coming generally as the result of experimentation in the more utilitarian arts in which the artist is less of an isolated phenomenon.

The furniture and fittings of this central gallery are representative of the height of the second period under Georgian influences. In the room taken from a house in Oriole, Maryland (Fig. 35) we find a style which supplies the link with earlier developments when the elements of classic architecture were still used somewhat experimentally. The effort of the fireplace wall with its full pilaster order, broad overmantel panel and vermilion "beaufatts" is very

unfortunately marred by a mantel of late eighteenth century design added at that period. It is to be hoped that some time the authorities will remedy this defect since a generous fire opening with a bolection mould frame seems essential to the composition. Aside from this defect the woodwork which covers the four walls is a fine example of its type and deserves careful study.

While the panelling probably dates from the middle of the century it represents the type of setting for which was made the splendid "Queen Anne" walnut with which it is furnished. The settee with its multiple curve back was part of the original furnishings of "Stenton," the home of James Logan built by 1728. Of about the same date are the split back chairs and the extremely finely designed tea table with its delicate cabriole and slipper foot. These pieces are the very acme of early eighteenth century workmanship and hold their own with the best English pieces, which are apt to be somewhat heavier in design. Beside these there are some examples (Fig. 36) of native Japaning—a method of decoration in imitation of Oriental lacquer very popular at the time, but seldom

æsthetically successful, save on the small surfaces involved in the decoration of minor frames or the like. Following well authenticated precedent, the mantelshelf has been furnished with a garniture of Delft and the cupboards with a selection of English salt glaze and Oriental porcelains both being imported in fairly large quantities at the time.

Apart from its decorative significance the adjoining room (Fig. 41) with its two fireplaces and musicians' balcony is of great historical interest since here Washington celebrated his last birthday ball in 1798. Originally the assembly room of Gadsby's Tavern in Alexandria, Va., it was built as late as 1793, but in a style prevalent twenty years earlier. The woodwork painted a light grey-green following traces of the original color is not especially remarkable though a good example of the species. Characteristics of the period are evident in the modillioned cornice and the swan-neck pediment crowning the doors and overmantels.

The size of the room has given an opportunity for the display of various types of side chairs illustrating the development of the Chippendale forms from the simple Queen Anne model.



ROOM FROM "ORIOLE," MARYLAND

FIGURE 35



HIGHBOY (1725-1750)
FIGURE 36

The chief glory of the room is, however, the number of fine portraits by Gilbert Stuart in whose first rate talent American painting rids itself—for the moment—of provincial awkwardness and leaps into the front rank. The most noted of these is that of Chief Justice John Jay clad in his official robes of black silk faced with salmon satin and edged with white (Fig. 38). The head of this portrait was probably painted in England. Among the smaller canvases are those of Judge and Mrs. Anthony (Figs. 39 and 40) relatives of the painter to whom he owed, in part, the start of his illustrious career.

In an alcove located off the main gallery is shown another fragment from Gadsby's Tavern, a fireplace and overmantel of much the same design as those in the ballroom, but originally part of the office of the hostelry. On the walls is some very interesting English paper painted with large scale foliage and exotic birds in red, green and blue, on a buff ground, a pattern no doubt derived from Indian printed fabrics. Wall decorations of this sort were very popular toward the end of the sec-

ond period when wood panelling was yielding place to a continuous plaster surface.

A miniature long case clock by Thomas Claggett as well as the examples of the block front cabinet work associated with the name of another Newport craftsman, John Goddard, give a New England ensemble typical of the 1770's completed by a portion of a stair rail with the beautiful spiral turning of the period.

The aristocratic planters of Virginia and the colonies to the south reflected the life of the English country gentry much more closely than their fellows of the north. It is not therefore surprising to find a room of such a pretentious character from "Marmion," an out-of-the way country house in Prince George County, Virginia (Fig. 43). Though of small size still further reduced by a cross corner fireplace, it boasts a complete Ionic



BONNET TOP HIGHBOY
FIGURE 37

order, the space between the fluted pilasters filled with bevel-edged panels above and below a strongly moulded chair rail. This ambitious elaboration of the usual panelling is found also at "Stratford" in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and there are instances of it in one or two other places. It is, however, more typical of larger scale English work and with all its striving after effect the room succeeds in being little more than pleasingly provincial. The woodwork probably dates from the second quarter of the century, though its color decoration—an exceedingly interesting survival—is certainly many years later. The order itself has been marbled, the panelling being toned to match but further adorned in color with vases and garlands in a manner reminiscent of French work of about 1750-1760. Here and there on the framing of the panels are

spots of rococo ornament in imitation of gilded relief evidently attempting a harmony with the carved and gilded roccaille of the overmantel mirror.

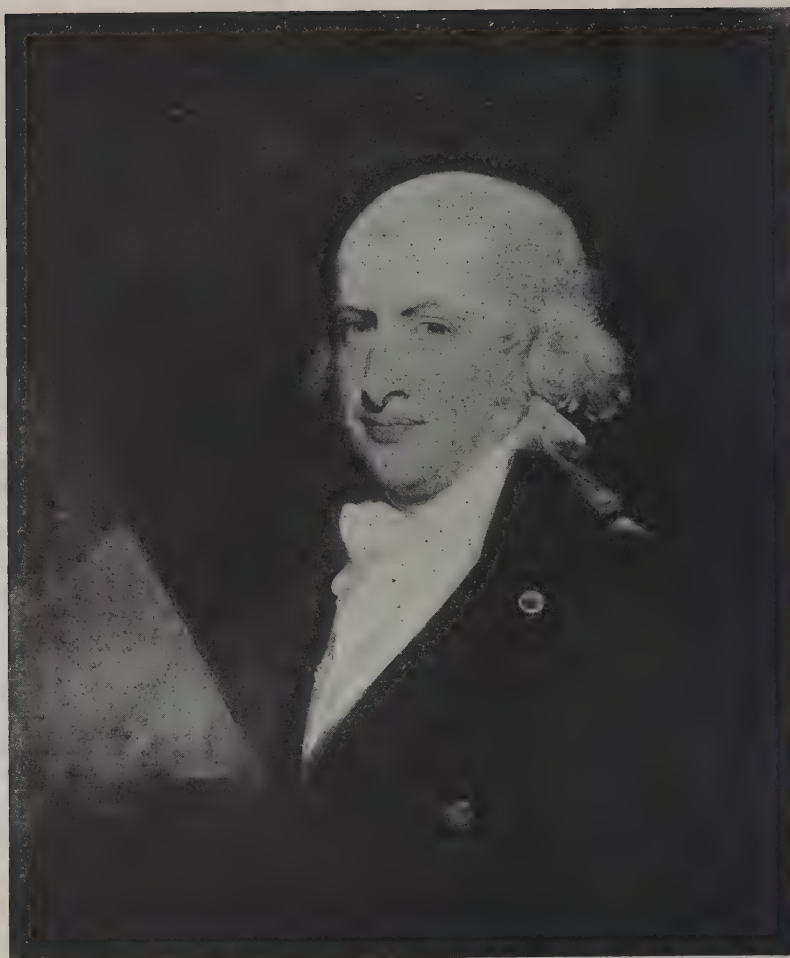
Time has done a good deal to subdue what must have been a rather garish intent if one considers the original color as matching the tone of the Siena marble around the fire opening. The effect is now very pleasing when taken in conjunction with the reds of the curtains and furniture coverings. Though there is a popular legend to the effect that these unusual decorations were painted by a grateful Hessian prisoner, they were probably performed by a journeyman painter who had served his apprenticeship in Europe.

In this setting are several superb pieces of American Chippendale of which the illustration shows a fine tip-top table, an armchair and a wing chair.



JOHN JAY
FIGURE 38

GILBERT STUART



JUDGE ANTHONY
FIGURE 39

GILBERT STUART

From the "Marmion" room a hallway leads to a room from the Powel House in Philadelphia (Fig. 45) which makes a fitting culmination to this series. The house, still standing, from which the room was taken was purchased by Samuel Powel one year after its erection in 1768, so it is not improbable that most of its interior decoration was done under his personal supervision. Powel was a man of broad culture, having resided abroad for some time after completing his education in this country and early evinced an interest in art which showed itself in his friendship for Benjamin West whom he apparently took to Rome at his own expense. The authors of the Handbook quote an interesting letter written to Powel in 1765 by his uncle, Samuel Morris of Philadelphia, evidently in reply to a question of Powel's relative to bring furniture from England for his Philadelphia home. ("Household goods may

be had as cheap and as well made from English patterns. In the humor people are in here, a man is in danger of becoming invidiously distinguished who buys anything in England which our tradesmen can furnish. I have heard the joiners here object to this against Dr. Morgan and others who brought their furniture with them.")

This gives contemporary evidence of the quality of local craftsmanship and the custom of using English models.

Powel on his return cut a prominent figure in the exciting political life of the day, being Mayor of Philadelphia from 1770-1780 and Washington's host during his stay in that city after the British evacuation.

Apart from its interest as part of the social life of Philadelphia during and after the Revolution, the room is of the first architectural and decorative

merit, and exemplifies the highest achievement of the time in these arts. Though the decorative elements of the mantel and overmantel are to be found in many contemporary British carpenters' handbooks, the treatment here in its delicate scale and elegance of proportion strikes a distinctive note typical of the best colonial taste as opposed to the heavier design of most English work. The spirited carving of the rococo detail finds an echo in the richly decorative highboy, formerly attributed to Wm. Savery, which forms part of its furnishings. A very unusual side table designed in the prevalent French taste, a superb tripod table and "Chippendale" chairs of the finest quality testify to the capacity of these jealous Philadelphian craftsmen, though, in their eagerness to beat the importer, their product is hardly to be distinguishable from that of their overseas rivals.

The wall paper of a kind mentioned in contem-

porary documents was made in China for European use. The window curtains are of old yellow damask, the same material also being used in the upholstery. English mezzotints and statuettes of Pitt and his supporters have been used liberally among the minor decorations, such articles being very popular after the young statesman's attacks on the Stamp Act and the repressive policy of George III.

Quite an unusual feature of the room is the rococo decoration of the ceiling which in this case was cast from one in existence in an adjoining room.

In the work of this period which ends approximately with the Revolution, we find the American crafts the potential equal, in all save a few instances, of those of England. In the centres of culture along the Atlantic Seaboard there existed a degree of refinement and taste fully the equivalent of that possessed by those of similar means in Europe. To



MRS. ANTHONY
FIGURE 40

GILBERT STUART



BALLROOM FROM GADSBY'S TAVERN, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA
FIGURE 41

satisfy this patronage, nothing short of the best was demanded, and in response the native craftsman was forced to compete with the sophistications of European work and to follow the vagaries of fashion often as we have seen, to the extent of exact imitation of imported models. This, while a stimulus to technical accomplishment, did not by itself conduce to the development of original ideas. Especially is this true in the most costly work where competition was most to be feared. Throughout this mid-century period American craftsmanship showed by and large no considerable difference from that of England, save as it naturally followed the simpler general standards of colonial life. It is therefore rather in the slight adaptation of imported forms to these standards and to a lack of large numbers of highly skilled workmen, than in any developed racial style that the variations from English precedent occur. The material just discussed tends, we believe, to affirm this thesis, though it is just as certain that a definite native character does exist. This character is almost impossible to define though in most cases it appears in a nervous quality of line and a tendency to slenderness of proportion.

The Revolution effected more than a political break with England, for, though English fashions continued to be followed, due to social customs, consciousness of separate nationality became an active formative element. This resulted in the deliberate adoption of forms associated with the classical democracies as peculiarly suitable to usage in the new Republic. This encouraged not only the employment of classic motives and symbols but also hastened the abandonment of the free curvilinear ideas of the rococo for the chaste severity of the straight line. The character of the third or Early Republican period resulted from the interaction of these factors with the Sheraton and Adam phases of decorative art in England.

The main gallery, on the first floor (Fig. 48) strikes these new notes in the comparative sparseness of its furnishings and in the fine scale of the architectural elements. The arched opening shown on the left of the illustration is one of three originals from a house in Baltimore, built in 1810. The cornice, chair-rail and baseboard, as well as the square-headed doorway, are reproductions of various Washington and Baltimore originals of about the



ROOM FROM "MARMION," PRINCE GEORGE COUNTY, VIRGINIA
FIGURE 43

same date. This restrained, fine-scaled treatment which was derived in large part from the work of the Adam brothers in England happily accorded with what seems to have been the natural bent of native taste and produced in many instances, as we shall see, what may reasonably be called a distinct American phase of the classic revival.

The dining table, sofas and chairs shown in this room are from the shop of the New York cabinet-maker, Duncan Phyfe, who succeeded in giving an original stamp to his modifications of the Sheraton and Early Empire types (Fig. 49). The sideboards which at this time took the place of the side table are fine examples of American Sheraton (Fig. 50) but less distinctive in their character. The same European influences are evident in the mirrors (Fig. 51) which show their American provenance more in their patriotic decoration than in any variation in design.

The porcelain table-ware exhibited in the gallery

shows that the American market still relied on English and Oriental factories. Much of that which remains was brought from these countries by ships in the East India trade and decorated specially for the purchaser either in England or in Canton.

A lovely touch of color is given to the room by the large portrait of Miss Morse (Fig. 52) by her father, S. F. B. Morse, one of the best American painters of the early nineteenth century, though better known as the inventor of the electric telegraph. It is a most satisfactory work, both in execution and spacious decorative quality, and in its simple dignity holds its own with the best of its kind.

Just as the Powel room represents the acme of the Second Period the dining room from Baltimore (Fig. 53) illustrates the best of the early Republican taste. Originally used as a drawing room in a house built about 1810 and still standing at No. 915 Pratt Street, Baltimore, it is here furnished as



ROOM FROM SAMUEL POWEL'S HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA
FIGURE 45

a dining room, the alcoves on either side of the fireplace lending themselves to the placing of side tables, which at this time replaced the earlier enclosed buffets. The illustration renders any detailed description unnecessary. The simple elegance of the delicate architectural trim is beautifully set off against the plain plastered and painted walls whose severity is further relieved by contemporary engravings and prints. These, portraits and landscapes, are mainly from the hand of Charles St. Ménin, a French emigré, who took refuge in this country from 1794-1814, where he learned his art and made many valuable records of personages and places prominent in contemporary history. While many of the smaller objects of decoration—the porcelain figures of Washington and the ormolu clock—are of French origin, the furniture illustrates the best American version of the Sheraton style in which some features of the earlier Hepplewhite

designs were often retained. Of this the mixing table (Fig. 54) with its inlays and bandings of satinwood on a mahogany ground is a splendid example. Needless to say, it is also evidence of the social importance of good liquor in the life of the times. Mere words will, however, give little idea of the utter fitness of this room in its comfortable refinement. It has no suggestion of the magnificent opulence of the English treatment, or the insignificance which comes when this opulence is reduced to fit smaller means. It exactly catches the spirit of the prosperous and cultivated merchant who in his world tacitly admitted no superior and needed no show to establish his place as a worthy citizen of the new democracy.

After this the adjoining room from Petersburg, Virginia (Fig. 55) is a disappointment. Here, as in the Marmion room, an attempt to utilize on a small scale the architectural splendors of an Adam



PORTRAIT
FIGURE 52

S. F. B. MORSE



FIRST FLOOR EXHIBITION GALLERY

FIGURE 48

interior has resulted in æsthetic insignificance. Though it merits a place from a local and historical viewpoint, it is essentially commonplace, reflecting little credit upon either owner or designer; and forebodes the disintegration of taste which followed in the second quarter of the century. The woodwork, rather overdecorated with composition ornament, is not improved by contrast with the bright yellow star spangled brocade which is historically correct but reflects the coarsening influence of later Empire fashions. The furniture, all of the Sheraton type, is interesting, but the best things in the room are a sensitive portrait of Alexander Hamilton by Trumbull (Fig. 56), one of a number of replicas by the same artist, and a portrait of Daniel Boone by Harding (Fig. 57).

The prosperity of the American carrying trade after the Revolution, resulted in the rapid accumulation of wealth by the seaport towns of New England. The building activity which resulted was largely under the influence of Charles Bulfinch of Boston and Samuel McIntyre of Salem, the former an amateur of taste and education who later as-

sumed the rôle of a professional architect, the latter a trained craftsman who was quick to seize and to utilize the new classic ideas in a very individual manner. Both of these men were guided by the work of the Adam brothers in England, McIntyre especially by its derivatives as found in the publications of Asher Benjamin and the American elections of William and James Pain.

Especially notable is the Benjamin-McIntyre treatment of interior woodwork for, whether or not either was solely responsible, it marks a clearly differentiated phase of the general movement. The Museum was fortunate enough to acquire two fine examples of this late New England type from the old "Eagle House" in Haverhill, Mass. These have been installed as a parlor and a bedroom, representative of many which existed in this region during the War of 1812.

The chimney breast treatment shown in the parlor (Fig. 58) with its slender colonnettes and judicious use of applied composition ornament, is a highly successful translation of Adam motives into a scale commensurate with New England life.



ARMCHAIR DUNCAN PHYFE
FIGURE 49

The charm of the room is further increased by a French scenic wall paper illustrating the hunt, of which a similar set still remains in the Andrew House in Salem, built in 1818. Here its rich greens and blues, relieved by the scarlet coats of the huntsmen, make a delightful background for the delicate Seraton furniture of the turned and reeded leg type. We find in this the use of bandings and inlays of satinwood and burl maple is very evident, indicative of a brief fashion for the light woods which intervened between late eighteenth century mahogany and that of the 1820's.

The fireplace treatment in the charming bedroom is similar to that in the parlor, but with the use of gage work carving—an ingenious Yankee substitute for the composition ornament of which the War of 1812 had limited the supply. In this room also the wall paper, of a delicate arabesque design on a warm brown ground, is worthy of special note. Of French manufacture, it was purchased in 1794 from W. Poyntell of Philadelphia, and hung till recently in the Imlay house in Allentown, New Jersey.

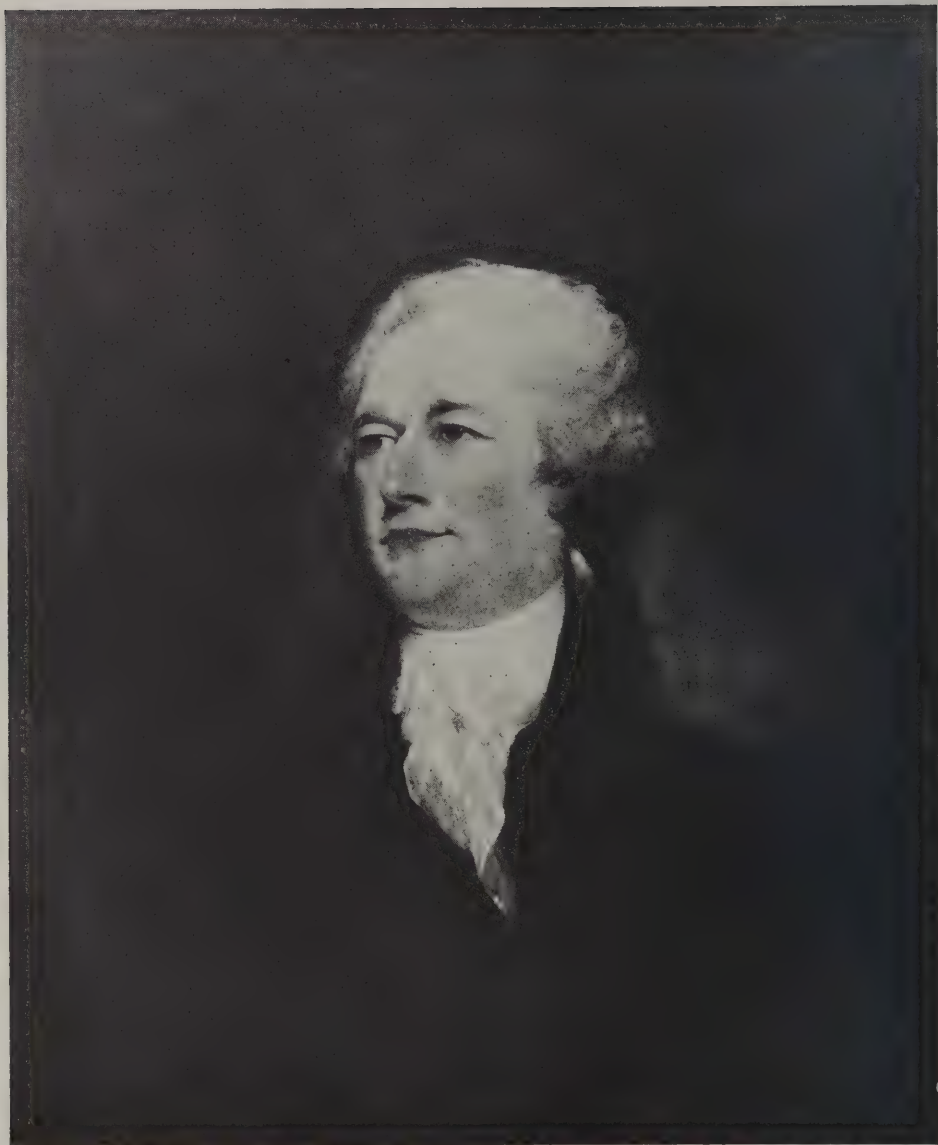
Although neither this nor the printed fabrics used on the bed and in the windows are of American origin, they illustrate not only contemporary taste,

but in the latter case the special adaptation of Continental designs for the American market. The window curtains (Fig. 61) show the introduction of patriotic emblems, supplied by Franklin, into a typical Louis XVI design, while those used for the balance and cover of the bed, as well as the covering of the wing chair, are decorated with allegories of American liberty.

The highboy shown in the illustration is a curious blending of Chippendale and late eighteenth century influences. It is of particular interest, since the figures in the cresting are probably rather early work of Samuel McIntyre himself—the "Wood-carver of Salem."

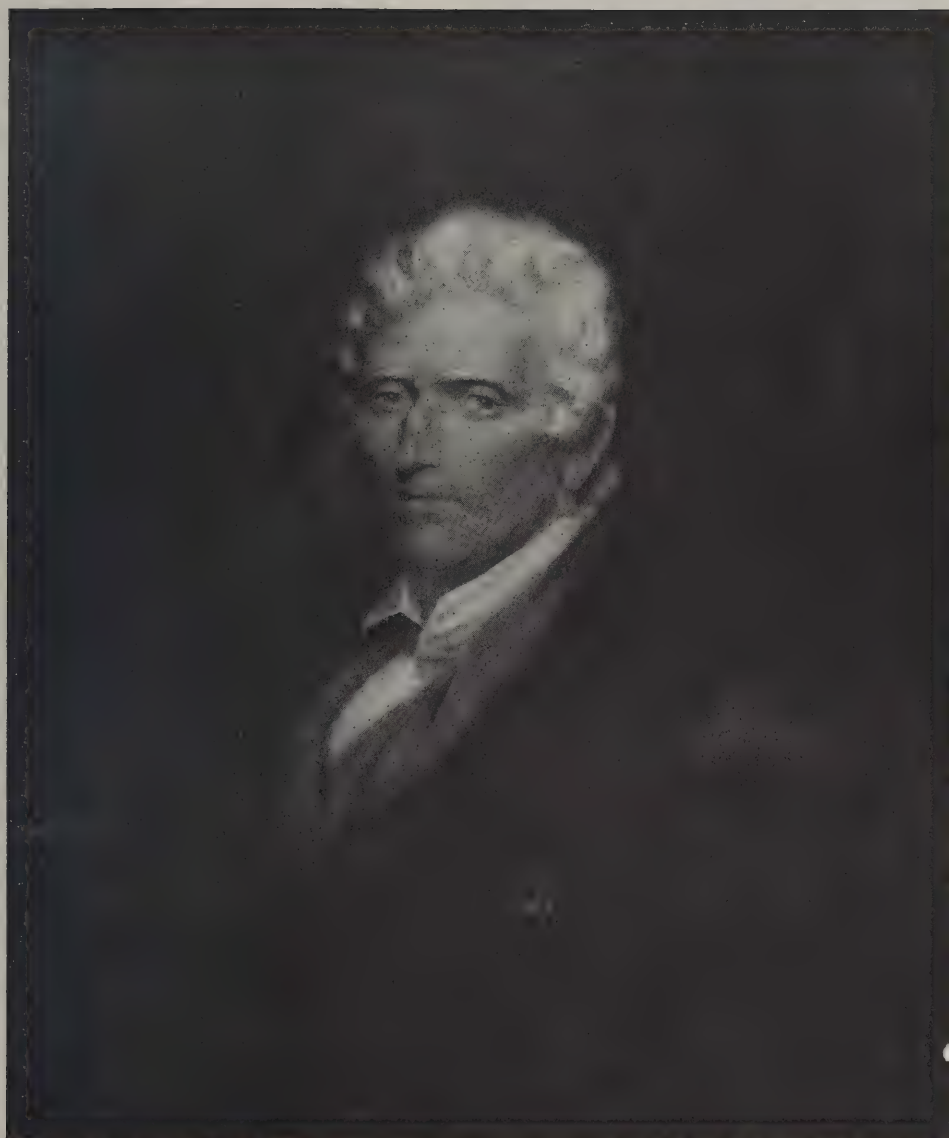


WALNUT MIRROR FIGURE 47



ALEXANDER HAMILTON
FIGURE 56

TRUMBULL



DANIEL BOONE
FIGURE 57

CHESTER HARDING



"SHERATON" MAHOGANY
SIDEBOARD FIGURE 50

Before leaving this New England work mention should be made of the alcove off the main gallery. Though here again the walls are decorated with French paper, the cornice is a McIntyre product and the mantel is from the Ruggles house in Boston, attributed to Bulfinch. Above the mantel is a fine bull's eye convex mirror, with candle brackets and a spread of eagle crest. This bird was adopted as the national emblem at Washington's first inauguration and afterwards applied as a favorite decorative motive to every sort of article as a sort of guarantee of native manufacture.

The liberal bequest of Americana made to the Museum by Charles Allen Munn has been commemorated by giving this name to the last of the



MAHOGANY MIXING TABLE
FIGURE 54

rooms in this series (Fig. 63). The woodwork in it is not all from the same house, but is of the same time and neighborhood—Philadelphia. It differs but little in essentials from that just discussed, though the doorways return to the broken pediment more usual in earlier examples. The most important features are probably the mantels, since their composition ornaments are signed by a Philadelphia maker, Robert Wellford. The central panel in each case is of historical interest in connection with the War of 1812. One shows Perry's victory on Lake



GILT MIRROR
FIGURE 51

Erie and the other a sarcophagus and spread eagle surrounded by emblems of mourning and bearing an inscription, "Sacred to the Memory of Departed Heroes."

The spread eagle motive is carried into the furniture where, set in an oval star studded background, it replaces the usual Adam patera. This interesting detail is not the only merit of the pieces which are all good examples of Sheraton, or Directoire (Figs. 64 and 65).

On the walls are hung several portraits of Wash-



ROOM FROM BALTIMORE

FIGURE 53

ington and other notables by the two Peales, Trumbull, Stuart and Wertmüller, mainly from the Munn Bequest. A bust portrait of Washington by the elder Peale (Fig. 66) shows his version of the First President quite variant from the usual Stuart type. Though not so flattering, it may be just as truthful a likeness, illustrating clearly how differently two artists will interpret the same character.

From this room opens a corridor, used for the exhibition of Stiegel glass (Figs. 67 and 68), with a vaulted ceiling reproduced from the original in 'Homewood,' Baltimore. This, in turn, gives on to a small gallery in which the main collections of silver are exhibited. Here may be traced the evolution of typical forms from the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth century. The work of the late period, among which that of Paul Revere comes first to mind, shows the same influences as those which affected the other crafts. Straight lines dominate with the classic urn as a

favorite motive. Sometimes the surfaces are delicately fluted and otherwise left plain, save for a simple engraved garland pattern.

From this gallery access is given to the first floor of the Morgan Wing.

Though the American Wing itself was built merely as a protecting shell, the arrangement was skillfully managed to allow for the utilization on its south side of the façade of the old Assay office (cover). This building, first the United States Branch Bank, was erected at 15 Wall Street in 1822-1824 by M. E. Thomson. When it was razed the street front was carefully preserved and stored. Thus, largely through the foresight of Robert W. de Forest, one of the most beautiful fragments of old New York has been preserved for a peculiarly appropriate resetting.

The composition, carried out in Tuckahoe marble, is exceedingly simple; yet in beauty of scale and proportion, it calls to mind some of the best of the



ROOM FROM PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

FIGURE 55

less elaborate French designs of the eighteenth century. With the old New York city hall of McComb, it will serve as a monument to the taste and ability of the early Republican architects before they were overtaken by the extremes of the neo-Greek and romantic revivals.

In conclusion, after thus following the development of the arts in this country for almost two hundred years, it seems fairly clear that such a thing as a distinct national taste, or even style, of no mean order was at least in the process of formation when interrupted by the effects of the industrial revolution and territorial expansion. The standards of this taste, it is true, were set by those of Europe—England, in particular—but especially in the last phase, these imported motives and models were being rapidly adapted to the particular circumstances of American life. The extremes of wealth and poverty existing in Europe did not maintain here in

anything approaching the same degree. Even among the aristocracy of wealth, where an organized society and a tradition of refinement had been established over several generations, living conditions were on a relatively simple basis. Even after the physical dangers present in the pioneer days were over, the conditions of development prescribed the maintenance of a spirit of enterprise and mobility—of mental alertness with which, even today, Europeans credit the “typical American” among many less agreeable characteristics. It seems to the writer that these conditions of early American life—simplicity and alertness—expressed in restraint of form and vital lightness of line are distinctive elements in the best American craftsmanship of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Perhaps it is not too soon to suggest that these same characteristics are to some extent those of our modern Architecture—in spite of Lewis Mumford’s pessimism.



TOILE DE JOUY

FIGURE 61



TOILE DE JOUY

FIGURE 62



MAHOGANY AND SATINWOOD
DESK

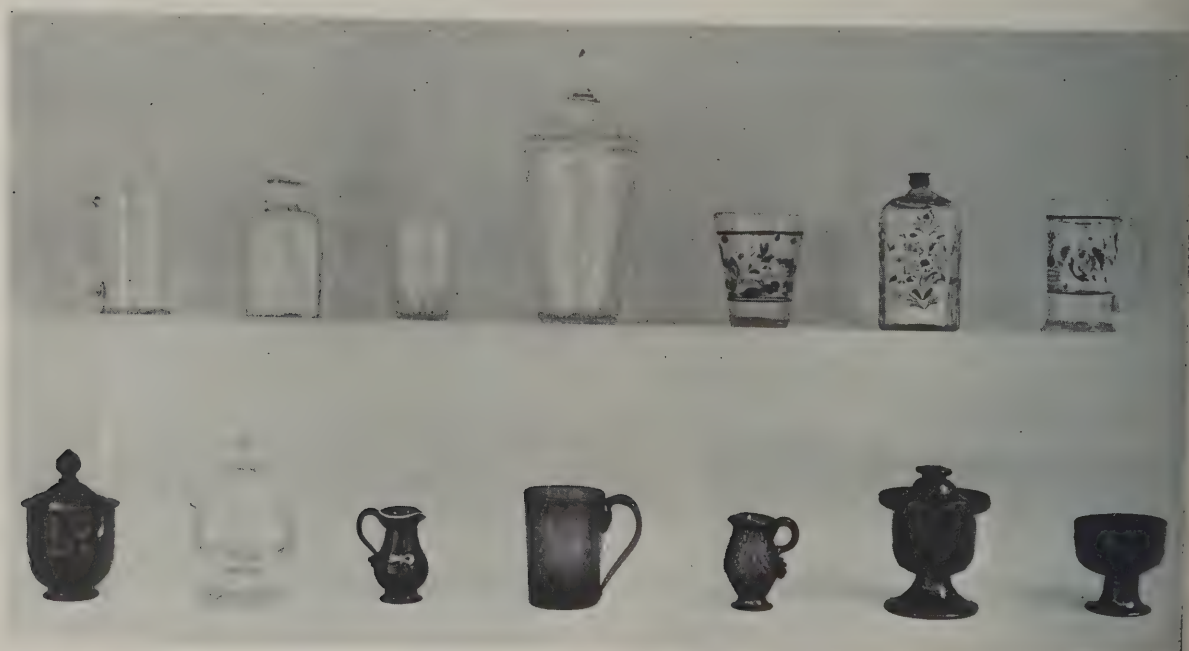
FIGURE 63



MAHOGANY SECRETARY
FIGURE 64



EXAMPLES OF CONTACT MOULD GLASS



STIEGEL GLASS
FIGURES 67-68

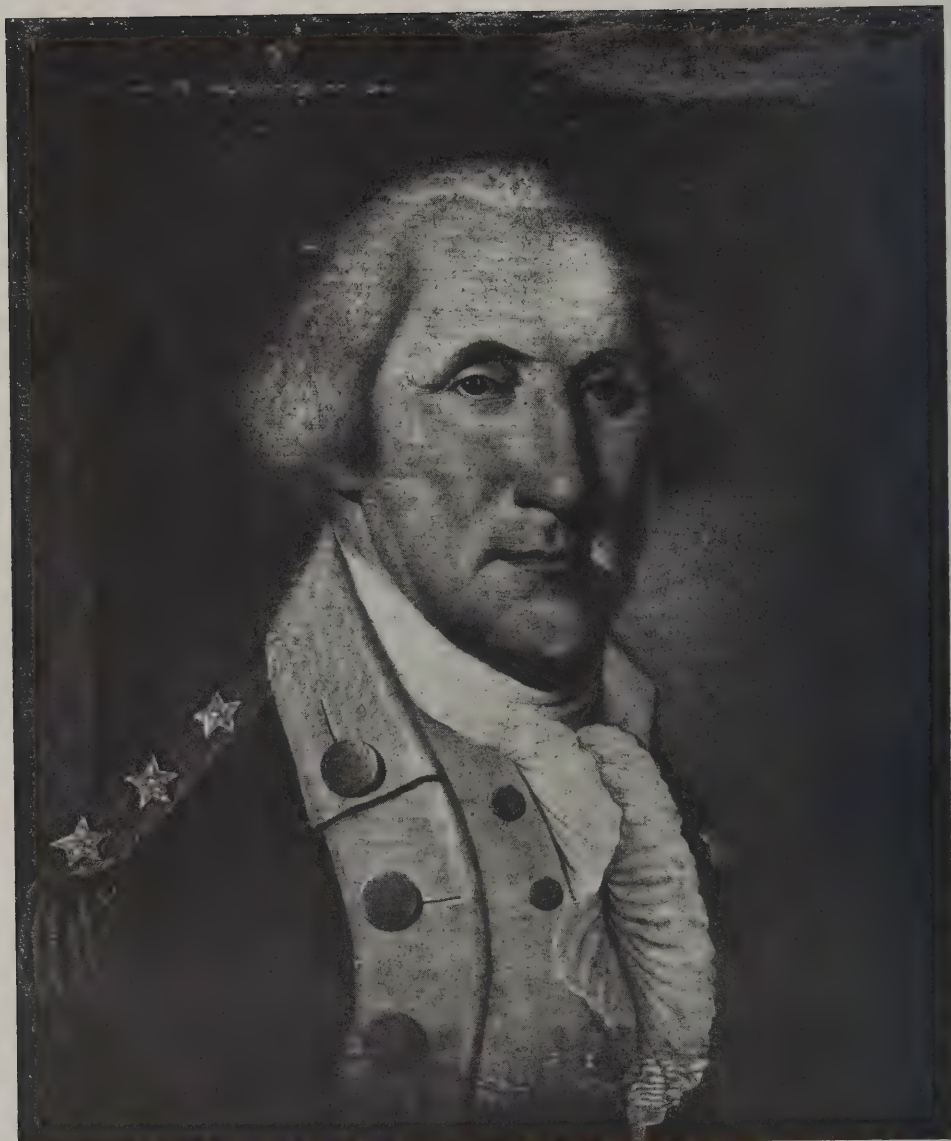
MANHEIM, PA.



PARLOR FROM HAVERHILL, MASS.
FIGURE 58



NEW JERSEY GLASS
FIGURE 59



WASHINGTON
FIGURE 66

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE



HARLES ALLEN MUNN ROOM

FIGURE 63



NUDE
Courtesy of the Whitney Studio

CECIL HOWARD

THE SCULPTURE OF CECIL HOWARD

By FORBES WATSON

THERE opened this month at the Albright Gallery in Buffalo an exhibition of sculpture by Cecil Howard. Previously shown at the Whitney Studio, New York, the work of Mr. Howard strengthened the impression of his artistic judgment and integrity which his fellow artists had received from seeing occasional pieces that were shown previously in America. Among those whose individualities have been submerged, if only temporarily, by too great an absorption in the intellectual theories of art and too little direct consideration of life, the work of Cecil Howard appears touched with an academic or school spirit. At least, some of the comments heard at his exhibition will indicate that some such misconception of his aims and achievements is possible to men who discount all contemporary art that does not on its surface hint at an intellectual theory.

For my part, the sculpture of Cecil Howard is not academic in the deadly meaning which the word has come to have. That this artist, from the beginning of his activities, conceived sculpture as a medium demanding reserve, style and design seems to me self-evident. If occasionally, as in *The Dancer* which we reproduce, style descends in certain details to stylism, that is only the inevitable result of what seems to be the definite purpose of his artist. The object of this short notice being to attempt to arrive at an understanding of the aims of Cecil Howard, it may be well to consider one or two of his works definitely.

Consider, for example, the standing nude figure in marble which is reproduced as a frontispiece and of which we also show another reproduction. That Mr. Howard is not afraid of realism becomes perfectly apparent on looking at those two reproductions. The legs particularly are realistic to the point of literalness, and yet, even in its most literal details, the spectator does not lose the impression of a definite conception of style that lifts this figure, considered as a whole, above the plane of more literal sculpture.

The marble is slightly colored with a pale yellowish hue, and the figure of a very beautiful woman is not prettified but is imbued with something of the splendor which the artist himself felt. There is a fine repose in this figure, and although as have said, somewhat literal, even too literal possibly in parts, the general effect is of a conception

which has been carried out with unity, dignity and simplicity.

Again in the reproduction on the following page, the same combination of human enjoyment of the beauty of the subject with a definite sculptural goal is apparent. The movement of the figure belongs to every part of it and the style in which it is carried out is sustained. A detailed, particularly happy, is the treatment of the hair.

It is not surprising to find after looking at Mr. Howard's studies of the figure in repose or in action that he is a portrait sculptor of quite exceptional gifts. Here his frank study of life serves him well. He has the gift of character. More than this; he understands his medium, and a head finished in bronze is not the same for him as a head finished in stone. If, like so many contemporary sculptors, he himself works only in clay and someone else completes the stone or bronze, at least it is apparent that this artist has the capacity to visualize the completed head in the particular material for which it is destined.

What Mr. Howard's work makes apparent is that he has chosen the right medium with which to express his particular gifts. In other words, for better or for worse, sculpture is his destiny. And such is by no means always the case with the practitioners of this difficult art. There are more misfits practising sculpture than any other art, and while a great many people show a certain natural bent toward writing or painting, it is not uncommon to find in any of the exhibitions that few examples of sculpture proclaim the slightest inevitability.

His marbles are really marbles, not mechanical translations from clay. The nude figure of which we reproduce a front and a back view seems to me to be inherently sculpture in marble. Marble forms may be extremely abstract, as in the case of many of Brancusi's works, or they may approach quite closely to the literal as so much sculpture has done since the later Greeks. The approach to realism is not necessarily gained at the loss of the special material quality of the form. For my part I can only see this nude figure as a marble.

Mr. Howard, I should venture, does work on the final hard material. His exhibition, as a whole, has that indescribable quality of the sculptor whose professional training is complete. He is a very good



FIGURE
Courtesy of the Whitney Studio

CECIL HOWARD

workman and I should say not a stranger to any of the materials that he uses.

When his work was shown at the Whitney Studio, the first impression on entering the galleries is of enjoyment of the admirable silhouettes of the sculptured figures against their blue background. Incidentally, the work was extremely well presented, bringing out to the full the qualities of each piece, and offering an ensemble of rare perfection.

When the figures and portraits are considered separately it soon becomes plain that Mr. Howard

is not only highly skilled in modeling the head or the nude body, he is much more than that. Many a good student can copy in literal fashion the facts before him. But here is an artist whose technical processes are so sure that one does not notice them. He is only incidentally concerned with momentary aspects of nature. He is absorbed in creating a life in the work under his hands, the mysterious being in a work of art which exists within itself, not receiving animation from its likeness to nature, but giving forth life from its inner vitality.



DANCER
Courtesy of the Whitney Studio

CECIL HOWARD



The PRODIGAL SON receiving his PATRIMONY

He gathered all together and took his journey into a far Country

5th Luke 15: 13-17

Published and Sold by Bladen & Son, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4

THE PRODIGAL SON: I
Courtesy of the Rosenbach Company

AMOS DOOLITTLE



The PRODIGAL SON revelling with HARLOTS

He wasted his Substance with Harlots & Lovers.

St Luke 15 Chap 11 v.

Published and sold by Thomas & John Doolittle, No. 11, St. Paul's Church-Yard, London.

THE PRODIGAL SON: II

AMOS DOOLITTLE

Courtesy of the Rosenbach Company



The PRODIGAL SON in MISERY.

He would fain have filled his Belly with the husks that the swine did eat.

Printed and Sold by Parker & Co. 108, Strand, London W.C. 2, 1846.

THE PRODIGAL SON: III
 Courtesy of the Rosenbach Company

AMOS DOOLITTLE



THE PRODIGAL SON returned to HIS FATHER

Father: he hath turned against Heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called thy Son.

THE PRODIGAL SON: IV
 Courtesy of the Rosenbach Company

AMOS DOOLITTLE



ACROSS THE VALLEY (1869)
Courtesy of Rehn Galleries

GEORGE INNESS

GEORGE INNESS AND AMERICAN LANDSCAPE PAINTING

By LLOYD GOODRICH

THIS year is the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Inness, and the Macbeth Galleries are holding a centennial loan exhibition of his paintings. The thirty-one canvases included are of high average quality and represent every stage in his development except the very earliest, thus affording an exceptional opportunity to review his work and his place in American art. That this place was a very prominent one, and that he left a mark upon the art of this country which remains to this day cannot be questioned. At the same time we are far enough removed from his times to make it necessary for us to know something of his background in order to understand him.

Landscape painting in America was a relatively late development. The law of supply and demand operated here as in other fields. Portraits were nec-

essary for one's social standing and insured a sort of immortality as long as the family preserved them; patriotic and Scriptural pictures had their obvious uses; but a people who were busy subduing the wilderness and dividing it into acres could not be expected to appreciate the charms of landscape painting. The few landscapes, therefore, which have come down to us from the first few years of our national existence represent the work of men who made their living in other fields. Sometimes, as in the examples recently exhibited at the Dudensing Galleries, they are sincere if crude attempts to render the American scene. More often, however, the aim of the artist has been to picture the lands of the Bible or scenes from his favorite poet, and the result bears little resemblance to reality.

In Thomas Cole, the first of our painters to place

landscape upon a paying basis, this same strain appears. With Cole painting was largely a medium for the expression of elevated sentiments. The innumerable series which he painted, such as the "Course of Empire" or the "Voyage of Life" were designed to embody edifying meditations on the grandeur and decline of nations and the vicissitudes of human life, and as such were immensely popular. The scenes of these moralities were Byronic realms of Cole's imagination—beetling crags, ruined cities, impossibly fertile valleys. But in his early days he had painted landscapes which did not rely upon their literary appeal, and in this phase he was the first of our capable craftsmen to get something of the character of the American country.

It was probably Cole's success that induced Asher B. Durand to abandon engraving and portrait work and take up landscape. Durand, however, had none of Cole's moralizing tendencies, but was actuated by a genuine affection for the countryside around New York, an affection which he expressed by copying it literally, going over each detail with a painstaking and loving hand—the lichened tree-trunks, the fallen logs, the rocky ledges, the plants in the foreground. His training as an engraver manifests itself not only in this attention to detail but in the imperceptible softening of every line, so that the total effect has little of the tonic quality of nature. But his sincerity is evident, and through the stilted language of his day we feel the attraction of a simple mind in direct communication with nature.

Durand's successors combined his literalness with Cole's theatricality and produced that perfect expression of the American culture of the mid-century, the Hudson River landscape. Proud of their country, whose amazingly rich resources were just being realized, and untroubled by any comparisons with current European art, these men painted pictures in which every impressive natural feature within the range of the eye is included, and in which we can also see every weed. Within their limitations these paintings are almost inhumanly proficient, with a uniform high finish that reminds one irresistibly of the plush and rosewood furniture of the period. And like glorified articles of furniture they found a ready market, for there had been great changes in our national life since the days of Cole. The tide of prosperity, held back for a time by the Civil War, came flooding in the 'sixties and 'seventies. People were suddenly finding themselves with more money than they knew how to spend. They built strange and hideous houses and filled them, among other things, with pictures.

None of the Hudson River men starved, and the leaders of the school, like Casilear and Kensett, enjoyed ample and steady incomes.

With the increased prosperity, however, there arose a demand for an art less provincial than that of the Hudson River school, and the dealer sprang into existence, pressing upon unwilling patrons the latest imported Salon pictures. And also in response to this demand a new school of landscape arose. With F. E. Church and Bierstadt the horizon widened to take in all that is most spectacular in the natural features of the globe—tropical forests, the islands of the Aegean, Niagara Falls, the volcanoes of South America—painted with every conceivable accompaniment of rainbows, thunderstorms, eruptions and eclipses. It is even on record that a pupil of Church's made a trip to Labrador to study icebergs. These subjects Church painted with a photographic brilliancy of which few men of the present day would be capable. If we examine closely his "Cotopaxi" at the Lenox Library we are astounded by the technical proficiency with which every detail is rendered. The huge canvases of Bierstadt, Church's confrere in the exploitation of the natural marvels of the world, have less of this technical brilliancy and seem more like great scene-paintings, with their pasteboard mountains and tin trees. But they were not for that reason any less popular with an uncritical public, and the prices that were paid for them were commensurate with their size and subjects.

This was the environment in which George Inness commenced his professional career. In order to appreciate it fully one should visit some such collection as that in the Lenox Library. Here, hung in many cases almost out of sight under the ceiling, are the landscapes which our grandfathers admired, and the mates of which adorned the houses on lower Fifth Avenue. It is a melancholy spectacle, and when one analyzes the cause of the melancholy, one perceives that it is not so much the fact that the pictures are pathetically limited in scope and treatment as that their creators were entirely satisfied with their limitations.

It was not any difference in age or generation that distinguished Inness from the painters already discussed, for he was a year older than Church and five years older than Bierstadt. Rather it was a difference in temperament. As a child he had been extremely nervous, subject to fearful dreams. A life in the open air and an outlet for his emotions in art enabled him to outgrow this early nervous disorder, but to the very last he remained excitable and high-strung, endowed more than the average

with what is popularly known as "artistic temperament."

It was this restless and searching nature which caused him to break with the artistic traditions around him. His first work had been in the Hudson River style, and occasionally one runs across a hard, dry mountain and a group of featherduster trees with his name signed to it. This early work sold well, but it failed to satisfy him. His nervous, emotional nature called for something more gracious and ample—he could not tell what, for in mid-century America there was no basis for comparison with other art. In later years he used to say, possibly dramatizing a long period of mental struggle, that it was the sight of an engraving after an old master in a print-seller's window that opened his eyes. "I could not then analyze that which attracted me in it, but it fascinated me. The print-seller showed me some others, and they repeated the same sensation in me. There was a power of motive, a bigness of grasp in them. They were nature, rendered grand instead of being belittled by trifling detail and petty execution. I commenced to take them out to nature with me, to compare them with her as she really appeared, and the light began to dawn."

A trip abroad at the age of twenty-five may also have had much to do with this change of viewpoint. Most of his contemporaries did not visit Europe until after their styles had hardened, but Inness was still searching, as indeed he was all his life. Most of his time was spent in Rome and the impress of that city, haunted by the memory of Claude and Poussin, showed itself in a Turner-esque "classic" feeling which appears in his work for many years, notably in "Peace and Plenty" at the Metropolitan Museum. But a more decisive influence came two years later when he visited France and was brought for the first time into close contact with the work of Millet, Corot, Rousseau and Daubigny. Here were men who were actually expressing what he had vaguely felt—breadth of vision, richness of color, the poetry of the *paysage intime* as opposed to the panorama. He did not, like Hunt, dedicate himself body and soul to the Barbizon painters, but the work which he painted after his return to America, of which the "Passing Shower" at the Macbeth exhibition is an example, is a sort of grafting of the French style on the Hudson River stock. There is something of the old panoramic and theatrical effect, but handled more broadly, with rich brown shadows and a romantic color scheme that suggest the study of Dupré.

This period after his return was a time of

experiment, for Inness was seldom satisfied with his work and kept altering his style to the last. It was also a time of straitened finances, for his work enjoyed no such popularity as that of Church and Bierstadt, and his innovations met with criticism and ridicule. The way of the heretic was far harder in those days than it is now. For many years Inness stood almost alone among American artists in his leaning toward the French landscapists. The general opinion, as quoted in G. W. Sheldon's "American Painters," published as late as 1879, was that "Half the foreign stuff that is sold here is a swindle on the public * * * * I can't think anything of Corot. I can't understand him * * * Beauty in tone, in harmony, we can all recognize at a glance, but I can't see where Corot's 'Orpheus' has it * * * Millet's pictures are coarse and vulgar in character; they are repulsive. He suggests nothing noble or high, nothing that is not debased."

Added to the opposition and still worse, the indifference to his work, was the fact that Inness was extremely impractical in money matters. One of his pet theories was that business men were created to support artists, a theory which held good in his case, for his brothers and a succession of patrons practically took charge of his finances, taking pictures in exchange.

These years were also a time of mental and spiritual struggle, for Inness was not one of those who can take the mysteries of life for granted. There was a period when his sole reading was theology, and he entered the Baptist and then the Methodist folds without, however, achieving conversion. Chance finally brought him into contact with the painter William Page, in whom he discovered a kindred spirit, with the same religious needs. Through Page he was introduced to the teaching of Swedenborg, and in that faith, with its conception of the universe at once so logical and so mystical, he found that for which he had been searching. For a time he painted strange allegorical canvases of the "City Set in the Sky" and the "Valley of the Cross," and he was always ready to expound the principles of his religion. Art was only a part of the divine plan. "Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, hillsides, sky, and clouds, all things that we see, will convey the sentiment of the highest art if we are in the love of God and the desire of truth." It is noteworthy that another place in his cosmos was reserved for the Single Tax. When he talked on such themes Inness easily became excited; with his piercing eyes, his thin straggling beard and long hair, he gave the impression of an overwrought



THE MILL
(Painted at the age of 16)

GEORGE INNESS

visionary. Sometimes when he could not find an audience he would commit his thoughts to paper, but these literary experiments were rarely comprehensible to anyone but himself.

Art, he believed in certain exalted moments, he had reduced to a formula. "I've got it," he would announce to a visitor at his studio. "See? I can do it every time now. I can do it just as easy as eat." But few were the occasions when this mood lasted until the picture was finished. Usually it would be succeeded by black depression, and the painting would either be abandoned for a time or completely changed, a landscape reappearing as a seascape, or a sunset as a moonrise. This habit of painting over his work amounted to a vice in his later years, so that sometimes a purchaser would find the picture delivered to him entirely different from the one he had bought.

A four years residence abroad in middle life seems to have marked a turning point in his career. The

time was spent first in Italy and then in France, where he renewed his acquaintance with the work of the Fontainebleau school. By this time the Hudson River influence had disappeared from the surface of his work, and reappeared only in an occasional piece into which he crowded more natural phenomena than the eye could grasp at one time. He was thus in a better condition to appreciate the sentiment and the decorative value of the Fontainebleau painters, and for some time afterwards his work had a mingled softness and precision, a delicacy of color, and a quaintness of composition that recall Corot and Daubigny.

The way was smoother for him after his return. A new and more munificent patron appeared in the person of Thomas B. Clarke, and the atmosphere of the later 'seventies was more favorable. The first of the students were returning from France, and a feeling of revolt was in the air against the old Academy. When the storm finally broke, and the

Society of American Artists was formed, the younger men showed their respect for Inness by electing him a member, although he afterwards exhibited impartially at the Academy and the Society. There were more purchasers for his work now, and from this time on he never knew the pinch of want. The last years of his life, which he spent at his home in Montclair, were marked by increasing recognition.

It was by the work of this last period that Inness would undoubtedly wish to be judged, for here he expressed most fully his artistic theories. "The true purpose of the painter," he is quoted as saying, "is simply to reproduce in other minds the impression which the scene has made upon him. A work of art is not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken an emotion." It was this emotion, this "sentiment," as he was fond of calling it, for which he was constantly striving, and as he grew older the sentiment became more and more the whole content of his work. The hours and seasons painted are those in which the poetry of nature is most apparent—sunsets and moonrises, twilight and dawn. Form becomes shrouded in a soft, rich haze through which the light falls on fields and trees and clouds, suggested rather than painted. The color is not the

high and subtle range of the impressionist, but a sweeter, richer gamut of almost primary colors.

It is with the work of the Fontainebleau painters that this latest phase naturally challenges comparison. Perhaps it is nearest akin to that of Corot, but when we compare it not with the average Corot that we all know, but with the exceptional one in which the form is as clear-cut and pure as in a Poussin, we see how far short the American falls. Inness' form was always perfunctory, nor did he have Corot's subtle sense of line. He often spoke of the Frenchmen's monotony of color, but it would be difficult to find in his own work such a complete mastery of a limited range of color.

To us of the present day his pictures seem antiquated, lacking those qualities of solidity and strength which carry an art on from one generation to the next. This is the fate of those who concentrate on sentiment, the least permanent of all the elements in painting, for the sentiment of today is the sentimentality of tomorrow. But to do Inness justice we must see him against his background, the grand tradition in American landscape which began with Thomas Cole and culminated in Church and Bierstadt.



GEORGE INNESS
Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries



AMERICANA
Courtesy of the Montross Gallery

WALT KUHN

CURRENT EXHIBITIONS

By DUDLEY POORE

Kenneth Hayes Miller

IT is indeed a superb theme: Aphrodite gazing in her mirror. How many times she appears thus in classical art! Titian discovered her again in the sixteenth century, and Renoir in a day just past. She appeared again among the paintings by Kenneth Hayes Miller at the Montross Galleries, New York. Mr. Miller has painted her in a fashion not altogether unworthy of her august origin. After the Bath is an admirably constructed nude, modelled with subtlety, with no trace of shadow, achieving its fullness of form by delicate gradations

of light. There is charm in the accessories, in the hangings, the chair, the carpet. The touch is slightly dry, there is an absence of warmth, and we can easily imagine a coloring more suave, more sensuously appealing, more in keeping with the voluptuous associations of the theme. Yet can we say that this rather cold and pallid tonality is inappropriate to the classic nobility of the form? Here is the gray of weathering stone, the green of moss, the pale ochre of lichens, all the tones of old marble yellowing under the sky, among the leaves of sprouting acanthus, between fallen columns in Selinunte or Paestum.



WOMAN DRYING HER HAIR KATHERINE SCHMIDT
Courtesy of Whitney Studio Club



SELF PORTRAIT
Courtesy of Daniel Galleries

YASUO KUNIYOSHI

Walt Kuhn

Walt Kuhn has seen his Aphrodite with different eyes, under a more novel form. She is not without her ancestry for all that. Titian would have recognized her as Danaë. Manet called her Olympia. Quite recently she has risen anew out of the tempestuous foam in the middle sea of contemporary art. Picasso may have had something to do with helping her ashore. Now she reclines luxuriously upon her divan in the blond wig and tights of a lady from the chorus of a burlesque show. With careful tact the artist has renovated his color, no less than his form. He has excluded everything Venetian. In place of a scheme of tones handed down to us by the Italians he has chosen a gamut appropriate to his own reading of the theme: the right red for the costume, the right green for the trimming of the cloak on which she lies and for the plume in her peroxide hair. Walt Kuhn is an extremely intelligent, thoroughly informed and very clever painter. Americana is a highly delightful canvas. Happily we are not called upon to approach painting with a grave and solemn face, and Kuhn's knowing art, if it does not stir our

deepest sensibilities, is yet capable of affording us unusual pleasure, even satisfaction of a kind.

Peggy Bacon

Who could remain morose in the presence of Peggy Bacon's etchings and drawings? Her humor has a most pleasant flavor, an irresistible charm. She has invented a delicate, feminine world of minute flora and fauna, of infinitesimal squirrels, cats, kittens, mice, spiders, beetles, a world of incidents quaint and laughable. Moreover, it is a world one can revist often without finding that its delight has grown less. That is no doubt because of the taste and delicacy of her manner, the silvery quality of her grays as soft as fur or feathers, the richness of her etched line. Hers is not the greatest art, but within its self-imposed limits it is genuine, refreshing, highly personal art.

Yasuo Kuniyoshi

Yasuo Kuniyoshi's mermaid with the wild and questioning glance, exhibiting her pleasant rotundities among the waves, or shaking down her tresses before the strong and silent life-saver, or



LANDSCAPE

Courtesy of Brummer Galleries

BERNARD KARFIOL

basking alone among the shells and sea-flowers on her Island of Happiness is a creature half Japanese, half Early American. In the Self Portrait Kuniyoshi shows himself in the very act of photographing a tree or two of that remarkable land whose sea-coast she inhabits. Several among his oils are devoted to scenes from her daily life. Of these *The Swimmer* most completely satisfies. The restrained gamut of color is effective, and there is sensitiveness in the delicate gradations of tone in the sea, the lighthouse, the sky. In his drawings Kuniyoshi's peculiar sensibility disengages itself yet more completely, drawings full of intense, glossy blacks, dazzling whites and velvety grays. The medium—a combination of ink, pencil and wash—he handles with extreme skill. *The Squash*, the *Peach* and *Banana*, the *Cucumber in White Vase* and the *Young Mullen* are examples of his method at its best. Very Japanese in spirit is the *Bad Dream*, a fantasy of demons belaboring their vic-

tims in a nightmare landscape. His recent exhibition at the Daniel Galleries, New York, which included the pictures mentioned, was the most satisfying that Kuniyoshi has yet revealed to his New York admirers.

Marines at Durand-Ruel

It was in 1861 that Courbet, passing through a street in Havre, first saw the marines of Boudin in the window of a stationer's shop. "You are a seraph!" he told Boudin with some grandiloquence, detecting the painter's intimacy with the sky, his freshness of observation, his skill in fixing upon a canvas those transitory effects of atmosphere and light which are sometimes supposed to be the inventions of impressionism. There are two little paintings by Boudin on view at the Durand-Ruel Galleries, each full of the simplicity and truth which drew Courbet and Monet and Jongkind and Corot to the study of his works. The two marines by

Monet, Boudin's "pupil and friend," are of a familiar pattern. Have Monet's pigments actually deteriorated, as some maintain? Or have the pro-founder achievements of certain among his contemporaries dulled the shimmer of his unstable world? Certainly it is not to Monet that one returns a second and a third time after having examined all the paintings on these walls, but to the Seine at Argenteuil by Renoir who never took the pleasant game of divided tones too seriously, yet knew, concerning it, secrets unknown to any of his companions. Degas, who detested impressionism so heartily that he wished a squad of soldiers might be detailed to shoot any person discovered painting by field or river or on the public highway, was quite willing to make one exception. "Renoir," he told Vollard, "can do anything he likes."

British Painter Gentlemen

Hoppner, James Northcote tells us, "frequently remarked that in painting ladies' portraits he used to make as beautiful a face as he could, then give it a likeness to the sitter, working down from this beautiful state until the bystanders should cry out, 'Oh! I see a likeness coming!' Whereupon he then stopped, and never ventured to make it more like." In all probability the portraits of Mrs. Drummond and Lady Langham, still to be seen at the Grand Central Galleries, were painted in this way. And in all likelihood the two ladies were better pleased than had their portraits been painted by Goya, who followed a somewhat different method.

Mrs. Siddons—one might have guessed!—was among Hoppner's first sitters. He was early inspired by an American lady, a Mrs. Wright who had a house in Pall Mall where Doctor Franklin, Mr. Garrick and others were to be met. Mrs. Wright was "celebrated for modelling the human visage in wax and possessed a strong and masculine understanding." Hoppner married her daughter. When the eldest child was christened, Lord Hampden, the godfather, sent "some old and rare Constantia wine" to the banquet which followed. "Private theatricals were given in the evening, when the drawing-room, which was large and happily divided by an arch, was prettily fitted out as a theatre, the piece chosen being *The Fair Penitent*, acted by Mrs. Jordan, Mr. Hoppner taking the part of the gentle Altamont."

"The ladies of Laurence," Hoppner is reputed to have said, "show a gaudy dissoluteness of taste, and sometimes trespass on moral as well as professional, chastity." Belgrave Hoppner was inclined to doubt if his father ever made the remark. "My

father, I daresay, thought Sir Thomas's pictures meretricious, as indeed they were. He was no colorist, and strove to make amends for the want of color in his pictures by a showy arrangement not thought according to true art; but he was a gentleman, as I think my father was allowed to be likewise."

Charles Sheeler

Charles Sheeler's is a cool, cerebral art, all steely perfection, crystalline impersonality and purity of style. In the present exhibition at the Neumann Print Rooms, New York, his method is applied to a large variety of themes. In nearly all of them the subject is more or less an excuse, the point of departure for a scheme of abstractions. His real subject is always spaces, volumes, forms. Hence his pleasure in tree trunks, in naked boughs, in the sails of yachts, in ascending stairways, in skyscrapers seen from above, in the petals of flowers, in syphon bottles, in wine glasses, and old barns and apples and nude thighs. In his handling of these themes there is nothing uncertain, nothing half-achieved. All is sure, conscious, calculated. The forms, beautiful in themselves, are without associations, without literary content. A picture by Sheeler has the clear, sharp, cold beauty of one of our modern machines, the severe impersonality of a mechanical drawing. One suspects that he has striven to express, in his manner no less than in his subjects, the tone and character of our mechanical civilization. Naturally there are pitfalls for a method so fixed, an execution so exquisite; one wonders what future there can be for an art already so fully developed. It contains, even now, a hint of the precious.

Ryder at the Sherman Studio

Nearly every phase of Ryder's activity is represented in the fifteen paintings at the Sherman Studio. *The Road of Life*, *The Dance of the Nymphs*, *Arcadia*, *The Spirit of Autumn*, *Ophelia* and *The Arab Camp* belong to the series of ideal landscapes peopled with ideal figures. *The Barn* and *The Landscape with Sheep* take their place among the scenes of country and farm. *The Wreck*, *The Sunset at Sea*, *The Moonrise at Sea* and *The Marine with Full Moon* are nocturnes composed on his favorite themes: a dark sea, a cloud, a flying sail against the moon. There is an interesting *Self-Portrait* of the artist in youth. Not all of these fifteen paintings represent the best of Ryder, yet everything by Ryder has a touch of his genius. Again, two or three of the marines bear comparison with the better known examples. In nearly all of



NUDE
Courtesy of Rehn Galleries

EUGENE SPEICHER

them the paint has that gem-like quality, that light and fire and inner brilliance which constitutes in part the miracle of his work.

Himebaugh & Browne, Inc.

Over the bookshop at 471 Fifth Avenue there is a lively, uneven show, chiefly of water colors, by twenty artists. While a few of the painters are ill at ease in the medium, the exhibition contains little that is commonplace. Most of the works shown require no apology. The etchings by Miller possess his usual distinction. The drawings of Adelaide Lawson have charm and individuality. Katherine Schmidt is one of the most gifted of our younger painters. John Dos Passos expresses a brilliant and zestful temperament in a highly personal style. Grossman's color is quite subtly orchestrated. Fiene has full command of an excellent technique. Martha Ryther, Gus Mager, Wood Gaylor and David Morrison contribute admirable examples of their several styles. The five pieces of sculpture by

Robert Laurent and Ely, though they are not placed to advantage, add materially to the interest of the exhibition. Messrs. Hemilbaugh and Browne have wisely shown no "literary" paintings.

The Whitney Studio Club

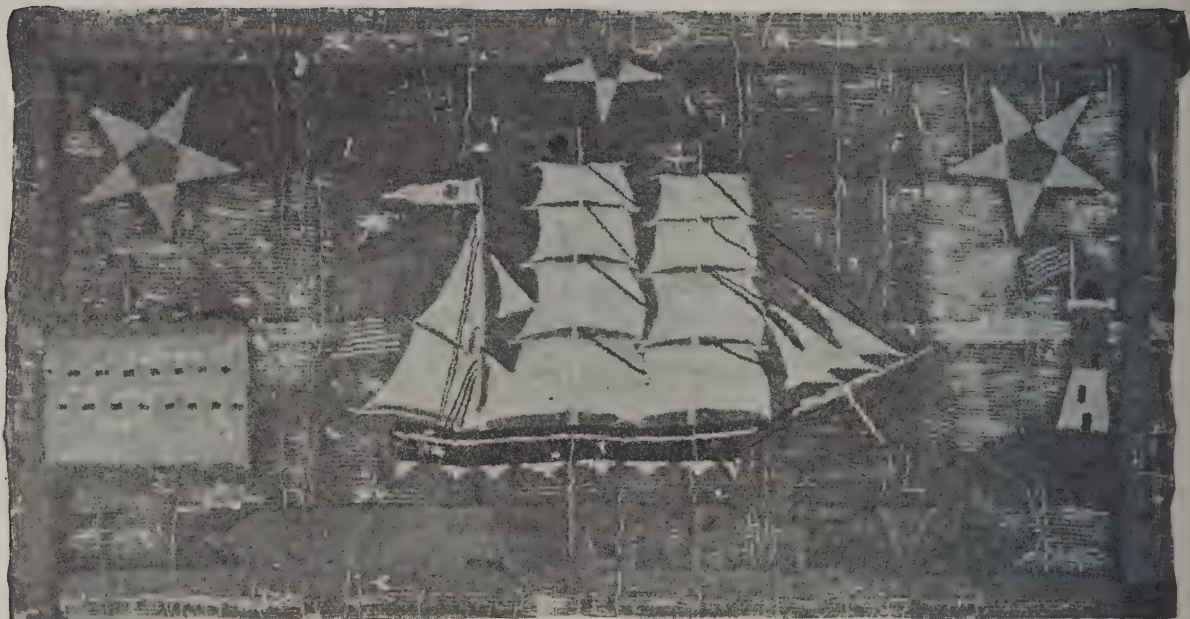
Fresh and stimulating painting is always to be seen at the Whitney Studio Club. The young painters who exhibit there, all concerned with the more serious problems of their art, are never solemn. A slight family resemblance between some of them does not affect the more individual. At the present moment Gerrit Hondius and Henry Mattson, two interestingly contrasted artists, represent the group. Mr. Hondius discovers excellent themes in city streets, back yards and interiors. Mr. Mattson in white churches among trees, country roads, telegraph poles and bare trees in the snow. Hondius, interested in construction, cares less for beauty of paint. Mattson, preferring simpler arrangements, seeks a fine quality of pigment.



BATHERS

Courtesy of Whitney Studio Club

KATHERINE SCHMIDT



FOUR RARE EXAMPLES OF EARLY AMERICAN HAND-HOOKED
RUGS WHICH WE ARE ENABLED TO REPRODUCE THROUGH THE
COURTESY OF THE C. M. TRAVER COMPANY



BOOKS

IMPRESSIONS AND COMMENTS: Third (and Final) Series (1920-1923). By HAVELOCK ELLIS. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1924. (\$3.00.)

ALL that Havelock Ellis writes on the subject of art, life and æsthetic sensibility is worthy of attention. Even though at times we may feel that his taste in art has been formed at a period which does not seem to us as important as it once did, we are made to realize afresh that after all the external object, or work of art, that stimulates this inner activity is not of such vital importance as the truth that we may be sensitive to the beauty of human expression wherever we find it. "Beauty is a goddess I have worshipped," confesses Havelock Ellis, "sometimes in the unlikeliest places, perhaps even where none else saw her, and she has given wine to my brain, and oil to my heart, and wings to my feet over the stoniest path. No doubt the herd will trample down my shrine some day, yet still worshipping Beauty, even without knowing it."

There is nothing snobbish in his attitude. Ellis goes on enjoying art. He picks up the earliest volumes of *Once a Week*, which began in 1859; discovers therein the engravings of Millais, Poynter, Hunt, Sandys, Fred Walker; and expresses his delight in these forgotten men so eloquently that he drives us to the library to look them up again! And he forces us to the resolution of reading the *historiettes* of the delightful Tallemant des Réaux.

Reverent as he is toward the living past, bitter as he is to the deadly elements of this present benighted age, Havelock Ellis possesses always the power of æsthetic receptivity. It is the eternal newness, the eternal immediacy of beauty that interests him. Thus in one notable message he writes:

"It is only beauty that counts, and beauty can never be a mere counter because it is always eternally new. The great artist is forever enlarging the scope of human art and embracing things with love that have never been known in art before. He can only do that by making them beautiful, and the would-be artist who brings into his work things that are ugly, and remain just as ugly after he has touched them, is nothing in the world."

To Havelock Ellis it seems that æsthetic sensibility is most easily examined in painting because it is here most clearly marked. Speaking of the changes in taste he notes of Vermeer: "Today every picture of his seems exquisitely beautiful even to people who know nothing of painting; yet till a

few years ago his name was scarcely mentioned. It is even the same with Italian masters who of all are the most popular. . . . No painter, for instance, seems more obviously attractive than Botticelli, and yet before the days of Ruskin he was merely one in an indistinguishable and little-noted crowd. So also with Carpaccio . . ." He points out the continual emergence at some moment of a new widespread general sensibility to some neglected phase of art. ". . . This intuitive revelation to æsthetic sensibility of a painter's special view of the world is really of the nature of religious conversion. It is as explicable as that, no doubt, but no more explicable. And the more clearly one realizes that fact the more clearly one understands the solid reality of mysticism as at once the essence of religion and the supreme manifestation of æsthetic sensibility. If we could use that once ridiculed term 'æsthete' seriously, one might say that the Mystic is the æsthete of the Universe."

A LOITERER IN LONDON. By HELEN W. HENDERSON. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1924. (\$5.00.)

MANY books have been written about London and many will yet be written. Miss Henderson's work seems to be designed to remind those who know London of the variety of her streets and the beauty, interest, history and individuality of her "quarters": Soho, The Adelphi, The Inns of Court, The Hammersmith Riverside, Piccadilly, Tower Hill and many other parts, each with as much individual character as many another whole town. It has been a pleasure to our author to show how all these parts unite, intermingle and together give the sense of a complete whole. The book is in no sense a guide book; it flows easily from one subject to another, uniting those that have especial interest for Miss Henderson, much as in reality they unite in the great town of London and give to it one identity. I have said the book is best suited to those who know London already, but this I must qualify, for any one who is visiting this city for the first time will find in it enough of interest to lead him pleasantly on his way from one point of the city to another. But such a one I would advise to have a map of London at his side so that he may realize as he reads the physical relationship of the districts Miss Henderson has described. It is indeed a pity that no map was included in the book. I venture to suggest that in a second edition a plan

be added—not a reproduction of the ordnance map, but one drawn by hand with little pictures in the manner of the seventeenth century, to suggest the essential form of the buildings described.

Miss Henderson pays high compliment to London when she writes that innumerable people who have never been in this city look upon it as "home." I can believe that this is so, though I, being a Londoner, should never have dared to make such a boast. We may well regret the changes that take place in the appearance of the streets, we may wish we had known the City when Dickens lived, but for all the changes London continues to gain the love of a great number of people in addition to those of us who live there.

I do not advise those who read this book to accept as final Miss Henderson's dicta about architecture. Indeed, I must protest at her slighting reference to Somerset House, The British Museum and the Houses of Parliament, but I am proud to support her view that The National Gallery is a pleasure to see. The reader will not be bored by formidable learning nor with careless inaccuracy, but he will enjoy a friendly account of London, written by one who makes sensitive response to what she has seen and learned about it.

There are omissions, as indeed there must be when a town so great and so old is being described. Even some of those "quarters" I mentioned above are not referred to, but these omissions do not prevent Miss Henderson from giving truly the "atmosphere" and "color" of the place. The book contains some hundred illustrations, all well chosen, and among this great number there is hardly one which has become tiring from constant reproduction. I enjoyed the volume and would be glad to share my enjoyment with others.

A. R. POWYS.

AMERICAN PEWTER. By J. B. KERFOOT. With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author of Specimens in His Own Collection. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1924. (\$15.00.)

JOHN Barrett Kerfoot, who in 1918 relinquished the less exciting pleasures of book-reviewing for the greater adventure of hunting American antiques, and the more remunerative one—at least so we hope—of dealing in them, has after two years of arduous labor brought out this heavily impressive volume on American pewter. The reformed reviewer of books for that sprightly

weekly *Life* treats pewter and the psychology of the collector in general with habitual and expected vivacity; in fact, his liveliness at times becomes tiresome to any reader who is more interested in pewter than in Mr. Kerfoot or his collection. From the standpoint of the lover of old pewter, the best part of the book is undoubtedly his well-documented sketch of its historical background in this country. It is significant to read that pewter was a comparatively late importation into the American colonies, that it was not used previous to 1750; and that American pewter as it is known and sought for by collectors today dates approximately from the days of the American Revolution.

Three hundred specimens are represented in the handsome illustrations. It is a distinct disappointment, however, to find that Mr. Kerfoot has limited these illustrations to his own collection. It is regrettable that this connoisseur was not more hospitable in his choice, that he did not see fit to include in this book some of the more notable collections in this country, as, for instance, some of the beautiful specimens in the possession of the Wadsworth Athenaeum of Hartford, Connecticut. A less sympathetic critic might characterize this as one dealing exclusively with the collection of the genial proprietor of "The House with the Brick Wall," in Freehold, New Jersey.

COSTUME AND FASHION: The Evolution of European Dress Through the Earlier Ages. By HERBERT NORRIS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, 1925. (\$10.00.)

THE aim of the author is to give us a complete, accurate and chronological study of costumes and fashions from the early Stone Age down through the eleventh century of the Christian era. Not content with this Herculean task of erudition and archæology, Mr. Norris has become his own illustrator, contributing no less than seventeen color-plates and innumerable sketches in black and white. We may praise his diligence and commend his scholarship, but in these days when we may read the profound and sprightly Colette herself on the philosophy of fashions, when we may gaze at fashion plates new and old devised by true artists, it is quite impossible to muster up any enthusiasm for Herbert Norris's stodgy, late Victorian color-plates, or his unimaginative efforts to reconstruct the costumes and fashions of a remote past. The publication of this book is an anachronism. It is not only pre-Bakst; it would have been *passé* in the 'nineties.

POSTSCRIPTS

GAUGUIN married a young Danish woman, Mette-Sophie Gad. Three of their children are still living. The eldest, Emile, is an engineer. He lives, they say, in Philadelphia. Jean-René, born in 1881, has become a Danish sculptor. The youngest is the Norwegian Paul, or Pola * * * * Pola announces his intention of publishing a collection of fifty letters written by Paul Gauguin to his wife. They are both bitter and tender, and will reveal a heretofore unknown Gauguin, a man who suffered much because he wanted news from home. Madame Gauguin was not a good letter-writer, says her son. Her replies were short and dry. The Gauguins separated in 1885. Madame Gauguin died in 1921. *Gauguin Intime* is the title of the book to be published by Pola Gauguin, who is piously attached to the memory of his famous father. * * * For the Exposition of Decorative and Industrial Arts, to be inaugurated in April, the artist decorators of France will collaborate in the construction and decoration of an ideal French embassy. The Exposition will be opened to the public in April, though a delay is quite possible. * * * Guerilla warfare has broken out again in the neighborhood of the Dome and the Rotonde. M. Marcel Hiver, editor of a new journal CAP (*critique—art—philosophie*) has been using the tactics of the late Arthur Craven. He attacks cubism and cubists; would suppress Picasso, Marcoussis, Leger, Gleizes, Metzinger, Gris, Lipschitz, Kisling and their champions, Waldemar George, Raynal and André Salmon. There have been encounters and fisticuffs, and indignant demands that M. Marcel Hiver be brought before a tribunal of justice. * * * At last Marseilles, Daumier's "home town," has honored with a retrospective exposition the memory of this great artist. It was organized at the Galerie Detaille by M. Carlo Rim. Paintings, sculptures, drawings, carefully chosen, showed the diverse aspects of the powerful, bitter and ironic genius of Daumier. * * * Futurism is not yet dead. Marinetti was recently honored in a great national manifestation in Milan. Mussolini was not there but sent a telegram declaring that he was "present in thought." There is something of Marinetti in Mussolini, something of Futurism in Fascism. Perhaps it is nothing but good old-fashioned bombast. * * * The new galleries of Bernheim-Jeune, 83, Faubourg St. Honoré, have

been opened with an exhibition of drawings by Henri-Matisse and water-colors by Cross and Signac. * * * At Madame Druet's in the rue Royale, a group of artists of the younger generation have been exhibiting. Some of the pictures suggested a mot that has been going the rounds: "Of all those who make Braques, it is still Georges Braque who makes them best." Braque is a master, writes one critic, but why try to reflect him with infantile fervor? * * * That lone wolf of French letters, Maurice Boissard (or Paul Léautaud) is looking for a publisher. He would like to bring out his memoirs. I hope he finds one. I would rather read Léautaud-Boissard than Proust. Fortunately "*le Petit Ami*" which has long been out of print, is to be republished. * * * One publisher to whom M. Boissard showed his memoirs returned them very swiftly: "I don't want to go to prison," he exclaimed. "*Vous avez la dent trop dure.*" (You have the tooth too hard.) Perhaps he was right; but most writers have the tooth too soft, have they not? * * * The N. R. F. is about to publish *La Revue Juive*. On the directing committee: Albert Einstein, Sigmund Freud, George Brandes, Chaim Weizmann. The editor: Albert Cohen. Contributors: Israel Zangwill, André Spire, Jacques de Lacretelle, Paul Morand, Max Jacob, Sigmund Freud, Benjamin Cremieux, Pierre Benoit, Darius Milhaus, Jules Romains, Sir Herbert Samuel, Stefan Zweig. * * * M. Marcel Achard has written an amusing "war" play, recently produced at the Champs-Élysées. It is a sort of revue-operetta, Aristophanic in its satire. Into an anecdote, into a song, M. Achard crams a whole world of truth. His wit has wings. His points are emphasized by the delicate witty music composed by Georges Auric. The leading rôle is played by Louis Jouvet, who won his first great success with Copeau in New York. M. Jouvet is not, unfortunately, at his best in the rôle of Marlborough. For the play is named *Marlborough s'en va-t-en guerre*. M. Achard's play is nothing like What Price Glory. It is so infinitely more devastating! * * * "Any subject, any model, any part of the human body that any artist draws without passion, without intense pleasure, is sterile and fatally false work. Color should express the joy of the eyes." Such was the creed of the late Leon Bakst.

GAI SABER.

THE ARTS

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STUDIES FOR LIBYAN SIBYL
Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

MICHELANGELO

THE ARTS

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SAINT MARGUERITE
In the Museum of the Louvre

JEAN FOUQUET

TO follow the change that has come about in the artist's understanding of the term classic is illuminating. Our Victorian forefathers so frequently mistook the appearance for the reality, and much of the art which they called classic is recognized today as hollow formality masquerading as the "grand style." The awakening to a clearer understanding of the difference between the assumed and the genuine classic has come about not so much through the dogmas of the officials as the thoughtfulness of the anarchists in art.

People who constantly seek an excuse for their own productions in rules which they claim are sanctified by the past, are wont to be the least traditional of artists. Whether a man's art falls within what is called the tradition does not depend upon his own determination in the matter. When academicians bar from their official exhibitions contemporary art that does not meet their dogmatic dicta, and when they accept their own paintings as being sanctified by tradition, time inevitably turns to mock their results.

Today the large official exhibitions are filled with naturalistic painting and sculpture, and in them will be found hardly a hint of the return to the classic. In the exhibitions of independent character, on the other hand, indications of the revival of the classic frequently appear. If we recognize that classic, in its true sense, doesn't mean the illustration in pictures and sculpture of classical literature, it becomes easier to understand contemporary art.

The Cubists made the final attack on romanticism in painting. However crude some people consider this attack, its effectiveness has since been proved, for it helped to turn men's

minds away from the idea of naturalistic tests for painting and sculpture, and undermine sentimentality. It suggested the return of the intellect to art and acted as a David against the Goliath of emotionalism.

The result is that today among the artists most modern in point of view will be found clearer, cooler and more thoughtful conception. To wallow in paint, with the mistaken delusion that excitement constitutes inspiration, and that careless, hot painting necessarily has more emotional force than reserve and discrimination, has come to be recognized by the more thoughtful artist for the error that it is. An artist who cannot sustain his interest in an idea long enough to submit it to his own power of reflection is at best but half an artist. If he does not know his craft well enough to look upon the work that he has done in a state of excitement and correct it without destroying it, he is certainly devoid of the classic spirit. The classic spirit came to be considered as being a kind of frigidity when the fashion for emotional painting was at its height.

Of course, the pendulum was bound to swing back. In the vast numbers of painting turned out by half-equipped practitioners, it was much easier to express a little bit of excitement and to demand uncritical acceptance of the painter's point of view than it was to think an idea through to the end clearly and consistently. Many artists can give forth a nice little thrill in their work, leaving their pictures half finished, but the classic demands the devotion of a controlled mind, longer concentration, a finer eye, and a power of discrimination that the romanticist finds disturbing.

Instead of the pomp and circumstance of the painting that pretends to be classic by choosing classic subject matter, we have today a conception of the classic as a spirit which may be expressed in a painting of flowers or of still life in which there is no suggestion of the "grand" in the choice of material. Tired of the poor thinking of the last of the romanticists, the true traditionalists of today realize that the classic is not a formula but a spirit. All great art belongs within a tradition where will be found those works that have been created as the result of an emotional force, guided, but not diluted, by intellectual direction.

FORBES WATSON.



VIEW OF THE ROMAN FORUM
In the Museum of the Louvre

CORO

THE SANTOS OF NEW MEXICO

By MABEL DODGE LUHAN

WHEN the first Spanish settlers pushed their difficult way northwards over the mountains and reached, finally, the uplands and mountain valleys along the Rio Grande River to the land that has recently been called *New Mexico*, they travelled light.

They came on horseback and in the burro carts they had constructed near their landing-place, Vera Cruz, when they came from the old country; carts whose wheels were the solid section of a tree trunk hacked out by the axe.

Those wilful Spaniards, a flavorful mixture of priests and adventurers, moved on north following the rivers; and whenever they reached an Indian village some of the adventurers would decide to stop at that point with the priests, while others would push further on. The priests had been sent over by the Church and the Spanish King to placate the Indians so that they would reveal the secrets of the land and, adopting the Spanish God, would not interfere with *Spaniards*. In this way a village has grown up near all the Indian pueblos—a village that preserves to this time the habits and traits of its beginning. Lummis has called New Mexico "The Land of Poco Tiempo" (The Land of By and By) because those early colonists came and tarried and have never done anything, but have seemed to let the years and the centuries pass as though they were suspended in a kind of sleep.

When anyone asks a Mexican, as they call themselves, when they are going to do a certain thing, they always answer, "Mañana"—and tomorrow comes and goes but it is never done. In every New Mexican village one sees the men and boys sitting on their haunches in the warmest corner of the Plaza—"the Sun Club," Americans have dubbed it; and they crouch there for hours with their curious distorted faces, knotted and gnarled by the inner ravages of their singular doctrine. The forefathers of these men came to this country empty-handed: and there they sit today as empty of hand and of pocket.

The priest, sometimes a good shepherd and sometimes not, settled down near the Indians with his small group of followers to which, in time, more and more added themselves and their families until a small community was formed. The padres had then this twofold purpose: To make friends with the Indians in order to win their help in prospecting, and to convert them to the Roman Church.

They were successful in some cases in persuading the red men to help build a church, seeking to bestow upon those children of the earth, already so well mothered in the uterine kivas of their own protective instinct, a new maternity that would fashion somewhat otherwise their psychic lineaments. But too many among the priests and other settlers were too partisan to the abnormal—and in a good many instances the Indians were repelled by their exaggerated rituals and by the whipping. And these Spaniards, halted there with the priests by various motives, sometimes by discouragement and fatigue, sometimes by delight at the rich pastoral country, and sometimes smelling out gold in the neighborhood, there they all were, stripped and bare of goods, with a new world to build and to populate.

That the country remains about as they found it, that they themselves are still held and bound in time and do not progress but are gradually running down a little more each year, would make an interesting study of the arresting influence of untransformed sadism—for the strongest passions in those pioneers were greed and cruelty. But too much Spanish cruelty came with them to the Aztec land, and in the end defeated those who brought it there. At the very first it flowered: there was an early abortive impulse outward into form and expression before it turned into complete negation.

Picture, then, those hardy men settling themselves there upon the fertile Rio Grande valleys, their equipment so meagre, their life, in the first occupation, so barren. What did they need? Everything: houses, furniture, clothes—and something to satisfy the soul. The only things they had been able to carry along with them were the few light portable possessions the women hated most to relinquish: a few pieces of jewelry, the precious silken shawl and mantilla, and, most touching of all, the few slips of geranium and the Castilian rose, the former having journeyed first to Spain with the Moors, and the latter from Persia.

They found the Indians living in the most practical houses; thick-walled boxes of mud, warm in the winter and cool in the summer; and they quickly built themselves the same kind of homes. Thus the Spanish Mission architecture evolved—not very Spanish. In fact all the architecture of the southwest is basically of Indian origin. Next they hewed down trees and made chairs and tables for themselves, and beds and cupboards. These rough, hand-

made household things have a singular rude resemblance to the best Spanish furniture of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth centuries, for these men carried along to the New World their memories of form and design, the familiar things of home.

The Indians taught them to whiten their mud walls with *terra blanca* fetched from the nearby hills, and the women lost no time in spinning into wool the shearings of the sheep they had driven ahead of them along the rough trail. Out of the wool they wove themselves blankets for the beds, and of a finer weaving they fashioned a kind of sheet to take the place of linen.

And then they created for themselves the symbols that embodied their inner life: the sacred symbols of the soul and its needs—Christ and the Father and the Woman, the Suffered, the Protector, the Miraculous Female, and all their attendants.

They were not *artists*, these early Spaniards, at least not in our accepted sense of the word, which seems to connote some one especial, someone above the average with greater response and a finer finish. No, these were ordinary men who were extraordinary only, perhaps, in one thing: they came for the most part from the sect called the Flagellante at home in Spain, a cult whose sadism was its leading motive power. Indeed, possibly it is the close connection between the sadistic impulse and the impulse to flight that may account for their migration.

They were not artists and they were quite untrained as craftsmen, but they set themselves to work to make their idols and their images. And they were able to carry over into their material some of the passionate life within them. They were full of fear, of various fears, and all of their own making. These Spaniards were alone in a wilderness both within and without, confronted by the powerful religious expression of a race whose hopes as well as its alarms were unfamiliar to them. They could not know the Indian's gods any more than they could share his aspirations and his anxieties. They need their own God and His suffering Son, for they bore in their hearts the corroding, the cruel, deflected vision of pain. They were afraid with the protective fear that warns the psyche that the direction of its gaze is a mistaken and a downward one; but they had not the insight to read these signs of danger. They feared their new environment, yes, and not more than, instinctively, they dreaded the obscure passion within them that drove them to deliver themselves to its ceremonious agony. But they lacked the understanding that would have saved them from it.

They were afraid of themselves and of their own

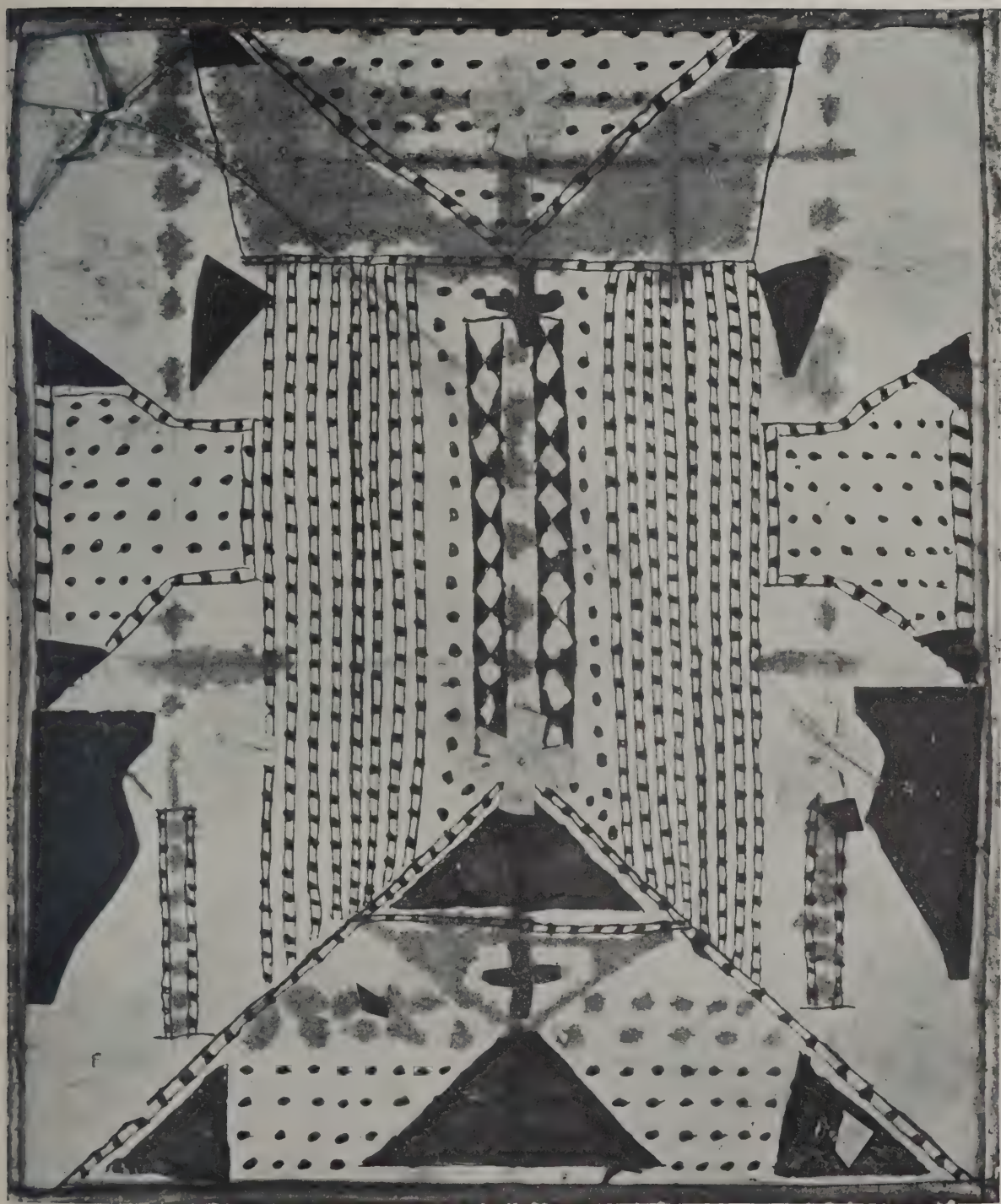
perversion, and their religious symbols are the symbols of this fear. Of course there were a good many men who were not from the society of Penitentes and these others made pictures of saints who were far less anguished and bloody than those of their whipping brothers. But for the most part suffering and fear are on almost all these hand-hewn boards: suffering and fear governing the male and miracle, the miracle of the Sword and the Rose, governing their Virgin.

These symbols were not drawn or painted by artists. They are the living, inevitable and incredibly naïve expressions of men who had to have them and, through their need, created them. The colors are stained with the juices of cactus, indigo and nuts; and in some cases with blood.

These Penitente Santos are more than interesting: they are moving. They win our respect and sometimes our awe, for we know we are faced by the peculiar terribleness of the dynamic psyche forcing itself into material. We see the birth of an art in these Santos, the first primitive impulse of the soul to picture itself into release. Had the impulse been strong enough, it might have carried our Mexican colonists out into freedom. But it lapsed within them and they became more inturned and lost to the outside world. For a brief period only they created, and from them we get these sensitive, suffering Santos: the curious offspring of a most cruelly-inclined race of men.

One of the rarest Santos that has ever been found in New Mexico is a strange and esoteric design (see opposite page), which is colored in part with blood; and white roses are pasted upon it, cut from paper. It is the secret drawing of a crucifixion. The principal feature of the Easter ceremony of the Penitentes was always, of course, the crucifixion until the Roman Catholic Church produced a Pope, who had outgrown the younger modes: and he required the priests to try and prevent the continuation of rites that were too often fatal. But nothing was done to try and substitute another outlet for the old one, and the Mexicans were only driven to secret observances of their accustomed rituals, and to gratify their cruel needs privately. The worship, then, of the spectacle of the crucifixion had to be carried on with the utmost caution. In many cases where it could not be consummated, people were pressed to the abstract and symbolic level, and we find, then, drawings of this kind.

The crucifixes that hung in the secret chapels, called *maradas*, were often very well carved and almost always intensely expressive. They were extremely gory and exposed the wounds of crucifixion



SANTO

NEW MEXICO

lamentably, even shockingly. Sometimes one may still see these figures carried out life-size with the greatest realism. The features are always Spanish, and there is usually the small black beard of King Philip.

The collectors have been actively looking for these Santos during the last ten years, and it is harder and harder now to find them. But a short time ago it was a usual matter, upon stopping at any adobe house in the country, to see one or two wooden Santos hanging on the white-washed wall inside. They were rarely very large, usually varying from eight inches to twelve inches long.

And around the houses where you saw the Santos, you saw a man puttering about, often holding the baby while the mother washed: the man, and the

woman, and the baby, all holding your attention with their curiously arrested look—the unsophistication, the naiveté of immaturity. And glancing again at the painted Santos you realized the immediacy of the relationship between them. The Santos are portraits of these people, portraits done two or three hundred years ago, some of them, and yet as realistically the representatives of the New Mexican of today as they were of his forefathers.

It is significant, and rather terrible. Nothing has happened to carry them forward. They are as their fathers were when they came and built the houses, these twentieth-century primitives still dwell in. They are preserved, or rather, arrested, within the circle of the repetitive compulsion: the wheel of fate upon which they are bound.





SANTO

NEW MEXICO



SANTO

NEW MEXICO



SANTO

NEW MEXICO



SANTO
Courtesy of Carl Van Vechten

NEW MEXICO



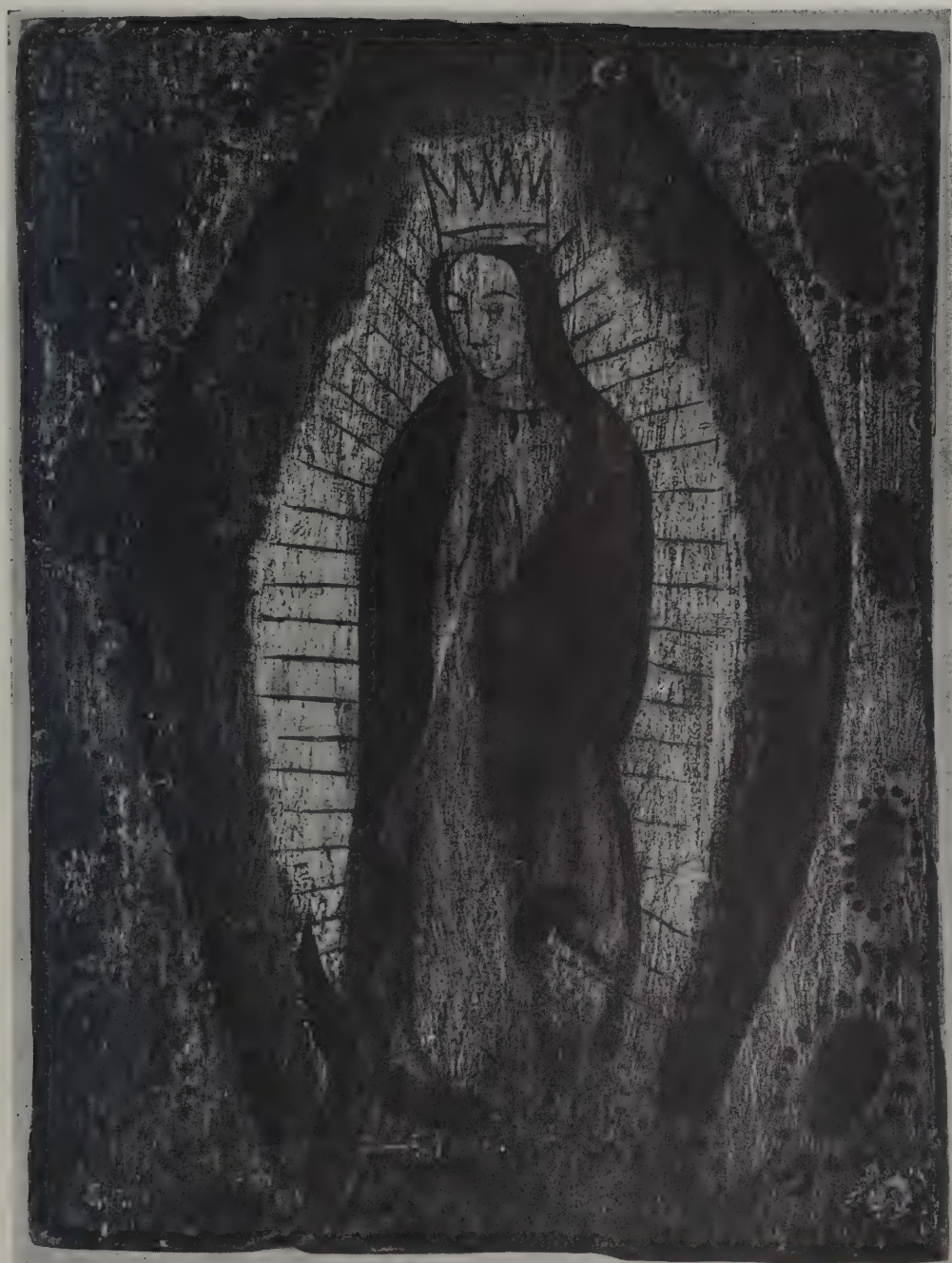
SANTO

NEW MEXICO



SANTO
Courtesy of Dr. A. A. Brill

NEW MEXICO



SANTO

NEW MEXICO



ODALISQUE A L'ESCLAVE
From the Walters Collection

DOMINIQUE INGRES
Courtesy of Wildenstein & Co.

L'ODALISQUE A L'ESCLAVE

MR. HENRY WALTERS has had the good fortune and discrimination to secure for his collection Ingres' second version of a painting of a reclining odalisque known as the *L'odalisque à l'esclave*. The first version was done for M. Marcotte, and Lapauze, in his book on Ingres, gives an account of the troubles of the painter's life during the different times when he worked on this painting. Finally, it was finished in Rome in 1830.

M. Lapauze describes the reclining figure as a true presentation of an odalisque, and calls her the older sister of the women of the *Bain turc*. When the painting was finally finished it was immediately acclaimed; and in one of the two sales of Ingres' work, after his death in 1862, it brought 44,000 frs.

Ingres made another version of the picture in 1843, and the accompanying reproduction is of this

second version. He replaced the background, which in the first version is a highly ornate interior with a landscape on which Flandrin collaborated. The pattern of the material on which the reclining figure is resting was changed also. Originally destined for the King of Wurtemberg, the second painting went to the collection of M. Delesert, and thence came into the possession of Baron Gustave de Rothschild. It was later secured by Sir Philip Sassoon, and recently, through the Wildenstein Galleries, it has been purchased by Henry Walters of Baltimore.

Had this painting been obtained by the Metropolitan Museum, it would have greatly enriched the collection of nineteenth century painting. Paintings by Ingres are difficult to obtain at this time, and interest in his work among artists of today is more intense than ever.

STRZYGOWSKI IN ENGLISH

By A. KINGSLEY PORTER

IT is now nearly a quarter of a century since *Orient oder Rom?* touched a match to the fuse of mediæval scholarship. Until the publication of that book, there had been little serious divergence of opinion among students of the Early Christian period; it had been assumed that the art of the Middle Ages was a metamorphosis of Roman; what couldn't be traced was postulated, and from the premise of Rome all was made to follow, willy-nilly. But by a few carefully selected examples, Strzygowski was able to prove the origin in the Eastern Mediterranean of certain motives which generations of students had complacently gone on repeating, one after the other, were Roman. And the title of the book conveyed the implication that the same thing might be true of others' such motives as well.

The old archæology of the schools fell flat as a house of cards. Such a collapse necessarily involved broken bones. Controversies ensued. Rivoira became the paladin of outraged Italian tradition; and he fought a good, although a losing, fight. Since his death, a sort of neo-Rivoira-ism has sprung up at Princeton. But on the whole Strzygowski-ism prevailed; the eastern Mediterranean became distinctly the archæological fashion; no one presumed to speak of mediæval art without hinting wisely at Oriental influences. Despite all his enemies, despite the jealousy of other scholars, the reputation of Strzygowski shot up like a skyrocket. His was considered the greatest name in the field of Byzantine archæology; students flocked about him; the standard histories of Byzantine art became virtually compendiums of his writings.

But he committed from the point of view of his colleagues the unpardonable sin. He changed his point of view. Explorations carried further East made it evident to him that the Eastern Mediterranean was not the cradle of the arts which he had believed, but that it was merely a stage by which motives originating in the inland regions of Asia Minor, above all in the Iranian plateau, had passed on their way to the Occident. He published vast new arts in Asia Minor, in Mesopotamia, in Armenia, the existence of which had been nearly unknown; and he pointed out how these arts anticipated by centuries the appearance of analogous forms in the West. To the first question he had asked, "The East or Rome?" by which he really meant the Eastern Mediterranean or Rome, succeeded another,

"Constantinople or the East?" by which he really meant the Eastern Mediterranean or Asia.

This change of front scandalized orthodox archæology. It was annoying enough that Strzygowski should have upset once everything that was established. But for the same man within a few years to do this twice was beyond endurance. Besides, as Strzygowski's age advanced, his style became increasingly involved. Always at once elliptical and verbose, even in his earlier writings, it has become in his later work very difficult, even for his most devout admirers to follow. His abundance of ideas, his breathless haste to set down the amazing things which he sees, often leave his reader gasping far behind; his erudition of extraordinary breadth never condescends to explain what no doubt seems obvious to the writer, but what perhaps even the specialist may lack the clue to understand. This style, although exasperating, is no doubt in its way effective; we feel the depth and the breadth of Strzygowski's mind; and in some mysterious way he manages to convey ideas which he never really expresses. But the number of even scholars with competence and perseverance really to master his writings is comparatively small. These productions are masses of notes, striking fire in all directions, teeming with archæological genius, infinitely suggestive, but not books in the accepted sense.

It was therefore very much to be desired that his more recent theories should be made available to intelligent readers, not necessarily specialists. And that will doubtless be the chief function of the book which lies before us.* It consists of a series of lectures originally delivered at Upsala and written in German; they cover substantially the same ground as some of the lectures delivered in this country by the learned author when he was here in the year 1922-1923; and Messrs. Dalton and Braunholtz have translated them into English. It is a high compliment to Strzygowski to be translated by the foremost Byzantine scholar in England; no one less, perhaps, would have been fully competent; and it is a tribute to the success of the translation to say that the book is no more fatiguing to read in the English version than in German.

The present book, of course, will not appeal to the tired architect, for whom it was not written.

* *Origin of Christian Church Art. New Facts and Principles of Research*, by Josef Strzygowski. Translated by O. M. Dalton, M.A., and H. J. Braunholtz, M.A. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1923.

It is a work of scholarship, of deep, even obscure erudition rather than of literature. It is a highly Strzygowski-esque restatement of Strzygowski's more recent theories, but containing much that is new. There runs through it the theme of the great Nomadic world, until so recently totally unknown, and whose embrace fertilized and rendered pregnant Hellenic civilization. The fact is brought home that mediæval art owes to the barbarians some of its most important motives. The dominating force of Armenian architecture is also insisted upon, and the spread in all directions of motives from the Iranian plateau. Yet the author seems to assume knowledge of all this, rather than to inculcate it, and I wonder to what extent a reader unfamiliar with his previous writings would grasp the importance of what he says. His real interest seems to be, not in reiterating what he has said before, but in new twists and turns and in added material, much of which is vastly significant.

From this point of view, the last chapter, dealing with Hiberno-Saxon art in the time of Bede, particularly holds the attention. Here the relationship of Celtic England and Ireland to the East is brought out far more strikingly than in the *Baukunst der Armenier*. The crosses of the British Isles re-appear in Armenia; the relationship of Celtic manuscripts with the East is insisted upon.

Mixed with the absorbing archæology, which is surely the chief interest of this book, there are tossed off now and again philosophical ideas of poignancy. One of these is the belief that neither Rome nor Constantinople nor Antioch nor Alexandria could have been the creative centre of Christian art, for art does not originate under the conditions which prevailed in these cities—any more, one is tempted to infer, than it originates in our modern cities of New York or Paris or London. "Courts are like sponges; they absorb everything within reach and force it into the arteries which nourish their strength." "Art . . . flourishes less at courts than anywhere else in the world, for at the seat of power everything is subordinated to politics; the forces willing to accept this fact are always welcome; those which are not willing must either emigrate or remain aloof. . . . The surest signs of a court art are magnificence, and a change in the artists' motives from the expression of feeling to the production of dazzling effect."

In passages Strzygowski speaks of his enemies with a bitterness which it is easy to understand. "The student of art history may learn from this example (the reception of the author's *Amida* and

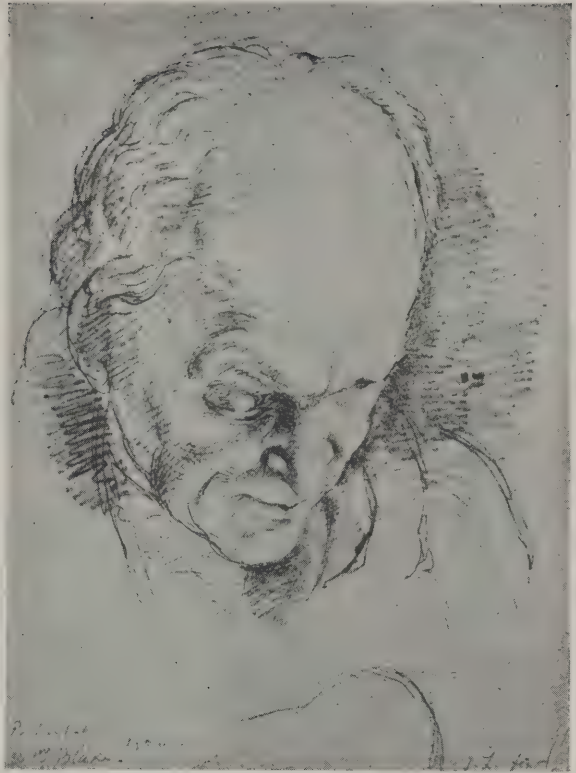
Kleinasien) the attitude of philology, archæology, and historical research towards novel and disturbing views. They can proceed critically and methodically so long as their especial line of study is not in question, and no one ventures to oppose the article of recognized belief." "It is clear that the horizon of about 1885 is still commonly accepted to-day. Wherever the history of art was changed from a field of free competition into a preserve of official bodies, an oath of allegiance had to be exacted. All the forces of mediævalism have been exerted to secure the application of a strait-jacket. If I now treat the origin of Christian art from a fresh standpoint, I do so in avowed antagonism to the stagnation of a faculty which had unique opportunities for using the comparative method to lift scholars over the pale of the usual education."

The casting of public opinion into a rigid mould by professional archæologists, whose interest is not to maintain the truth, but to spread their own power and influence, is a lamentable reality in Europe to-day, and unhappily seems to be a tendency which is increasing rather than decreasing. As opposed to this eagerness to conform, and to reap the material rewards for conforming, the figure of Strzygowski stands out, with something of the heroic about it, a man who dared to think for himself and who dared to say what he thought. And he has had the strength, which others who have attempted to show the fallacy of the teaching of the schools have not had, to make his views prevail. As to all else in archæology, time will unquestionably bring modifications here and there to his theories. But his work is certain to live. We can never again conceive the history of mediæval art without taking account of the Orient; we can never again ignore the influence of the Migrations. Every student of Romanesque architecture must familiarize himself with the churches of Armenia.

It is a strange fact that the reader lays down this, as also other books of Strzygowski, with a feeling that more is to come. Throughout there are glimpses of vistas only half revealed, hints of ideas running in the author's mind, but not fully disclosed. Even at a second reading, one has the conviction of having only half understood, and this is due not only to the obscure and involved style. Strzygowski's mind is constantly running ahead of the reader and of his own pen. One reads, between the lines of this book, other books taking form. He seems always pressing towards the future. He is at once the most prophetic, the most intuitive, the most inspired and the most baffling of archæologists:



BLAKE IN 1804 JOHN FLAXMAN



BLAKE IN 1820 JOHN LINNELL

WILLIAM BLAKE IN "THE CITY OF ASSASSINATIONS"

By HAROLD BRUCE

OXFORD keeps under glass a lock of Shelley's hair; Harrow marks in its churchyard a spot where Byron sat; by 1918, William Blake's Illustrations to Dante sell for £7,665. It takes a hundred years or so for England to come round to her geniuses, but when she does come round, she makes thorough amends. She usually throws in, too, for good measure, a spiritual reward. Shelley turns into a beautiful, and more and more effectual, angel; Byron into a beautiful, and more and more effectual, rebel. Blake, since profit never ventured upon his threshold, "though every other man's door stone is worn down into the very Earth by the footsteps of the fiends of commerce," since he died so poor that he was buried in a nineteen-shilling grave in Bunhill Fields, a grave used again after fifteen years,

turns now into an artist so ethereal that he grew pale at the sight of money—from horror, not from surprise—into an "undistracted dancer to the eternal rhythm"; into a mystic who entered, some twenty-three years before he died, a mood of "invulnerable serenity."

With the present approach of the centenary of Blake's death the prices of his works go soaring; the conviction of his invulnerability to circumstance grows more consoling. A pious preparation for the festivities of the centenary is to see him as he actually was at a definite time and place.

Let us look at him in the first decade of the nineteenth century, a period which, according to Mr. Foster Damon, his latest and most exhaustive interpreter, marks his entrance "into the raptures of the



PLATE 9: "AMERICA: A PROPHECY"
WILLIAM BLAKE

Unitive Life," and includes the first seven of his years of "invulnerable serenity."

From 1800 to 1803, at Felpham on the Sussex Coast, he had been living in the smothering presence of William Hayley, a pretentious, epitaph-writing, and, worst of all, well-meaning, patron. Hayley had sought to set Blake on his feet financially by making him into a portrait and miniature painter—"but this he nor all the devils in hell will never do"—and for Blake's spontaneous and ambitious plans had shown only "genteel ignorance and polite disapprobation." These plans of Blake were not entirely mystical. In 1803 he wrote to his brother, James, in London: "I am getting beforehand in money matters. The Profits arising from Publica-

tions are immense & I now have it in my power to commence publication with many very formidable works, which I have finish'd & ready. A Book price half a guinea may be got out at the Expense of Ten pounds & its almost certain profits are 500 g.—fear nothing & let my Sister fear nothing, because it appears to me that I am now too old & have had too much experience to be any longer imposed upon."

However it appeared to Blake, the fact was that in 1803 his experience in being imposed upon was only beginning. In that year he fled from Felpham and Hayley to London, believing that there he could "dream dreams," carry on his "visionary studies unannoyed," and make from publications immense profits. In London he met Richard Cromeck, a

EUROPE

a

PROPHECY

LAMBETH

Printed by Will = Blake: 1794

TITLE-PAGE: "EUROPE: A PROPHECY"

WILLIAM BLAKE

Yorkshireman, who was also looking for immense profits. Cromeck purchased from Blake a set of Illustrations to Blair's *Grave* "for the insignificant sum of one guinea each, with the promise, and indeed under the express agreement, that Blake should be employed to engrave them." But once he had the drawings in his possession Cromeck gave the commission for engraving them to Louis Schiavonetti. When they were published only one critic noticed them, and he was on Cromeck's side. Richard Hunt, in *The Examiner*, said that the work "owes its best popularity to the faithful descriptions and manly poetry of Robert Blair and to the unrivalled graver of L. Schiavonetti." Schiavonetti's "tasteful hand" had bestowed an "exterior charm" upon the "bad drawings—the deformity and nonsense," by which Blake had tried "to represent immateriality."

Summing up this affair, Blake, writing of himself in the third person, said that "his competitors—having received fourteen hundred guineas and more from the profits of his designs in that well-known work, Designs for Blair's Grave, have left him to shift for himself—. This has hitherto been his lot—to get patronage for others and then to be left and neglected, and his work, which gained that patronage, cried down as eccentricity and madness—."

Meanwhile, before the commissions had been given to Schiavonetti, Blake had shown Cromeck "designs sketched out for a fresco picture" of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims as the work he intended "to execute next." Cromeck turned, this time, to Thomas Stothard; ordering from him and publishing successfully a large picture of the Pilgrims. Blake, though twice deceived, was not broken-spirited. Stothard, he wrote, "has done all by chance, or perhaps his fortune; money, money—he has jumbled his dumb dollies together and is praised by his equals for it; for both himself and his friend are equally masters of Chaucer's language. They both think that the Wife of Bath is a young, beautiful, blooming damsel—. I have no objection to Rubens and Rembrandt being employed, or even to their living in a palace; but it shall not be at the expense of Raphael and Michael Angelo living in a cottage, and in contempt and derision. I have been scored long enough by these fellows, who owe to me all that they have: it shall be so no longer."

I found them blind, I taught them how to see;
And now they know me not, nor yet themselves.

To make sure that he should be scored no longer, Blake called upon his brother, James, for the use of

several rooms in his house at 28 Broad Street, and organized there in May, 1809, an exhibition of his paintings. "Mr. B.," he wrote, "owes to the public—that he should not—be hindered from the public exhibition of his finished production by any calumnies in future." His *Canterbury Pilgrimage* was exhibited, as were *Pitt Guiding Behemoth*, now in the National Gallery, *Nelson Guiding Leviathan*, now in the Tate Gallery, and thirteen others.

"For the sight" of these pictures, wrote Henry Crabb Robinson in his diary, "a half-crown was demanded of the visitor, for which he had a catalogue—I took four, and giving 10s., bargained that I should be at liberty to go again. 'Free! as long as you live,' said the brother, astonished at such a liberality." These are the only remembered words of "the brother," standing, I suppose, there at the door. William Blake had talked to him of guineas, but he was not unstirred at the sight of shillings.

The catalogue which the visitor had for his half-crown was Blake's now famous *Descriptive Catalogue*. In it he sought to root out "the nest of villains" in *The Examiner*. But they were well entrenched. His were "the ebullitions of a distempered brain," said *The Examiner* on September 17, 1809, and he was "an unfortunate lunatic, whose personal inoffensiveness secures him from confinement—the poor man fancies himself a great master, and has painted a few wretched pictures, some of which are unintelligible allegory, others an attempt at sober character by caricature representation, and the whole 'blotted and blurred,' and very badly drawn. These he calls an Exhibition, of which he has published a Catalogue, or, rather a farrago of nonsense, unintelligibleness and egregious vanity, the wild effusions of a distempered brain—."

This was the only public notice of the exhibition. Crabb Robinson paid his ten shillings and was free to enter as long as he lived; Southey visited the house and called *The Ancient Britons* "one of the worst pictures, which is saying much"; in September the pictures were taken down and 28 Broad Street became again "an ordinary dwelling-house."

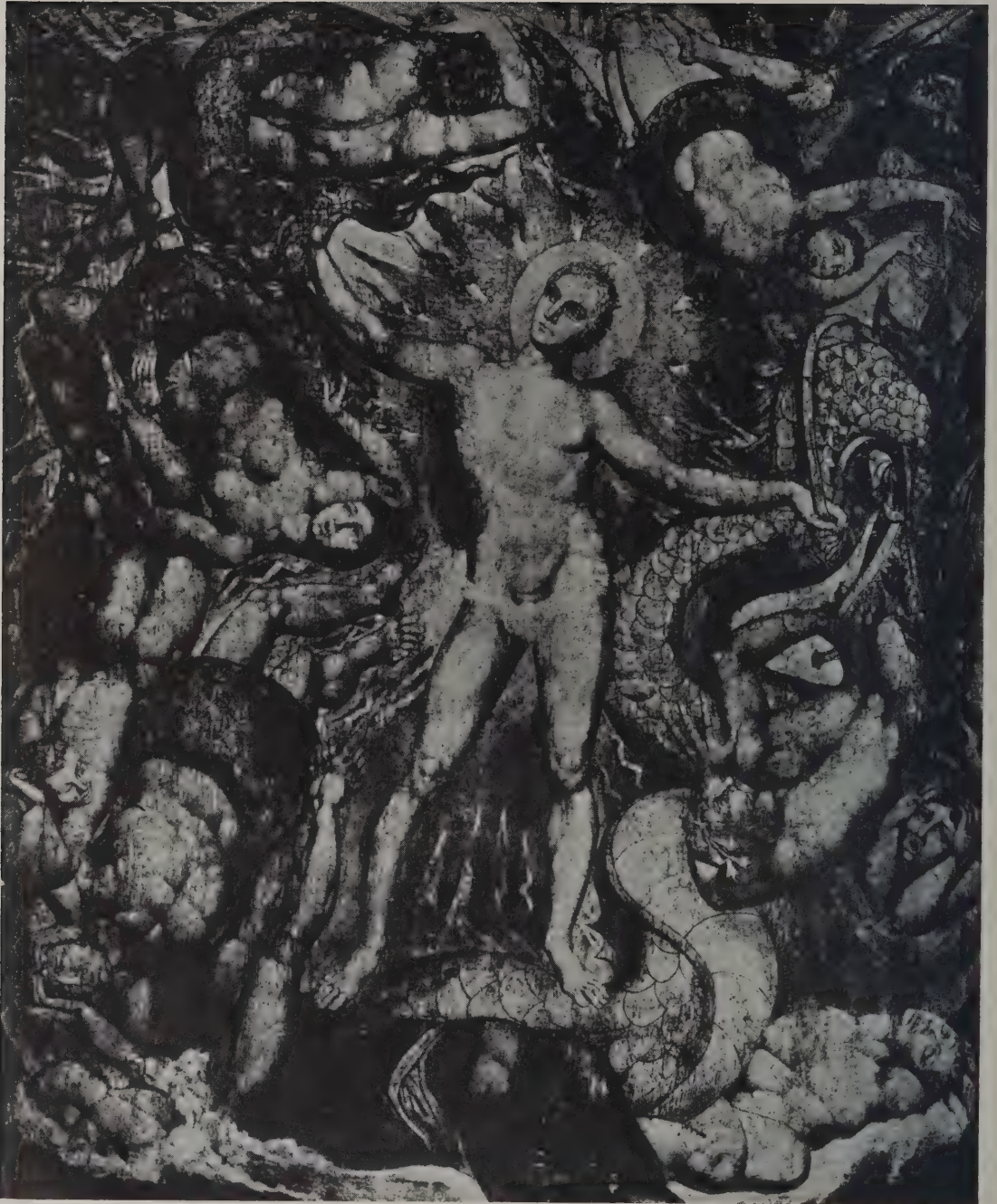
So here was Blake six years older than when he told James he was too old and had had too much experience to be any longer imposed upon. During these six years he had scrawled in his sketch and note book: "Tuesday, Jany. 20, 1807, between Two & seven in the Evening, Despair"; and had found that, in London, "Engravers, painters, statuarys, printers, poets, we are not in a field of battle, but in a city of assassinations."

Into his hands about this time fell *The Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knight*. It had been his



REJECTED DESIGN FOR TITLE-PAGE OF BLAIR'S
"GRAVE"
Pencil Sketch, about 1806

WILLIAM BLAKE
Courtesy of the Grolier Club



THE SPIRITUAL FORM OF NELSON GUIDING LEVIATHAN
Tempera, About 1809
WILLIAM BLAKE
Courtesy of the Grolier Club

habit, as he read, to jot down his thoughts in the margins of books. Now came his chance, by this method, to speak out to Sir Joshua. What Arthur Symonds says of the *Descriptive Catalogue* is true of Blake's comments on Reynolds: "The whole thing is a thinking aloud. As he thinks, his pen follows; he argues with foes actually visible to him; never does he realize the indifferent public that may glance at what he has written." Looking at his marginalia to the *Discourses* in the British Museum is, as it were, looking over his shoulder, reading his uncensored and unidealized thoughts. Reynolds was dead then; Blake is dead now, but in this volume they speak together as they never did in life.

Concerning this dead, Blake was ready to say anything but good. Sir Joshua was a hypocrite, a liar, a "damned fool," a "President of Fools." His eye was "on the Many—or, rather, on the Money." He "was Hired to depress Art," and "wished none but fools to be in the arts."

When Sir Joshua Reynolds died

All Nature was degraded;
The King dropped a Tear into the Queen's Ear;
And all his Pictures Faded.

Sir Joshua's opinions Blake labelled: "A mock," "a lie," "a Manifest Lie," "a Folly," "a pretty foolery," a "Concession to Truth for the sake of Over-setting Truth," "a Fine Jumble," an "Infernal Falsehood," an "Abundance of Stupidity." "Villainy," he wrote, "Supremely Insolent," "False and Self-Contradictory," "Contemptible," "particularly interesting to blockheads," "a Devil of a Rule." If he agreed with a certain point, he commented: "Somebody else wrote this for Reynolds," or: "This is a very Clever Sentence. Who wrote it God knows."

His own fate he saw as a symptom of the state of art in England. He had himself "spent the vigor of [his] youth and genius under the oppression of Sir Joshua and his gang of cunning hired knaves, without employment, and, as much as could possibly be, without bread.—Reynolds and Gainsborough blotted and blurr'd one against the other and divided all the English world between them. Fuseli, indignant, almost hid himself. I am hid." "The Enquiry in England," he went on, "is not whether a Man has Talents and Genius! But whether he is Passive and Politic and a Virtuous Ass and obedient to Noblemen's Opinions in Art and Science. If he is, he is a Good Man: if not, he must be starved." "The Rich Men of England form themselves into a Society to Sell and Not to Buy Pictures."

When Nations grow Old the Arts grow Cold,
And Commerce settles on every Tree—.

On Reynold's remark that "so much has been done by His Majesty," Blake wrote, "3 Farthings." "To give advice to those who are contending for Royal liberality," said Reynolds, "has been for some years the duty of my station in the Academy." "Liberality!" exclaimed Blake. "We want no Liberality. We want a Fair Price, and proportionate value, and a General Demand for Art."

Reynolds, born in the eighteenth century, spoke solemnly in the rostrum manner of his *Discourses*, of the value in education, art, and life of restraint, of imitation, of generalization. Blake, born in the same century, spoke sharply, in the closet manner of his marginalia, on the same subjects. "It is not in Terms," he said, "that Reynolds and I disagree. Two Contrary Opinions can never by any language be made alike."

As to restraint in education, art, and life, he wrote: "Enthusiastic admiration is the first principle of knowledge and its last." "Mere enthusiasm is the all in all!" "He who has nothing to Dissipate Cannot Dissipate. The Weak Man may be Virtuous enough, but will never be an Artist." "Passion and Expression is Beauty Itself. The Face that is Incapable of Passion and Expression is deformity Itself. Let it be Painted and Patched and Praised and Advertised for Ever; it will only be admired by Fools." "Violent Passions emit the Real Good and Perfect Tones."

Reynolds's advocacy of imitation as an essential part of artistic training meant, to Blake, that "any man of a plain understanding can, by thieving from others, become a Michael Angelo." "After having been a Fool," he writes, "a Student is to amass a Stock of Ideas, and knowing himself to be a Fool, he is to assume the Right to put other Men's Ideas into his Foolery." "Instead of Following One Great Master, he is to follow a Great Many Fools." For himself, Blake said: "I do not believe that Rafael taught Mich. Angelo, or that Mich. Angelo taught Rafael, any more than I believe that the Rose teaches the Lily how to grow, or the Apple teaches the Pear tree how to bear Fruit." "How ridiculous it would be to see the Sheep Endeavor to walk like the Dog, or the Ox striving to trot like the Horse—just as Ridiculous it is to see one Man Striving to Imitate another."

On the subject of generalization, so dear to Reynolds's heart, so important to his philosophy, Blake had no reserves. "To generalize is to be an Idiot. To Particularize is the Alone Distinction of Merit."

"General Principles again! Unless you consult Particulars you cannot even know or see Michael Angelo or Rafael or anything else." "What is general nature? Is there such a thing? What is general knowledge? Is there such a thing? Strictly speaking, all knowledge is particular." "Singular and particular detail is the foundation of the sublime." "All Sublimity is founded on Minute Discrimination." "Grandeur of ideas is founded on precision of ideas." "Sacrifice the Parts; what becomes of the Whole?" "A History-Painter Paints the Hero, and not Man in general, but most minutely in Particular." "One Species of General Hue over all is the Cursed Thing called Harmony. It is like the Smile of a Fool."

In his opinion of individual artists, Blake was as far from Reynolds as in his opinion of restraint, imitation and generalization. "I am happy," he wrote, "that I cannot say that Rafael ever was from my Earliest Childhood hidden from me. I saw, and I knew immediately the difference between Rafael and Rubens."

"To my eye Rubens's coloring is most Contemptible. The shadows are of a Filthy Brown, somewhat of the Color of Excrement. These are filled with tints of yellow and red. His lights are all the colors of the Rainbow laid on Indiscriminately, and broken into one another." "Shade is always cold, and never, as in Rubens and the colorists, hot, and Yellowy Brown." "Rubens and the Venetians are Opposite in everything to Fine Art, and they Meant to be so."

"Why," asked Blake, "should Titian and the Venetians be found in a Discourse on Art? Such Idiots are not artists."

Venetian, all thy Coloring is no more
Than Bolstered Plasters on a Crooked Whore.

"Venetian attention," he writes, "is to a Contempt and Neglect of Form Itself, and to the Destruction of all Form or Outline, Purposely and Intentionally."

A pair of stays to mend the shape
Of Crooked, Humpy Woman;
Put on, O Venus! Now thou art
Quite a Venetian Roman.

"What does this mean?" he asked Reynolds concerning Dürer. "'Would have been one of the first painters of his age!' Albert Dürer is! Not *would have been*. Besides, let them look at . . . Gothic Buildings, and not talk of Dark Ages."

"Original and characteristic," he told Reynolds, "are the Two Grand Merits of the Great Style.

Why should the words be applied to such a Wretch as Salvator Rosa? Salvator Rosa is precisely what he Pretended to be. His Pictures are high labored Pretensions to Expeditious Workmanship. He was the Quack Doctor of Painting."

Behind all these individual differences, behind all the "indignation and resentment" which, Blake said, readers must expect to find in his remarks to Reynolds, lay a fundamental issue, which was the lifelong battle line between Blake and his time. The issue was between Reason and Imagination. Reynolds held that, "In the midst of the highest flights of the fancy or imagination, reason ought to preside." Blake replied: "If this is True it is a devilish Foolish Thing to be an Artist." "What has reasoning to do with the art of Painting?"

Blake realized that his words to Reynolds were a skirmish in a lifelong battle. Reynolds, he said, "has grounded many of his assertions, in all his *Discourses*," on Burke's *Inquiry Into the Sublime and Beautiful*. "Burke's treatise—is founded on the opinions of Newton and Locke—I read Burke's Treatise when very young. At the same time I read Locke on the *Human Understanding*, and Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*. On every one of these Books I wrote my opinion, and, on looking them over, find that my notes on Reynolds in this book are exactly similar. I felt the same Contempt and Abhorrence then that I do now." "The great Bacon he is called—I call him the little Bacon—says that everything must be done by experiment. His first principle is unbelief—" "Bacon's Philosophy makes both Statesmen and Artists Fools and Knaves." "Bacon's Philosophy has Destroy'd true Art and Science." "Bacon's Philosophy has ruined England."

"God forbid that Truth should be Confined to Mathematical Demonstration. He who does not know Truth at sight is unworthy of Her Notice." "Reason—or a ratio of all we have known—is not the same it shall be when we know more."

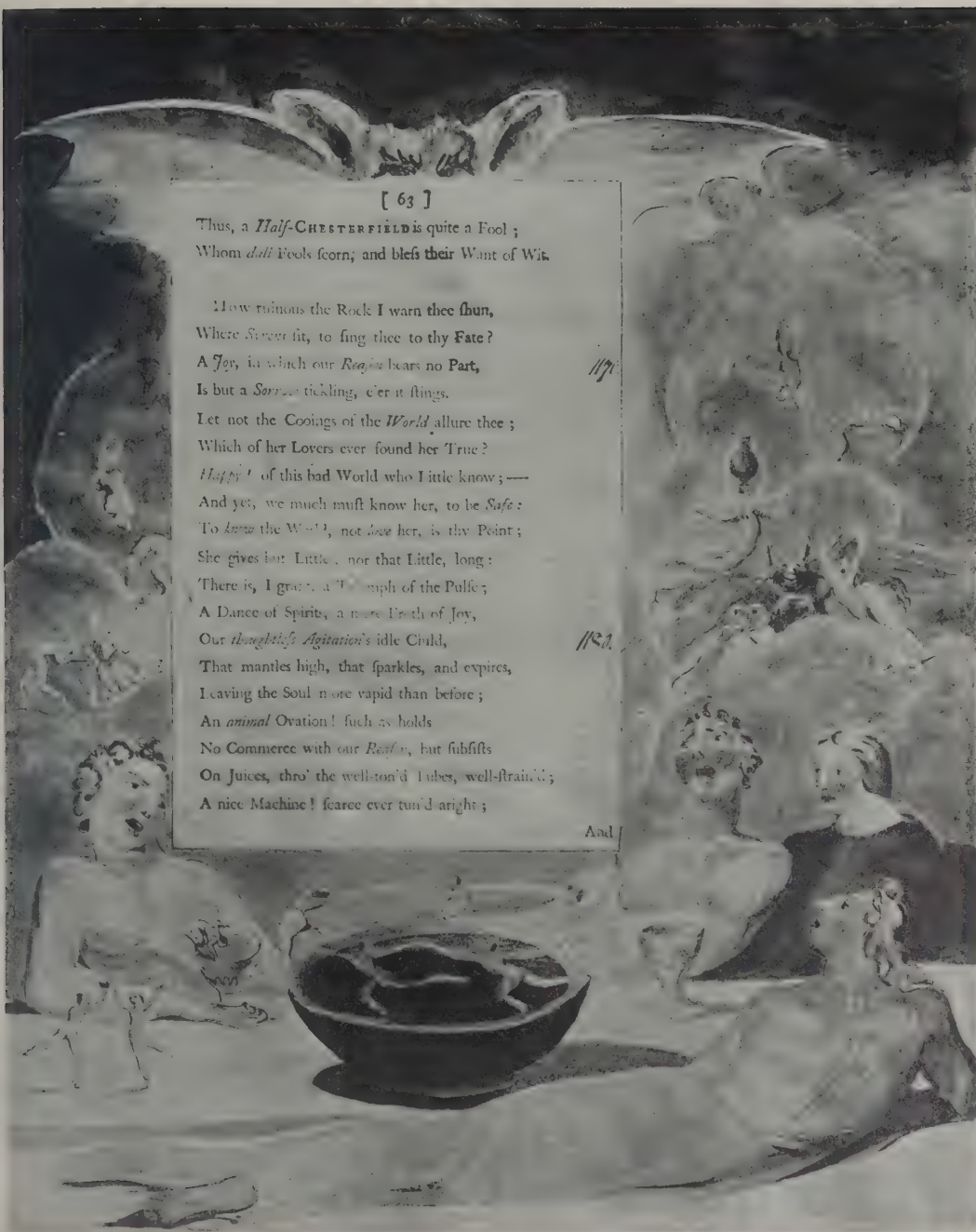
"They mock," he said of Bacon, Newton, Locke, Burke, and Reynolds, "Inspiration and Vision. Inspiration and Vision was then, and now is, and I hope will always remain, my Element, my Eternal Dwelling-place. How can I, then, hear it condemned without returning Scorn for Scorn?" "The man who on examining his own mind finds nothing of inspiration ought not to dare to be an artist.—The man who never in his mind and thoughts traveled to heaven is no artist." "Reynolds thinks that Man Learns all that he knows. I say on the Contrary, that Man Brings All that he has or Can have Into the World with him." "Man is Born like a Garden ready Planted and Sown. This World is

[63]

Thus, a *Half-Chesterfield* is quite a Fool ;
Whom *dull* Fools scorn; and bless their Want of Wit.

How ruinous the Rock I warn thee shun,
Where Street lit, to sing thee to thy Fate ?
A *Joy*, in which our *Reason* bears no Part,
Is but a *Sorrow* tickling, e'er it stings.
Let not the Coolings of the *World* allure thee ;
Which of her Lovers ever found her True ?
Happy ! of this bad World who little know ; —
And yet, we much must know her, to be *Safe* :
To *know* the *World*, not *love* her, is thy Point ;
She gives but Little, nor that Little, long :
There is, I grant, a Triumph of the Pulse ;
A Dance of Spirits, a mere Breath of Joy,
Our *thoughtless Agitation's* idle Child,
That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,
Leaving the Soul more vapid than before ;
An *animal* Ovation ! such as holds
No Commerce with our *Reason*, but subsists
On Juices, thro' the well-ton'd Tubes, well-strain'd ;
A nice Machine ! scarce ever tun'd aright ;

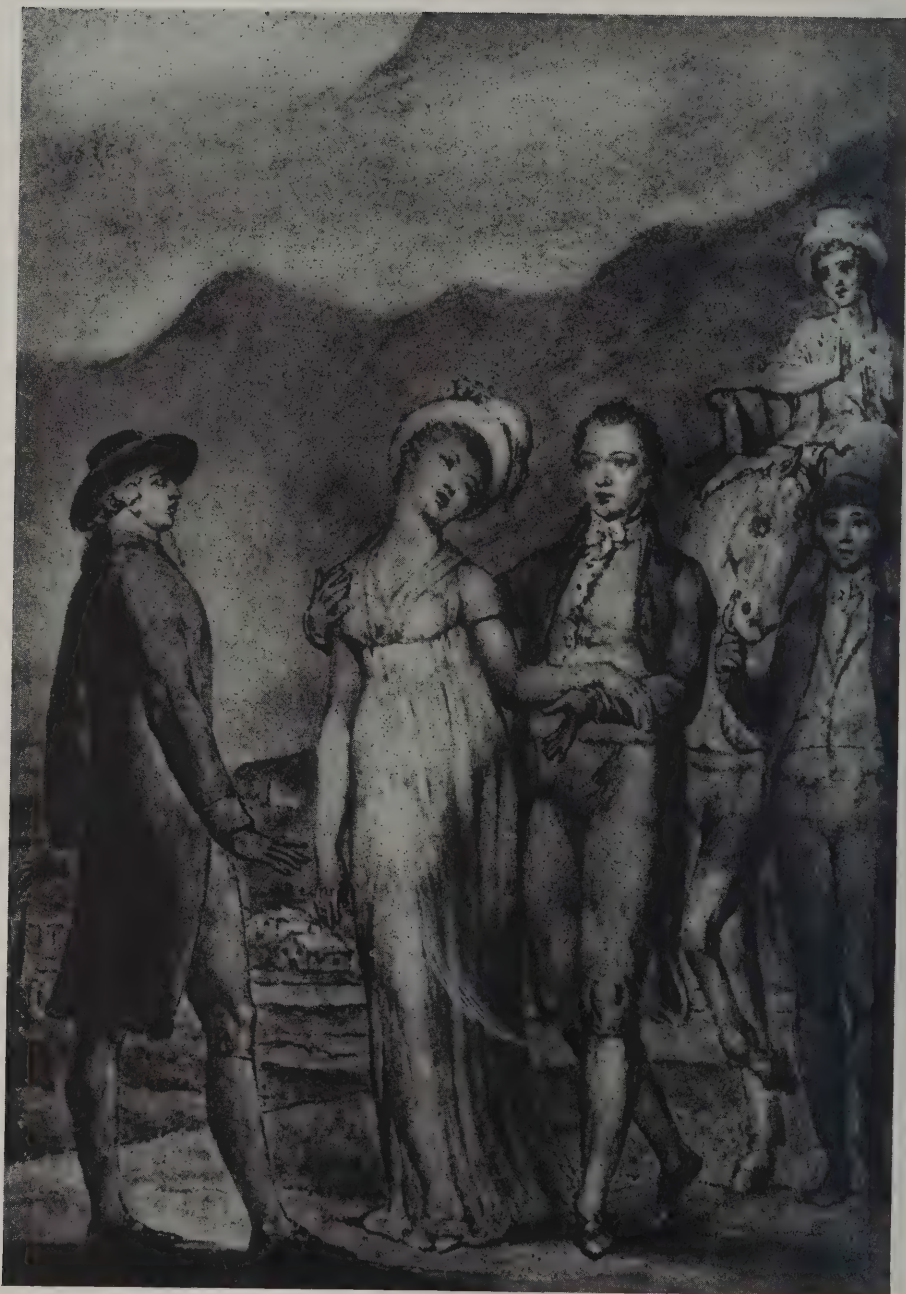
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A PAGE FROM YOUNG'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS"

Courtesy of William A. White

WILLIAM BLAKE

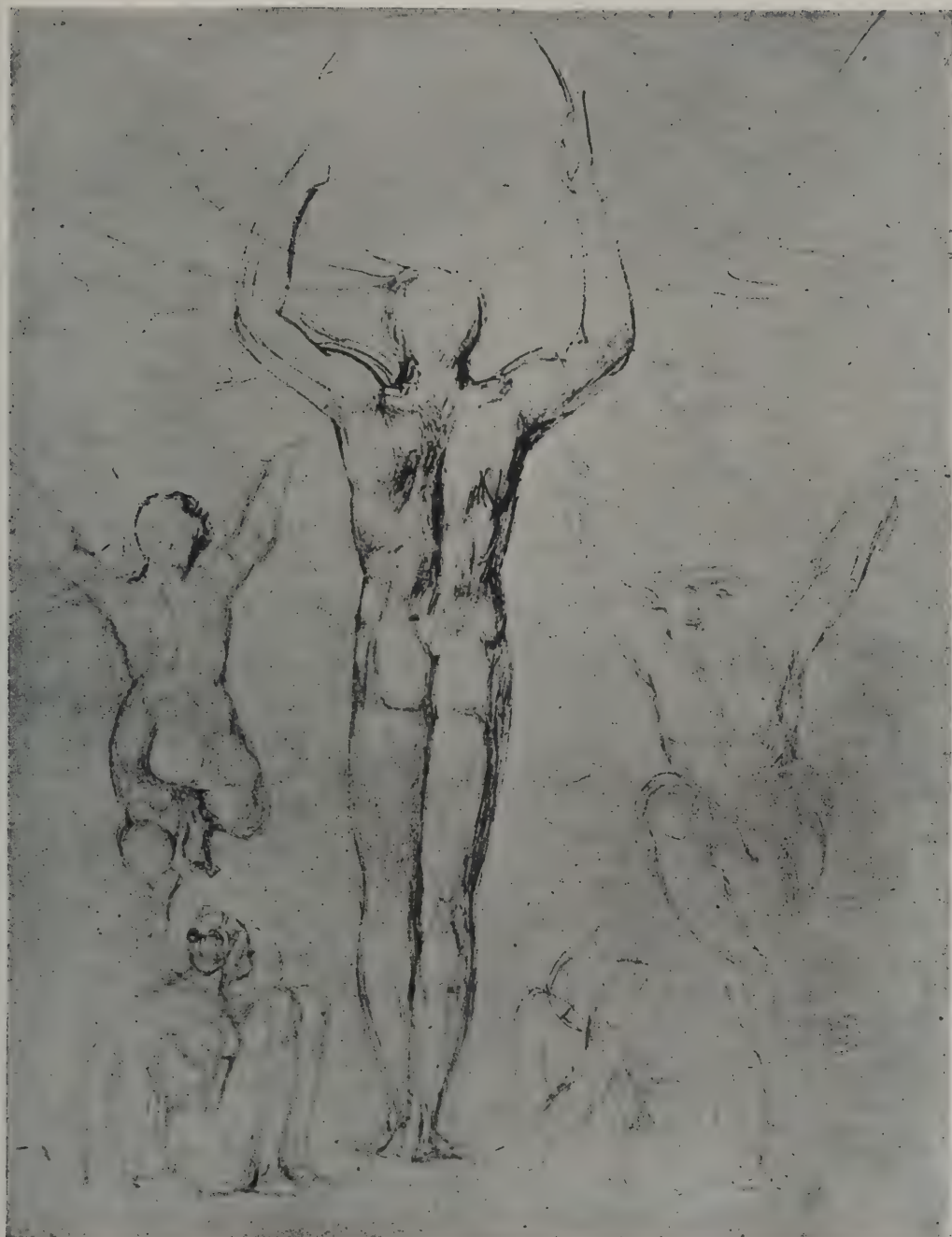


UNPUBLISHED BOOK ILLUSTRATION

Sepia, date unknown

Courtesy of the Grolier Club

WILLIAM BLAKE



"THE FOUR ZOAS": PAGE 326
Courtesy of the Grolier Club

WILLIAM BLAKE

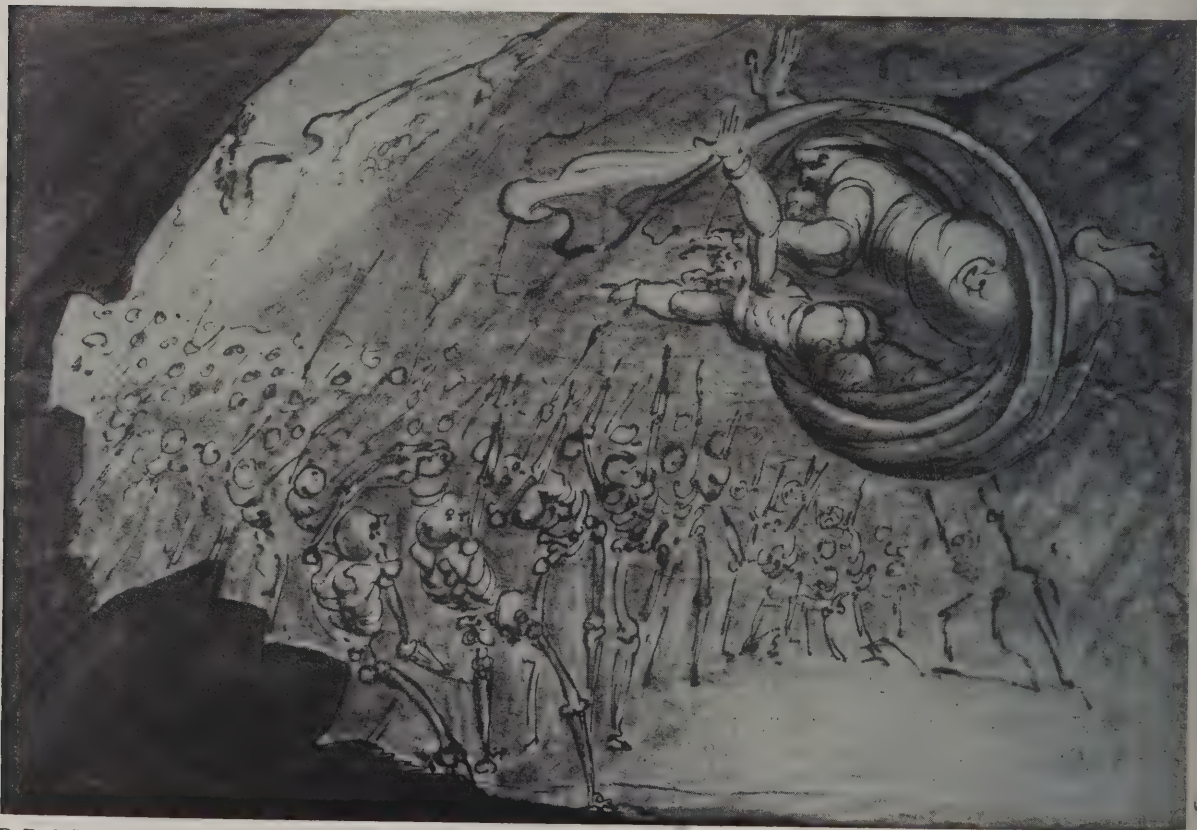
too poor to produce one Seed.—I always thought that the Human Mind is the most Prolific of all Things, and Inexhaustible." "Knowledge of ideal beauty is not to be acquired. It is born with us." "If art was Progressive, we should have had Mich. Angelos and Rafiels to Succeed and to Improve upon each other. But it is not so. Genius dies with its Possessor, and comes not again until another is born with it."

Inspiration and vision are one thing, not two. They are Blake's "element." Of them, he said to Reynolds: "The Ancients did not mean to Impose when they affirmed their belief in Vision and Revelation. Plato was in earnest. Milton was in earnest. They believed that God did visit Man Really and Truly." "All forms are perfect in the poet's mind, but they are not abstracted or compounded from nature, but are from imagination." "Vision is determinate and perfect."

No one who has thus looked over William Blake's shoulder as he turns the pages of Sir Joshua's *Discourses* can deny that he believed himself one of the possessors of genius, of a genius which would die

with him and come not again until another was born with it. He believed this proudly and simply. If he speaks of determinate and perfect vision, of Raphael and Michael Angelo living neglected in a cottage, he speaks of himself. If he comes upon Reynolds's passing reference to men who are "thus bound down by the almost invincible powers of early habit," he flashes out: "He who can be bound down is no Genius. Genius cannot be Bound. It may be Rendered Indignant or Outrageous." He is thinking of himself.

Idealists who present him as an ethereal scorner of money, as an undistracted dancer to the eternal rhythm, as a mystic whose soul was invulnerably serene, are right. Genius cannot be bound. What they forget, what it is consoling to forget, is Blake's next sentence. "Genius may be rendered indignant, outrageous. It is an act of piety for a realist to remember, even on the festive threshold of a centenary, Blake's despair in a January evening of 1807, his indignation at Hayley and Cromek and Stothard and the city of assassinations and the little Bacon and the great Sir Joshua.



DRAWING

Courtesy of William A. White

WILLIAM BLAKE

NOTES ON AN EXHIBITION OF GREEK ART

By CHARLES SHEELER

The current exhibition of Greek Sculpture at the Whitney Studio Galleries has been assembled by Marius de Zayas. Attributions and dates of the accompanying illustrations, published by courtesy of the Whitney Studio, were made by Madame Morand-Verel of the Museum of the Louvre.

I do not give the name of Art to a practice without a reason.—PLATO, Gorgias.

THE exhibition of Greek Art on view at the Whitney Studio Galleries gives an excellent opportunity to study the transition from the largely emotional approach of the artists of the Sixth Century B. C., as exemplified in the head of a Core (No. 1), to the finely adjusted balance of emotion and intellect in the works of the Fourth Century B. C., as the figure of Aphrodite bears witness.

It is of further interest to examine the evidence, as it is beautifully demonstrated in the Aphrodite, that as great purity of plastic expression may be achieved through the medium of objective forms as has been thought to be only obtainable by some of our present day artists, by means of a purely abstract presentation of forms.

The study of abstract problems by pure reason had its origin with the Greeks. Pure speculation in philosophy, as well as in Art, began with them. While developing the mind they also developed the body of man to a high degree of physical perfection. A perfect balance was maintained between the mind and nature, and the means of realizing both of these elements in a single entity was called Art. The Greek miracle was accomplished by the perfect adjustment of concrete form to abstract thought.

In Greek sculpture geometry was the science of form. The knowledge of form was gained and verified by exact observation and correct thinking. Quite different from the geometric art of primitive man, who only conceived form in the imaginary terms of lines and combinations of lines with which he constructs imaginary images addressing themselves to pure feeling, the Art of the Greeks addresses itself to the intelligence as well as to the emotions.

It has been demonstrated convincingly that the Greeks evolved a geometric system of measurements for determining the desired proportions and the relation of the parts to the whole in their sculptures depicting the human figure. The units of measurement varied with the individual work, thereby

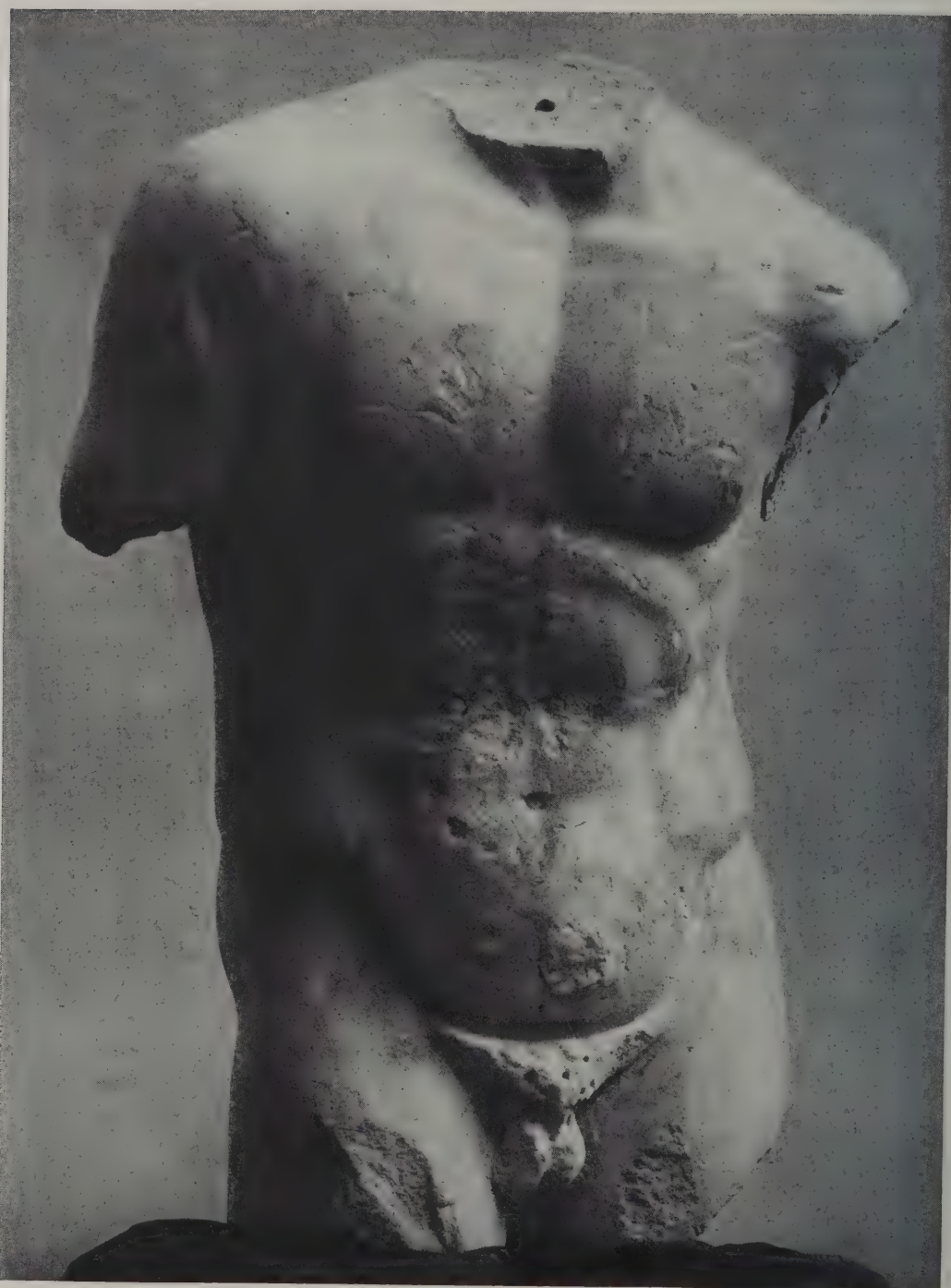
avoiding the standardization of their Art. It is interesting to note that these geometrical measurements for determining proportions and rhythms are not applicable to Roman copies of Greek sculpture.

This geometric basis was the internal structure, skilfully concealed, around which was built the objective aspect of nature with all of its sensorial attributes. In our day the attempt to establish this geometric structure at times results in erecting a barrier between the observer and a direct contact and reaction to the combinations of objective forms.

The profound understanding of the harmony of rhythms and proportions enabled the Greek to create sculptures of the smallest dimensions which have the grandeur and scale of works of heroic proportions, as the small Aphrodite (No. 5) and the caryatid (No. 16) well illustrate. So perfectly do the rhythms function, that even in a fragment like the section of a figure (No. 6), the life of the complete conception is not abated.

In the large Aphrodite (No. 2), it is interesting to observe that the leg supporting the weight of the body, as well as the one in advance, is flexed, giving a beautiful sense of a progression of movement which projects our interest into the future.

Parallel to the intellectual and precise art of the great artists there was in Greece, at all times, an art of pure inspiration which filled a public necessity. It evolved from the fetish to the votive offering and the illustration of life and its caricature. This art frequently offered to the artists who worked in bronze and marble an example, but more often followed the types conceived by the greater artists. It kept its own identity, always evolving but keeping in each period of Greek life a definite character. The great art of sculpture was made of precious materials worthy of the gods to whom it was dedicated. The popular art of the humble koroplasts was made of earth for humans, and if the greater art reveals to us the high mentality of the Greek artist, the figurines reproduce with intensity the dominant characteristics of the contemporary aesthetics.



TORSO OF A MAN—PROBABLY HERAKLES
IV Century B. C.

GREEK MARBLE



APHRODITE
Second half or end of IV Century B. C.

PENTELIC MARBLE



STATUETTE OF APHRODITE
End of IV Century B. C. GREEK MARBLE



FRAGMENT OF A STATUE OF A WOMAN
IV Century B. C. GREEK MARBLE



STANDING CORE
End of V Century B. C.

Terra Cotta



LE MOULIN ROUGE
Courtesy of Paul Rosenberg & Co., Inc.

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS

By H. E. SCHNAKENBERG

NEVER in New York before this remarkable exhibition at Wildenstein's, and on but few occasions in Paris, has there been such an opportunity to fully realize the glittering genius of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. And as each year passes the possibility of another gathering of works so important becomes less and less; for soon the museums will be hearing about Toulouse-Lautrec and taking him up in a really serious way.

To see this magnificent group of paintings is to be transported back, by the magic of art, to the scenes and characters in a *Comédie Humaine* of Paris in the Nineties. It is a little world that the genius of the artist has recreated for future generations. How vividly do we still sense the tawdry but very real gaiety of these *cafés concerts* of Montmartre, these dance halls, circuses and theatres that he knew so thoroughly and loved so well. And in

this little world of years ago still live, with undiminished reality, such animated figures as "La Goulue," Marcelle Lender, the dancer Jane Avril and the double-jointed Valentin of the Moulin Rouge. A fleeting gesture or a passing mood is made to live eternally, yet we have the feeling that all might be changed if we could catch these fascinating characters of a painted world off their guard.

In the work of Toulouse-Lautrec the direct expression of life, in its myriad forms, is inseparable from the expression of life in terms of art. The technical means are so perfectly in accord with the content that one finds one's self overlooking for a time the marvelous degree of accomplishment. For

Toulouse-Lautrec was an artist of tremendous facility—a facility never for an instant used for its own sake. It was this sure mastery of means that made possible the recording of his intense reactions to the people and places about him.

At Wildenstein's we will find the great *Au Moulin Rouge* in which a group of the habitués, old friends from other pictures, are seated at a small table while, in the background, Lautrec himself wanders aimlessly with his tall English friend, and "La Goulue" rearranges her famous top-knot. It is a thrilling canvas, designed with instinct as faultless as the Japanese, but with far greater richness. What figure ever had more the element of surprise than the intriguing girl with the orange red hair,



MOULIN DE LA GALETTE
Courtesy of Paul Rosenberg & Co., Inc.

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC



MARCELLE LENDER
HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC
Courtesy of Paul Rosenberg & Co., Inc.



LA CLOWNESSE HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC
Courtesy of Paul Rosenberg & Co., Inc.

who wears that dashing fur-edged cape and the ridiculous little black hat?

We may see again one of the balls at the Moulin de la Galette, another of the famous haunts on the heights of Montmartre. By means of a painting, wonderful in pattern, we may attend the Cirque Fernando, where a lady rides her broad-backed horse to the crack of the ringmaster's long whip. And we may enjoy a scene from the opera *Messalina* at Bordeaux with all its pompous theatricality.

Although Toulouse-Lautrec chose for the exercise of his genius a sphere of life which is commonly supposed to be glamorous, this quality did not interest him. The reality beneath this sham glamour he portrayed so searchingly that at times one almost shrinks from the cruelty of the revelation. He brazenly strips off the tinsel from these dwellers in the middle world of Paris and exposes them in all their pettiness, degeneracy and sordidness, but here

and there one senses that, in spite of everything, the world in which Toulouse-Lautrec found refuge, was more human than the one from which he had fled.

[A special number, devoted to Toulouse-Lautrec, was published by THE ARTS, September, 1923.]

C. K. Chatterton

Also being shown at Wildenstein's are lively renderings by C. K. Chatterton of the scenes of the smaller cities along the Hudson River. *Golden Days*, great trees beneath which children play in the sun-flecked street, *First Snow* with the character of the row of little frame houses, so surely depicted, and *Impending Storm* seem among the best.

French Decorations

In still another room are French decorative paintings of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By the rare Watteau is a series of three beautiful



CLINTON SQUARE, NEWBURGH
Courtesy of Wildenstein & Co.

C. K. CHATTERTON

panels and by Fragonard a charming Hiver, which was formerly in the French Embassy at Vienna.

Eugene Speicher

So seldom is the quality of grandeur present in any degree in the work of a modern American that one welcomed with whole-hearted enthusiasm the Eugene Speicher exhibition at the Rehn Gallery. The intangible qualities that we call dignity, aloofness, serenity—all have little place in contemporary art. Everywhere are records of personal reactions of the minute and, when anything approaching grandeur is attempted, bombast is too often the unhappy result.

In the best of the figure paintings by Mr. Speicher is much of the aloof dignity that has disappeared from the present-day world of feverish activities, a dignity tinged with condescension. It allows one to look and admire, makes no concessions, and cares little whether the spectator has the key of understanding.

The portrait of Mlle. Jeanne Balzac, the Plum Colored Jacket, the similar Girl's Head, and particularly the impressive Nude with the white lace scarf falling from the head over the beautifully painted body, are among the best pictures shown. A thrilling smaller canvas is the South Slav, a temperamental young thing in a pink dress. The note of the blue of some turquoise beads at her throat is telling.

There are also landscapes and a few still-lives. In the small landscape, called Mink Hollow, the ever changing forms and colors of the rolling land are definitely realized. The canvases of flowers, mostly tulips, place Mr. Speicher in the forefront of living flower painters. There is nothing of the prettiness of the usual here. They are sturdily seen and sturdily carried to a conclusion. They convince us of the artist's thorough comprehension of their simple arrangements of forms.

Paul Manship

A comparison of the small bronzes of Diana and of Actaeon by Paul Manship in his exhibition at Scott and Fowles with the enlargements, heroic in size, is instructive and reveals the strength and weaknesses of this talented sculptor. The smaller groups are well within the scale wherein the surface beauty of the material and the delight in the masterly workmanship may play their parts in the decorative charm. They are clearly derivative in style from several sources—from the Indian and from the Archaic Greek most conspicuously. To accept

Manship is to accept his obvious borrowings from sources, the enumeration of which would have a tendency to become an outline of the history of sculpture.

The larger versions in tinted plaster immediately make it evident that when Mr. Manship does not exercise his gifts within their well-defined limits he courts disaster. The plaster groups are merely unnecessary enlargements, and have no conception of the fuller sculptural qualities required by the greater scale.

The successes of Manship's present exhibition, the first he has had after several years' absence abroad, are the smaller figures, such as the compact little bronze of Europa and the Bull, the Adam and the Eve and the head of a man with a beard. The sundial, with its intricate tracery of surface decoration, is another example in which Manship's true instinct for detail achieves an undoubted success.

In his portraits, Manship obviously begs comparison with the great heads of the Italian Renaissance, suggesting also stray thoughts of the Chinese and of the Greek, and in this comparison he is rather a distant second. The general effect of his portraits is labored because they are not strong enough structurally to carry the mass of detail lavished upon them.

Max Weber

Few of our painters can approach the highly sensitive feeling for the nuances of reserved color found in the new canvases by Max Weber at J. B. Neumann's Print Room. He takes infinite delight in the gradations of the cool grays in such still lifes as the Pamphlet or the Melon—grays which are relieved here and there with notes of more brilliant yellows and greens. He delights, too, in the richer, warmer tones of Strewn Apples or in the radiant colors of Dahlias and Zinnias.

The figure paintings are all of the kind we have come to expect from Mr. Weber. In these he has used the human body as an element in the design with little or no emphasis on individual characteristics. The canvases are handsomely built, but the type of the stolid, static female, grayish in color as a rule, has become somewhat monotonous through too frequent repetition.

In his landscapes, Weber has returned to a direct observation of nature. They have variety of form, the freshness of reality that we miss so in the figure compositions. Among the landscapes the Lake, and the Forest, with its full, living greens, are especially fine.



THE PARK: 86TH STREET AND EAST RIVER

Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar Galleries

MAURICE PRENDERGAST

Maurice Prendergast

Maurice Prendergast was one of those artists whose extremely sensitive work always suffers when hung with other paintings. Even in the Memorial Exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries, in which are fifty or more of Prendergast's own oils and water colors, it was difficult to realize the special qualities of the individual examples. To appreciate them in full they should be seen in small groups or alone.

The exhibition is retrospective, dating from the early water colors of Venice and a few early flower studies and including the successive stages of the artist's development toward the final personal expression of his later years. More and more the color exists as a thing in itself; forms become less defined; the distance is less emphasized; and, in the later canvases, a beautiful weaving of color and pattern is the result.

To look for fullness of form in these paintings is to miss much of their great charm; for form, as it is usually understood, is a quality that did not enter into Prendergast's conception of his art. His

was one of those rare talents whose material expression must be judged only by the rules it sets for itself.

George Bellows

Ten of the last paintings that George Bellows finished before his lamented death were recently shown, under the direction of Mrs. Marie Sterner, in the gallery of Durand-Ruel. This exhibition had been, for some time, a fondly cherished dream of the artist's. He had planned it carefully and selected what was to be shown. When the reality came, it came not as an illustration of one more step in his triumphant career, but after its premature culmination.

The power of Bellows' personality is too vividly clear in these ten canvases for us to think of this as a memorial show. For the work of a man like Bellows is so much an integral part of his life that the break which is death means only the passing of a part of the whole man.

The immediate feeling one gets from the paint-

ings is one of great strength—strength of the clear vision of one who loved the drama of life in all its phases and had the sure ability to realize his vision.

The exhibition includes the Firpo-Dempsey Fight. The smashing gusto of that famous blow of Firpo's which sent Dempsey sprawling into the laps of those by the ringside, is vividly explicit. The dazzling, smoke-laden air in ringside seats is finely rendered and the swarming crowd of a summer afternoon on the river-front.

Of another and more delicate genre are the quaint Lady Jean in her old-time silks and the portrait of the woman wearing a dress of intricate patterning of black and white, which is beautifully painted.

The Picnic, owned by Adolph Lewisohn, is a thrilling landscape with a wide expanse of sky filled with wind-swept clouds.

At the Brooklyn Museum

The National Society of Mural Painters has been holding a large exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum that vies, in size and variety, with the exhibitions of the Architectural League. It includes a series of

four handsome cartoons, by Puvis de Chavannes, for his decorations of the dome of the Pantheon. Puvis was not the greatest decorator of all times, but the rest of the artists showing suffer disastrously in the inevitable comparison that one makes. Even the cartoons by Besnard, an artist of much smaller stature than Puvis, indicate that the French have a flair for decoration on a large scale that Americans do not possess. With us the idea seems to be that mere size makes a mural decoration, with the result that something which might satisfy as a poster or an illustration, finds itself forced to account for a surface, let us say, twenty-five feet long by fifteen high.

Infinitely more successful than the big, empty murals is the elaborate architectural ornament for the dome of the National Academy of Science Building in Washington, by Hildreth Meire, and the delightful panels by Putnam Brinley.

A small model indicates the entertaining idea of Gardner Hale for making a basement café look like a roof garden simply by the device of painted wall panels of tall city buildings seen in sharp perspective from above.



THE BRIDGE, VENICE
Courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar Galleries

MAURICE PRENDERGAST



THE PICNIC

Collection of Adolph Lewisohn, Esq.

GEORGE BELLOW S

Courtesy of Mrs. Marie Sterner

For me the one note of reality in the whole exhibition was struck by a small group of pencil drawings by Frank Schwarz. There is more sense of beauty and of grandeur in his simple little *Boy Praying* than in practically all the rest of works shown.

Alfred Q. Collins

In another room at the Brooklyn Museum is a group of portraits by that extremely personal American painter, Alfred Q. Collins, whose work, on account of its reticence and its exceeding honesty, has never met with the appreciation it so certainly deserves. It offers none of the obvious bids for popularity that win the easy acclaim of the many, but throughout asserts the artistic integrity of this neglected painter.

Among the portraits in the group is that of the dignified Dr. William H. Draper, the more sketchy head of John Jay; the beautiful one of the artist's wife from the Metropolitan Museum, and the Joe Evans, which belongs to the Art Students' League.

A number of flashy canvases by the Spaniard, Anglada, are in still another gallery of the Museum.

John Sloan

At the Kraushaar Galleries, during the first part of February, were shown a number of paintings by John Sloan, which included examples of the different periods of his work. Mr. Sloan has been ever on the alert to interpret the constantly changing scenes of the life about him, whether it be the life of New Mexico or that of New York. His awareness of the fullness of color has developed from such an early canvas as the *Look of a Woman* to the *Berthe in Pink*.

I had an opportunity to see again the *Three A. M.* with the fine figure of the woman in white cooking her late meal, and some of the earlier portraits and the *Chinese Restaurant*.

Of the more recent paintings, the small landscape, *Looking West down Santa Fé Canyon*, depicting rolling hills dotted with scrub trees, is particularly successful. All the busy colorfulness of a typical city fête day is in the *Italian Procession* while, in *Water and Light, Santa Fé*, Mr. Sloan has developed finely one of his most telling themes. It represents a group of boys bathing in the sprays of a



CARTOON FOR THE DOME OF THE PANTHEON

*In the Exhibition of the National Society
of Mural Painters, at the Brooklyn Museum*

PUVION DE CHAVANNES

public bath beneath the brilliance of a Western sky. Moreover, it is a decoration of stunning design, one of the most completely accomplished canvases that Sloan has ever done.

Andrew Dasburg

In the February exhibition at the Whitney Studio Club and for the several recent years, the work of Andrew Dasburg has evidenced an ever developing point of view. There are still insistent bits of Cézanne, of Renoir and of Picasso, but the work as a whole, is well under control. The fusing of differing styles is about complete. New Mexico, where man and nature have united to make of the landscape a vision to delight the artist inclined to abstraction in art, has probably been the reason. There the values are sharply defined and brilliantly contrasted by the blaze of the sun; the forms seem

to have a much greater intensity of existence in that clear air than elsewhere.

The majority of Dasburg's paintings in this exhibition are variations on the theme of the New Mexico that he knows so well how to interpret—with its block-like adobe houses and pueblos, with its mesas and its undulating, patterned fields. The exceptions are two handsome still-lives of flowers, the rather mannered portrait of Alfred and a delightfully lively and unexpected little sketch of Matunuck Beach, in which the rows of white breakers make an exciting pattern as they roll toward the sands. For once Dasburg gives no sign that he knows exactly how things are done.

Katherine Schmidt

In the second room of the Whitney Studio Club are shown recent canvases by Katherine Schmidt.



W O M A N
Courtesy of Whitney Studio Club

KATHERINE SCHMIDT

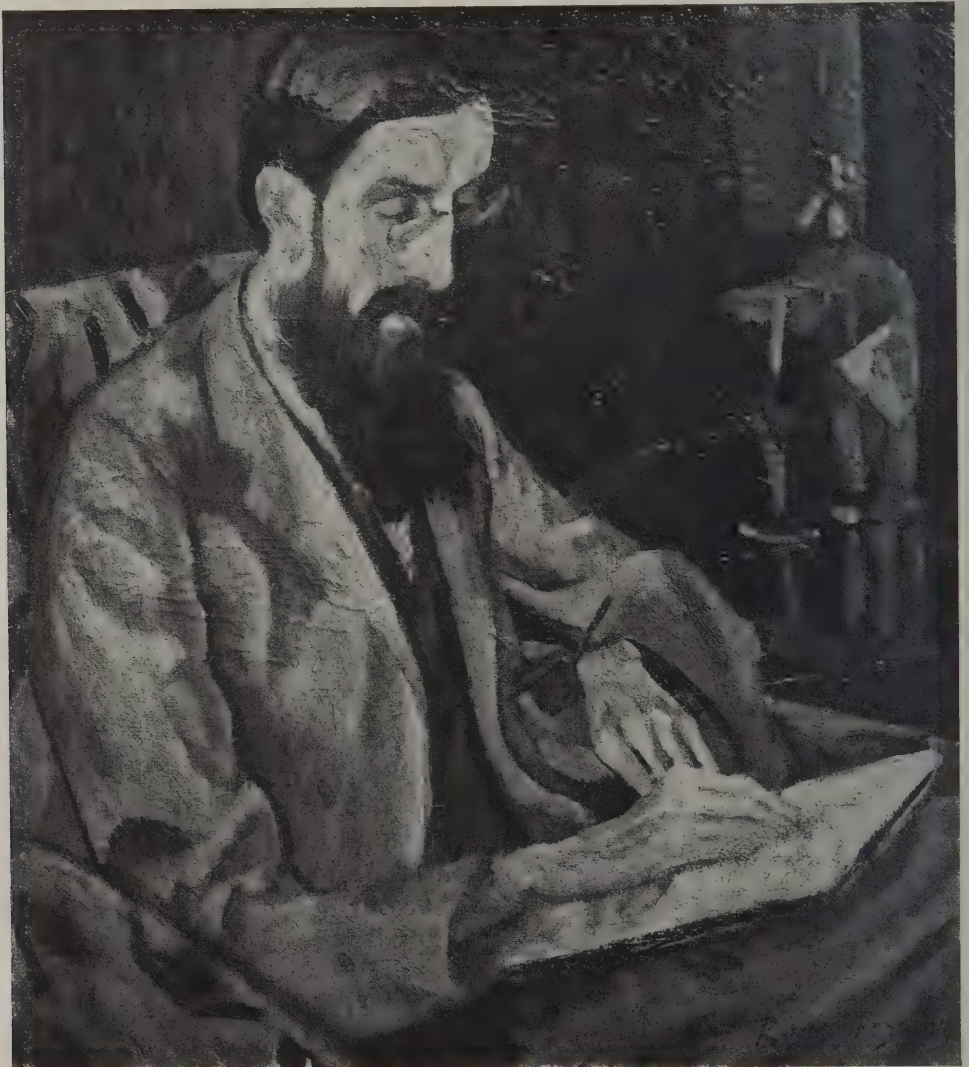
Instinctively, one separates them into two groups, the beautiful bunches of flowers, or of leaves in a vase, in which each flow of line and each delicate modulation of color and tone has been dwelt upon with loving insight, and, on the other hand, the paintings in which the figures of women have their being chiefly to carry out some preconception of pattern or gesture. Each arrangement undoubtedly is satisfying rhythm, but I do not feel that the special women chosen are very happy in the scheme of things imposed upon them by the concept of the artist. They need either more or less reality. If they had more I could believe in the psychology dictating their individual actions—if less, they

would adapt themselves, as in primitive art, to any pattern, no matter how arbitrary.

In such paintings as the bowl of daisies against a brilliant red background, the simple bunch of milkweed in a jar and in the *White Flower*, a stalk of stately, pale fox-glove emerging from a mass of leaves, Katherine Schmidt is seen at her best.

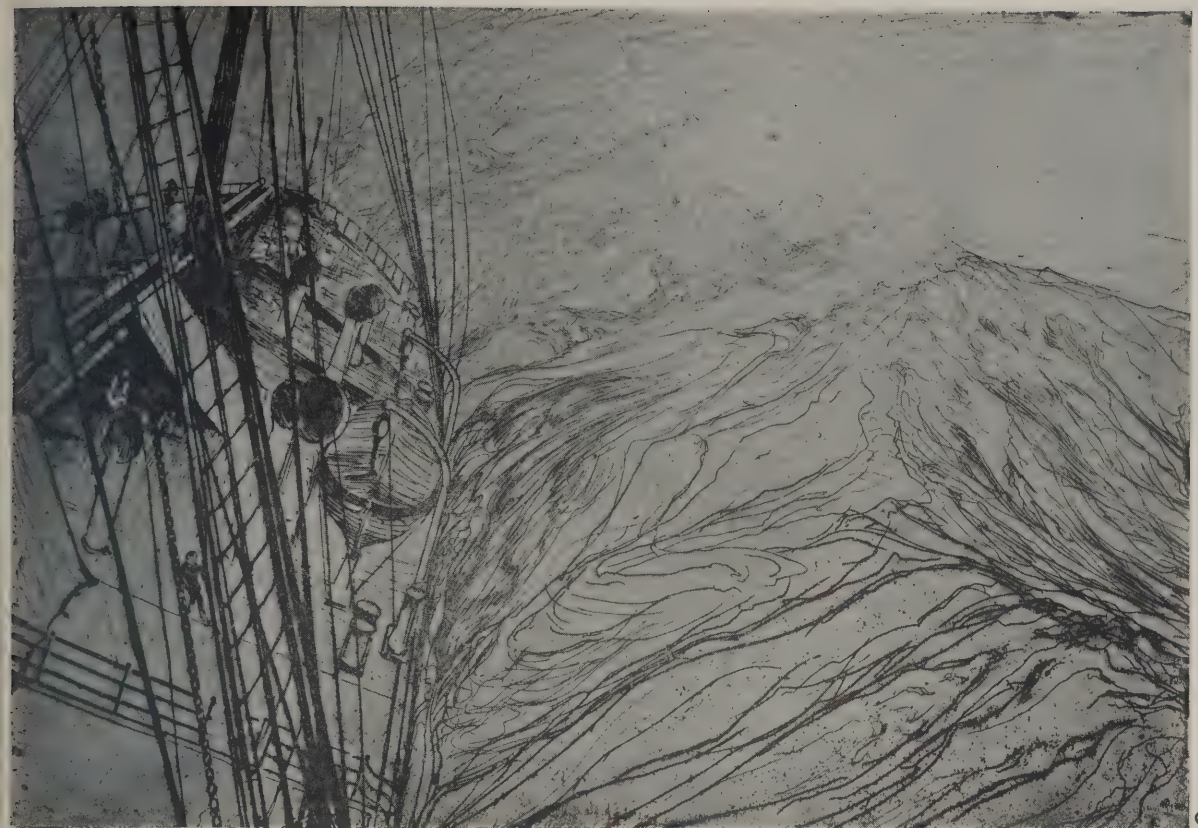
Alexander Brook

At the Daniel Gallery, where Alexander Brook recently had his first one-man exhibition since his exhibition with Peggy Bacon at Brummer's a few seasons ago, the newer canvases indicate surely his growth in the direction of greater fullness both in



LYTTON STRACHEY
Courtesy of the Brummer Galleries

ROGER FRY



THE WAVE

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

CHARLES H. WOODBURY

conception and in technical accomplishment. Heretofore, he has, too, often relied on some strange whimsicality of subject or on an acridness of humor to carry him through, relegating the qualities of art to quite a secondary place.

Compare the *Radio Fan* of a year or so back with the *Reclining Figure* of the present exhibition to realize this difference. In the *Radio Fan* there was too palpably the desire to surprise and startle—while the *Reclining Figure* really does surprise in an effortless way, as a fine thing always will. The character of this delicate little body is given with sure economy of means in the incisive drawing and in the sensitive choice of few colors.

The charm of the *Child in Gray*, a pearly little figure that looks out at one in wide-eyed wonder from the heaviness of the 1880 background, is completely disarming. There is humor here, but of a mellowed kind, and it is only a minor reason for the picture's existence.

The greater fullness of means that Brook has achieved is still further shown in *Flowers and Fruit* and in the still-life of *Grapes and Peaches*, both

carried out in schemes of richly resonant color, and in the two little grayish views of a drab beach, with its ramshackle bungalows.

Roger Fry

In his essay on the *Artist's Vision*, Roger Fry said: "The artist is, I believe, a very good critic if you can make him drop his own job for a minute and really attend to someone else's work of art."

But we can nowhere find Mr. Fry giving his estimate of the critic's status as an artist.

The objection, since the beginning of time, against the dicta of critics has always been—"If they know so thoroughly how it is done, why don't they do it themselves?" And in this very question lies the answer—"They know so thoroughly how it is done." The power to analyze and the power to create have little or no connection. They may, and of course often do, exist in the same person, but the artist is quite frequently a rather narrow person with unaccountable enthusiasms and dislikes which seem to be caused by no very ordered system of looking at things.



PORTRAIT SKETCH
Courtesy of Frank K. M. Rehn

EUGENE SPEICHER



FISHING BOATS

Courtesy of Briant Robert Galleries, Paris

PAUL BURLIN

The greater artist can incorporate any amount of knowledge of the ways and means of others in his own work with no loss of individuality, but the lesser man will either be intimidated by the overpowering of what has been done or will be in the rather ambiguous position of a medium whose body is merely the means through which Nero or Queen Victoria may communicate with the world.

By a strange coincidence, the two most recent exhibitions at the Brummer Galleries have been of the works of two men, Roger Fry and Walter Pach, whose reputations are founded more firmly on their contributions to the literature of art than on their own paintings.

Mr. Fry's canvases are, with few exceptions, impressions of various parts of France which, despite the French scene and evidence of the influences of French artists, from Poussin and Claude to Cézanne and Derain, remain thoroughly British. The painting of the bridge at Auray is a handsomely built composition, and the portrait of Lytton Strachey is

a penetrating portrayal of this eminent author who has recreated the art of biography.

A New Gallery

Some years ago Wanamaker's started a gallery planned to be as different from the usual "Art Department" of a big store as a painting by Renoir is different from an "Art Calendar." The great establishment of R. H. Macy has since come forward with a practical application of somewhat the same idea and with the added intention of proving to the populace that it is not necessary to think in four figures when considering the purchase of an original work of art.

About forty small canvases, selected and well hung by Henry Billings, made up the opening exhibition and, to judge by the number of those exciting little red labels on the frames, many of the forty have already wormed their way into someone's affections. We trust that they will all find good homes. Perhaps (who can ever tell?) one of them may



MAN WITH SKIS
Courtesy of Briant Robert Gallery

PAUL BURLIN

prove to be the first timid start of some Frick or Altman of the future.

Worthy of note in the group are Hayley Lever's Park in Winter, the landscape of buildings and trees

by Richard Lahey, flower studies by Henry Mattson, Lucille Blanch and Georgina Klitgard and the grayish fields of Arnold Blanch. The second exhibition at Macy's promises to be equally interesting.

NOTES

THROUGH the courtesy of the Briant Robert Galleries of Paris, we reproduce this month two canvases by Paul Burlin which form part of an American exhibition which is now being shown in the various European cities. The show is composed of the work of six painters and two sculptors. The sculptors are Hunt Diederich and John Storrs. The painters are, in addition to Paul Burlin, Marsden Hartley, John Barber, Pascin, Maurice Sterne, and Georges Biddle. When the work of these men was shown at the Briant Robert Galleries, Léonce Rosenberg composed a catalogue somewhat feverish in tone, taking as his text something from Ralph Waldo Emerson himself. Like all such catalogues this one was more apt to alienate foreign sympathy than to arouse interest in the solid merits of our American artists. This exhibition is additionally interesting in the opportunity it affords these eight American artists to observe at first hand European

"reactions" to their efforts. From Paris, the exhibition has been sent to Vienna and Berlin.

CHARLES H. WOODBURY, whose exhibitions of etchings at the Keppel Galleries, New York, received favorable reviews, is a teacher as well as an artist, and is accustomed to express himself in words. What he says about his own idea of line is suggestive. He writes:

"My general interest in line is for its suggestive value, as it conveys the thought of force or motion, and leads the attention. I use it to indicate light and shade rather than to fully express it and prefer that it should not lose its identity as line, except in the few places where complete description is necessary. The line is used for itself as sensation and not as imitation, and has often the value of a graphic gesture. It is an abstract as a word and stands for a sensation as the word does for an object."



DECORATED POTTERY PLATES
Courtesy of Montross Galleries



HENRY VARNUM POOR

BOOKS

100 DRAWINGS, by A. WALKOWITZ: Introductions by HENRY MCBRIDE, JOHN WEICHEL, CHARLES VILDRAC, WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc. 1925. (\$10.00.)

Abraham Walkowitz is an artist whose work for some years past has played a part in various exhibitions organized by the modernists. His contributions on such occasions have usually projected an individual quality that is arresting and tantalizing, suggestive and incomplete.

With each drawing—and he has shown many drawings—it has seemed as if a little of Walkowitz were revealed, always leading on to the hope that some day he would make a definite statement of his credo as an artist.

A book recently published comes as near to giving such a statement as can reasonably be expected. The drawings are well presented, and in addition to the reproductions of Mr. Walkowitz's work and of a portrait of him in relief by Victor D. Brenner, the book contains a foreword by the artist and introductions by four critics of his art—namely, Henry McBride, John Weichsel, Charles Vildrac and Willard Huntington Wright.

An attentive study of so many drawings together, in place of seeing them scattered, isolated in random exhibitions, diminishes to some extent the formerly received impression of vagueness and inconclusiveness, but Walkowitz remains and probably always will remain an elusive personality.

The four critics who have written the introductions all stress the human side of the artist, his interest in life. Interested he certainly is, but to me Walkowitz has always seemed an exceptional being, detached from life, as the ordinary man lives it, and interested as some curious elf from another world might be, selecting from the kaleidoscopic pageant of life the material which he weaves into the curious pattern of his dream.

In the midst of the chaotic confusion of the universe, nature creates small beautiful patterns, the crystal, the design of a shell, the exquisite invention of a leaf, supremely perfect works in their delicate balance between symmetry and variety. The pattern of the immeasurable whole remains obscure, not to be grasped by any one mind. But the artist mind selects from the vast spectacle the elements from which he creates his little universe.

Walkowitz is an artist, a sensitive and poetic temperament, and he has in some measure the selec-

tive and creative gift. I feel that he has potentially more of it than he has yet developed. If there are two classes of artists, the cerebral and the emotional, Walkowitz seems to belong to the emotional type. The validity of his talent shows most surely in his least self-conscious drawings. He is not very interesting when he tries to prove something, whether a social or an æsthetic theory, but in his lighter drawings his intuitive line becomes creative when he forgets theories.

The four critics, with the exception of Mr. McBride, show a tendency to be heavy about their artist. He really is not an appropriate subject for the ponderous expounders of æsthetic systems. All admire the art of Walkowitz, or naturally they would not have written their articles for the book, but they do not always hit the nail on the head in making their estimates of it.

For example, Mr. Vildrac attributes to the artist "rare critical understanding," and a "gift for analysis," qualities far enough removed from his instinctive lyrical gift.

Mr. Wright's contribution, in spite of its effect of portentous weight, is not especially illuminating, and he seems a bit wide of the mark when he says Walkowitz's "talent is not dissimilar to Picasso's."

Mr. Weichsel's style is more ornate. He carries a chip on his shoulder for those who may not agree with him; and in his enthusiasm he certainly lets resounding phrases baffle his thinking. One is merely bewildered when he writes that "passion for progress kept Walkowitz always among the men in the vanguard of art evolution." Passion for progress, outside of the progress of his own work, is surely the least of the preoccupations of an artist absorbed in his art.

Mr. McBride, as is often the case in his writing, is amusing and witty. His airy evasions are positively refreshing after the profundities of the others. And, as a matter of fact, his is a more penetrating appreciation of the quality of Walkowitz than they achieve with all their seriousness, for Mr. McBride, like the artist himself, knows how to suggest instead of expounding. I quote a passage from his article:

"It is to me, I find, and people like myself, who are only mildly interested in the woes of the working classes and vastly interested in the general woes that these drawings have been addressed. They presuppose an experience with art. They require one to know the painter's language. Back in the

days when Mr. Walkowitz was first attracting attention in Mr. Steiglitz's small gallery, we were all amused by the ardent claim of one young collector who had acquired a Walkowitz and who asserted that a Whistler could not hang in a room with a Rembrandt, but that a Walkowitz could! This seemed a bold enough estimate.

"That it was not an extravagance of expression only came to me later when I acquired a Walkowitz myself. I found, after a time, that my Walkowitz could hang with a Rembrandt as well as with a Whistler (for I do not make class distinctions in art any more than in life, and to say that a thing is a work of art is to give it a place in my collection); that it hangs the more readily with a Whistler in that there is, indeed, something in common in the two styles. To some, Mr. Walkowitz may merely be a Socialist howling for more ease for workers, or chanting the particular sacredness of a workingman's parenthood (he does that a lot), or singing the praise of Isadora (Isadora signified something definitely to Socialists before she married one); but to me he is an artist who simply becomes lyrical when exalted by his emotions, whose touch is Whistlerian (I mean this as a compliment, in spite of the fact that in Whistler himself I am sometimes bored by the sameness of the approach) whose color is eloquent in itself and whose drawings are always large in plan."

THE COLLECTION OF ARMS AND ARMOR presented to the Cleveland Museum of Art by Mr. and Mrs. John Long Severance, 1916-1923. Text by Helen Ives Gilchrist. Cleveland: Cleveland Museum of Art, 1924. (Edition of 300.)

AMERICAN museums have until lately ignored the great work of the artist armorers of the middle ages: for one thing, beautiful armor has long been extremely rare, while good pictures and sculptures have ever been relatively common: and in poor armor—the only kind which, until lately, crossed the sea—the average museum has naturally had as little interest as in a badly-painted picture, or in a poorly-modeled sculpture. When, however, in 1904, the Dino collection was exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the American art lover discovered a lost world: he had no idea that so refractory a metal as steel could be modelled fluently; he saw Gothic helmets of rare beauty of form; he appreciated the color of armor, with its extraordinary gamut of lights and shades; he examined attentively embossed armor, whose execution was incredibly time-consuming and

whose allure was princely; and he scrutinized, hour long, with surprise and delight, engraved and gilded specimens, whose decoration reproduced in a single object the whole grammar of ornament of its period. When the wonderful Riggs collection came to the New York Museum, in 1913, the same appreciative visitors came promptly to see it and brought numerous friends:—"How beautiful it is," was their chorus, and "How could we have believed that great artists used in their work only canvas and marble?"

Then it was that other American museums began to "take notice," and to find regretfully that good armor was not to be had; they could buy authentic Rembrandts, Romneys, Reynolds and Rubens at the great shops on Fifth Avenue, but nowhere could they find specimens of the master-armorers Negroli or Jacoby or Missaglia. When their quest finally discovered a rich suit of engraved and gilded armor by Jacoby, they made at the same time the painful discovery that they could not afford to purchase it; it would cost them as much as Rembrandt's "Mill"—a discovery which, it appeared, heightened still further their respect for, and interest in armor.

In Cleveland is the only museum among us, other than the Metropolitan, which succeeded in bringing together a representative collection in this field. This it did through the munificence of Mr. John L. Severance (one of its trustees), and Mrs. Severance, who began their activity by securing a *cabinet d'armes*, which was brought together mainly during the nineties of the last century by Mr. Frank Gair Macomber, a Boston amateur of rare flair and scholarship, whose constant journeyings in Europe had brought him in touch with numerous collectors and antiquaires, and who had ever the courage to buy an object when he knew it was good.

The Severances next added to their collection important objects from various sales, as opportunity offered, until in the end they were able to round out their "types" with beautiful specimens. And they have now greatly added to the value of their benefaction by publishing a sumptuous quarto catalogue. For this will bear testimony everywhere to the range and quality of the objects in the Cleveland collection, and to the beauty and interest of arms and armor in general: and if a reader does no more than note the summarized description of the two hundred odd objects pictured in excellent photogravure, he has already gained much—lingering over the beautiful designs of the shields by the

Venetian Spacini or by the Saxon von Speier, the chiseled decoration on the gilt Brescian headpiece (frontispiece), the contours of the Gothic closed helmet, the beautiful, inlaid stocks of ancient firearms. The text of the work is by Miss Helen Ives Gilchrist and is very good—not lacking the errors which an author invariably discovers after a work appears. Thus the first suit of armor, a Gothic one at that, has somehow been given the wrong illustration. The text is admirably rounded out by numerous text figures, showing ornamental design of the objects and armorers' marks (for which scholars everywhere will be grateful); and, last but not least, are: an index, glossary, list of artists represented, and the collected armorers' marks. Between the covers of this sumptuous work—which, by the way, is the first catalogue of arms and armor of an American public collection—one sees ever the guiding hand of Mr. Frederic Allen Whiting, the Director of the Cleveland Museum.

BASHFORD DEAN.

ART AND MAN: ESSAYS AND FRAGMENTS. By C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMSON. With Twenty Illustrations and an Introduction by VERNON LEE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1925. (\$4.00.)

IN her introduction Vernon Lee presents a vivid and human portrait of her friend and former collaborator, "Kit" Anstruther-Thomson. This handsome, aristocratic English woman, who looked like a Greek goddess and was an enthusiastic sportswoman of the country-life type, became, strangely enough, a courageous adventurer in the arts. Rebelling some forty years ago against the fashionable "literary" art-criticism of the period, realizing that appreciation of painting and sculpture is an art secondary only to the work of creation itself, she began her experiments in *seeing*. "Just walking through a gallery glancing at Works of Art won't do it," she asserted, "any more than leaving cards on neighbors will turn them into life-long friends."

For "Kit" Anstruther-Thomson, as she lives for us in the warm tribute of her friend, Vernon Lee, and in these fragments and essays, art could not be considered a mere prettified fringe on life, nor a snobbish amusement of the idle leisure classes, but a great vital force, developing sensibility and discrimination. "So art is worth possessing," she writes. "But to get on such terms we must get very close, take a great deal of trouble, put off natural

apathy." For apathy is the greatest enemy of art.

Beginning in 1887 or 1888, Miss Anstruther-Thomson and Vernon Lee began their interesting experiments in æsthetic sensibility. Gradually the question arose: What is a work of art? What does it do for us? or, rather, *do with us?* For "Kit" Anstruther-Thomson, the work of art was not a thing of inert pigment or marble. She did not concern herself with its mere passive materiality, nor with its fidelity to the object it represented. The work of art lives, *acts*. And whatever it does, it does to us in the very process of our seeing it. Therefore, while we look at works of art, we must find out what is happening to us as spectators. I cannot recount the details of all the experiments or conclusions, overstated and perhaps overemphasized by this "amateur of genius," except to point out the essential "modernity" and fundamental soundness of her conviction that the power of a work of art is commensurate with the amount, the intensity and the emotional tones of the activities implied in its appreciation, or rather in its enjoyment. The work of art calls forth an active collaboration on the part of its beholder. The quality of being "beautiful" becomes, from this interesting point of view, always dependent on man's activities, upon the range and intensity of the spectator's capacity for appreciation. True enjoyment and recognition of real beauty in art requires a *re-creation* inferior only to the initial creation of the artist. These two independent investigators quite independently discovered and enhanced the theories of empathy later put forth by psychologists, but which had earlier been expressed by such a poet as Coleridge in these lines:

"I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are within;
. . . We receive but what we give
And in our life alone does nature live."

Thus conceived, art becomes a great semi-religious function, a fundamental necessity for the full development and fruition of the latent powers of humanity, a realm into which, if he be aiming for complete self-realization, everyone must be initiated. And her experiments, daringly and courageously carried out, led her to greater understanding and ever expanding appreciation, not only of art, but of history and human destiny in the universe. "Art has that strange power of ridding us of the sense of the passing of time," wrote "Kit" Anstruther-Thomson. . . . "Looking at great works of art, all sense of hurry drops from us; we no longer feel driven along by the shortness of time. In fact, we seem to stand

in a little railed off piece of eternity, and in this region of timelessness there is calm, and in this calm we become sensitive to æsthetic impressions."

These fragments and essays collected and edited by Vernon Lee—Miss Anstruther-Thomson died in 1921—have the unfinished sketchiness of the amateur. But we agree with Vernon Lee that this is in one sense a gain, for as she so eloquently claims "in this world of pedantic specialization and professional cavilling there is need for the untrammelled thought and imagination—yes, even for the irresponsibility—of the Amateur. For, after all, is not the Amateur the one who, if sometimes breaking off because he is bored, works on only because he loves? Perhaps the . . . fragments of 'Kit' Anstruther-Thomson's have got a freer, finer, more attractive quality. . . . Perhaps in their desultory elusiveness, in their something challenging and baffling, they are more herself and only the more valuable."

Vernon Lee's warmly illuminating introduction closes with a striking quotation from something Miss Anstruther-Thomson wrote on the theme: "Who will give us back the Spring?" This had nothing to do directly with her æsthetic studies of theories, but illustrates beautifully the serene outlook she finally, through her adventures in the arts, attained. The last paragraph is adequate testimony of her real success in life. "I for one don't believe in looking regretfully back into the past or forward with illusive hopes into the future, but rather in standing erect in the living present and in trying to distil the excellence out of that, and I believe with ordinary luck life can be as valuable and as charming as we choose to make it. Perhaps to keep young in spirit is the way to have Spring given back to us; perhaps the way even nearer to lose the Spring." A warmly vital personality lives again in these pages.

ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER.

ASIATIC ART IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM: By LAURENCE BINYON. Paris and Brussels: G. van Oest.

LAURENCE BINYON has published in the last number of *Ars Asiatica*, a collection of excellent reproductions of the best pieces of Oriental sculpture and painting in the British Museum. The English edition has appeared with the above title. In the introduction, Mr. Binyon explains the growth of the British Museum Collection, the reasons for certain divisions of the material exhibited, and gives a poetic dream of the ideal Museum. This unfortunately resembles little that rambling, inconvenient, impractical existing Museum which, notwithstanding its shortcomings, we all love for its treasures, for its great facilities for study and for the ready hand always extended to those who want information.

The pieces from the British Museum reproduced in *Asiatic Art* are representative of Indian and Chinese sculpture, and Chinese, Japanese, Persian and Indian paintings. There we find all the best pieces of the collection, beautifully reproduced and well described and, in the introduction, a few words on each division of the collection its history quality.

In fact, this publication is one of the kind now very popular in Europe, and much in demand, presenting excellent reproductions of the best works of art in the Museum, with short descriptions and no higher aim. For those who want reproductions of the pieces in the British Museum for reference, it is a very useful book. It is the very kind of publication for which European collectors and scientists continually ask with reference to American collections. Often they complain that there are no illustrated catalogues or publications of the kind here discussed of American Museums and collections, and that in consequence they find it difficult to know what they contain. S. C. BOSCH REITZ.

BOOKS RECEIVED

TODAY AND TOMORROW SERIES. DAEDALUS, or Science and the Future. By J. B. S. HALDANE. ICARUS, or the Future of Science. By BERTRAND RUSSELL, F.R.S. THE MONGOL IN OUR MIDST. By F. G. CROOKSHANK, M.D. WIRELESS POSSIBILITIES. By Prof A. M. LOW. NARCISSUS, or the Anatomy of Clothes. By GERALD HEARD. TANTALUS, or the Future of Man. By F. C. S. SCHILLER. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1924-1925. (\$1.00 apiece.)

THE CHURCHES OF ROME. By ROGER THYNNE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1924. (\$5.00.)

CHODERLOS DE LACLOS. DANGEROUS ACQUAINTANCES (Les Liaisons Dangereuses). Translated by RICHARD ALDINGTON, with an Introduction. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1925. (\$5.00.)

LES PAS PERDUS. Par ANDRE BRETON. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1924.

POSTSCRIPTS

DER QUERSCHNITT is a magazine of modernism published in Berlin. The February number is Parisian in tone. Fernand Léger pays a tribute to Relache, the Picabia-Satie ballet performed last year by the Swedish dancers. Tristan Tzara contributes two Dada songs. Excerpts from the latest work of Louis Aragon are published. Roch Grey writes of Guillaume Apollinaire. * * * * The Soviets confiscated all private collections of art. The Morosov and Stchukin collections were rich in masterpieces by Renoir, Cézanne, Manet, Rousseau *le douanier*, Gauguin, Van Gogh, Matisse, Picasso and other modern artists. Russian amateurs and connoisseurs, says Petrov Wodkin of the Soviet Academy of Fine Arts, bought the moderns and appreciated them long before they were accepted in Paris. All these confiscated works have now been placed in the Moscow Museum of Modern Occidental Art. This is reputed to be one of the finest collections of contemporary art in the world. * * * * Michel Vaucaire publishes a book on Fujita. He explains why this artist seems so Japanese to the French, and so French to the Japanese. * * * * Jules Romains is the Molière of the moment. Claude Berton characterizes him as a Cubist Molière. In his new comedy at the Champs Elysees, Monsieur Le Trouhadec gets married. Louis Jovet continues his characterization of Le Trouhadec. Georges Auric has composed incidental music. * * * * "Women and Flowers of Spain" is the imported spectacle at the Cigale. It is feverish in color and brilliance. Folk-music from Aragon, Castille and Catalonia intensifies the fire of the dancers. * * * * Dissenting voices are now protesting against the high cost of exhibiting at the International Exposition of Decorative Arts. We may expect rebel artists to organize counter-expositions and attractions. * * * * The recent exhibition at the Rosenberg Galleries of "The Great Influences of the XIX Century" aroused considerable discussion. Corot, Daumier, Courbet, Delacroix, Ingres, Degas, Manet, Cézanne, Monet, Renoir, Pissaro, Sisley and Van Gogh were represented, but not in every case by their best representative works. * * * * Juan Gris has made the illustrations for a recently published book with the arresting title, *Le Casseur d'assiettes*. * * * * *L'Art Vivant*, the new bi-monthly, concerns itself not only with fine and decorative arts. Clarisse writes of fashions. M. des Ombiaux conducts a department devoted to the aesthetics of the table. Ariste writes of masculine

styles, and Edmée of laces. * * * * *La Herse* recently published a special number devoted to the celebrated clowns, the Fratellini. It contained tributes to the three famous brothers by Andre Antoine, Rene Bizet, Legrand-Chabrier, Signoret and others. * * * * Creixams, a new artist whose work is sponsored by Blaise Cendrars, Vlaminck and Andre Suarès, recently exhibited at the Fabre Gallery. Creixams has been a sailor, an actor and a printer. An inner necessity compelled him to take up painting. * * * * Marcel Provence publishes in the *Mercure* an arresting essay on the schooldays of Paul Cézanne. At the age of 13 Paul Cézanne entered the College Bourbon. Emile Zola was a classmate. Paul took prizes and honorable mention in Latin, Greek, history, etc. Emile distinguished himself in religious instruction and wind-instruments! In 1855 Zola took the first prize in drawing. Paul Cézanne was not even mentioned. In his seven years of classical instruction, Cézanne did not once get a mention for drawing. Such is the irony of life and art. Though in his youth he never distinguished himself in "religious instruction," in his old age Cézanne became a fervent Catholic. On the contrary, it was Emile Zola who seemed destined for success in religion and art! * * * * Today in the Lycée Mignet at Aix, Cézanne's first school, hangs a reproduction of Cézanne's portrait of himself, near the portraits of Francois Mignet and Emile Zola. * * * * Tristan Klingsor's book on Cézanne is now published in a cheap English edition, with forty illustrations. The book includes an admirable pen-picture of Cézanne in his declining years. Joachim Gasquet is the writer: "A bald skull with long, gray hair still abundant on the nape of the neck, a tuft of beard, and the thick moustache of an old colonel hiding a sensual mouth, freshly shaved, colored complexion. He might have been an old retired soldier, were it not for the large forehead instinct with genius, the bloodshot eyes which fixed you at once and would not let you go." * * * * Of Cézanne's method of work, M. Klingsor says: "He would not put a single touch on the canvas without being first sure of what he wanted to express by it. He would rather leave blank spaces of canvas than cover it anyhow. The older he got the more patiently and thoughtfully he worked. He would observe for a long time, and would remain perhaps for a quarter of an hour without making a single touch." GAI SABER.

THE ARTS

FOUNDED BY HAMILTON EASTER FIELD

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Cover Design:

Horse of Clay Pottery

Chinese, T'ang Period

(Recent Accession, Metropolitan Museum of Art)

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LE PETIT PONT
Courtesy of Knoedler and Company

CHARLES MERYON

THE ARTS

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THE revered and august body of practitioners in the arts, known as the National Academy of Design, has occupied in America a position of great historic interest. No one who has a touch of sentiment for a company of valiant pioneers who carried on a battle for art during the darkest period of taste in America, can help wishing that this private institution would uphold the standards for which the pioneers fought. In a world devoted to individualism in art there is something appealing, not to say quaint and beneficial in the ideas of a body of men which believes that the only safe course for the development of art is to establish a censorship in the form of a jury system.

Academicians we shall have with us always, for the more mediocre an artist's talent, the more he relies upon official honors and upon the support of an institution which claims to be significantly official. Also, many Academicians are perfectly sincere in their belief that they are actually upholding the traditions of art, so that if the National Academy remains what it always has been, a private institution upholding one particular phase of art, no one can object to its continuing existence.

Only when the Academy branches out and takes unto itself the position of the leading national institution of art, only when it carefully evolves a scheme whereby it can control the principal exhibitions throughout the country and secure, for its own members exclusively, the commercial advantages belonging to such control, only when it asks the public to give it \$6,000,000 in order that it can obtain a power and influence that would be dangerous for any art organization of this type to have, does it become necessary for every artist in this country, who believes in freedom of expression, to put his back into a fight against the dangerous presumptions of the National Academy.

The National Academy of Design is an exceedingly well organized private institution whose fundamental object is to sell the works of art of its members. The more important the institution can make itself, the better will the works of the members sell. Always awake to the opportunity to secure greater privileges, on the basis that it is not a private but a national institution, it now emerges once more with the cleverest scheme that it has ever propounded.

Later on in this article I shall quote some paragraphs of the statement that the Council of the National Academy gave out on Sunday March 2nd, a statement which President H. H. Henshaw of the Academy was authorized to send to the press, and which was signed by the following members of the Council of the National Academy of Design: Edwin H. Henshaw, President; Harry W. Watrous, Vice-President; Charles C. Curran, Corresponding Secretary; Douglas Volk, Recording Secretary; Francis C. Jones, Treasurer; Herbert Adams, DeWitt M. Lockman, Adolph A. Weinman, Hobart Nichols, Gardner Whymons, F. Ballard Williams, and Charles T. Heaslip, Business Manager.

For a long time the National Academy has been losing ground. Its position in the art world is the position of an institution which wishes to censor the art of a free people, that, let us hope, does not want to have its art censored. Of course, the avowed purpose of the censorship which the National Academy exercised, as long as it could, and for which it now needs \$6,000,000 in order to exercise it more widely, is educational, but the real purpose, if we penetrate below all the high-sounding words about educational expansion, is to increase the market for Academic work, to control, as far as possible, the education of art students in order to bring them up in the academic way, to control as far as possible the exhibition system throughout the country, a system already pretty well

controlled by the National Academy, and to attempt, by an appearance of disinterest and a self-righteous statement, to put itself forward as a national institution with no other object in view than to encourage American art

If the friends of the National Academy succeed in raising the money that they are now so cleverly planning to raise, the next thing we shall hear of is a Secretary of Art at Washington. It is not difficult to prophesy how easily a politically sleepless institution of great wealth might bring about the selection of a member of the Academy as Secretary of Art, if the plan works out to establish a nation wide exhibition system, censored by the National Academy, and a College of Art censored by the National Academy.

The National Academy in its statement is apparently very careful to say nothing about its jury system. It is careful not to mention the fact that it has been the avowed antagonist of modern art and that among the younger artists in America, who are really making some contribution to American art, not one under the age of thirty-five is interested in the exhibitions of the National Academy. It is careful not to refer to the fatal political dishonesty that has characterized so much of the work done in the countries where government officials mixed state politics with art matters. The story of the politics rampant in official French art has chapters of corruption that should warn Americans against the appointment of a Secretary of Art.

When the National Academy speaks of its "responsibility as a national institution," of course it infers that it is actually a national institution, that there is something officially national about it, whereas it is simply a private institution, as I have said before, which works primarily for the benefit of its members and incidentally to gain power. When it speaks of the demands made upon it "for greater service to the public," it ignores the fact that the present galleries in New York, where the National Academy holds its semi-annual exhibitions, are too large. For the Academy no longer attracts many first rate works. To fill the galleries it is compelled to accept a mediocre collection of pictures and sculpture. The censoring habits of the National Academy have long since taught the men of individual force, except two or three of the older men, not to send their work to the Academy exhibitions. The best painters in America today, under forty, have no affiliations with the Academy and do not exhibit in the Academy exhibitions.

When the Academy speaks of its needs of a fund of \$1,000,000, to enable it to have an adequate presentation of American art, it should have said, of Academic art, because the subtle officers of this institution know perfectly well that their exhibitions are not open to American art, in the broad sense of the word. They are only open to a small narrow phase of Academic art after it has been censored by an Academic jury.

When the National Academy refers to the "national" character of its membership, it leaves out of account the fact that the great majority of the rising artists, who have a real standing in the community of art, are not members of the National Academy. And when it speaks of its educational work, it leaves out of account the fact that in all its educational work the same paralyzing censorship has prevailed that prevailed in its exhibitions.

I note that in its request for a fund of \$700,000 to enable twenty-five students from its enlarged school to go abroad, the students will be sent under "expert supervision," so that even students travelling abroad will have their judgments and their opinions censored by Academic practitioners.

It appears that when the one hundredth anniversary of the National Academy opens in Washington, it will open under the patronage of the President of the United States. This of course, will tend to confirm the public's misconception of the real position that this private institution holds. It will tend to give it the position of an institution genuinely representing American art, when, as a matter of fact, it represents only the Academic reactionaries.

In the past, the young painters of this country were compelled to send their pictures to the National Academy, but finally they formed the Society of American Artists, and this society grew so important, because its members were made up of the leading spirits of the

time, that the National Academy felt obliged to take it under its wing and amalgamate it with the Academy. Years later another revolution against the Academy took place. Men like Arthur B. Davies and other artists, wholly out of sympathy with the National Academy, organized the famous International Exhibition at the 26th Street Armory in New York in 1913.

This exhibition was the first large exhibition in which the art production of our time was presented comprehensively without consideration for the politics of a practical institution like the National Academy. Following that exhibition, new means have been found to exploit the work of the younger artists, and today the most enlightened collectors are not buying the works of the political officials of the National Academy, but of the men who have nothing to do with the Academy or its exhibitions.

In a word, the National Academy in the past ten years has lost ground so rapidly that many people now permit its exhibitions to come and go without even visiting them. The curiosity to see how bad they are has even passed away, and the only way that the Academy can hope to arise from the low and insignificant position that it occupies in New York is for it to secure a large sum of money and carry on a complicated system of so-called educational expansion and nation wide exhibition control.

Of course, the statement which follows is most high minded in its sounding phrases, but the various groups of people appealed to directly by the Council of the Academy were to take the trouble to look up the history of this Academy and recognize its constant effort to encourage censorship in art, if they make inquiries from the leading artists of this country, they will find out what lies at the bottom of this "national institution's" money securing scheme. There is no more reason for the National Academy's being pedestaled as a great national institution than there is for the Society of Independent Artists or for the New Society or for any of a number of societies, which are as national as the National Academy and the National Biscuit Company. Both institutions are equally national.

Those people who believe in freedom of expression and liberty of thought will think twice before they hand over to a private institution a vast sum of money in order to enable it to censor American art, and to bring to its own little private circle of members the commercial advantages of a great official exhibition system, and the commercial advantages that would come to its members if the National Academy should, through constant politics and high sounding principles, control a Secretary of Art at Washington. But in fairness to the Council of the National Academy, I append selections from the statement which President Blashfield on a Sunday morning early in March was authorized to give out to the press.

"After one hundred years of effort," Mr. Blashfield's statement begins, "the National Academy of Design finds itself in need of a fund of \$6,000,000 for an educational expansion program to make possible the fulfillment of the Academy's responsibility, as a national institution, to the public and to the artists and art students of the nation."

Note the implication in the expression "as a national institution," also the suggestion that the Academy has always felt its responsibility to the public in spite of the fact that it established a system whereby paintings, no matter how inferior in quality, no matter how absurd as art, if they were by members of the Academy, are admitted to their exhibitions without having to pass the jury. In other words, the jury system, the system of censorship that the Academy stands for, is only used on non-members of the Academy.

"The demands upon the National Academy for more liberal educational facilities and for greater service to the public have been recognized by its members for a number of years. With the approach of the 100th anniversary of the institution, these needs have become increasingly apparent. Accordingly, the Council has decided that the Academy must face the second century of its career fully equipped to meet these responsibilities."

The inference is in this paragraph, of course, that the public has beseeched the National Academy to increase its "educational facilities," and this, despite the fact that the National Academy School runs a very poor second in New York City to the more liberal Art Stu-

dents' League School. Increasingly, as a matter of fact, the younger artists have shown that they did not want to be taught in the ways dictated by Academic policy, and increasingly other schools have grown up to meet the needs of the younger artists.

"The Academy's needs are:

"An endowment fund of \$1,000,000 to enable the adequate presentation of semi-annual public exhibitions of American painting, sculpture, architecture and engraving. The Academy's purpose is not to confine these free exhibitions to New York City, where they have been held for a century, but, in keeping with the national character of its membership and its educational work, to meet half way in the matter of exhibitions the art organizations of other cities throughout the United States which wish these exhibitions to visit them."

The first step toward "an adequate presentation of semi-annual public exhibitions" would be to make them exhibitions of quality instead of club shows, as they are now. The quality of Academy exhibitions in recent years has been such that a great many of the younger artists will not exhibit in them, and the idea of not confining these exhibitions to New York City is simply an idea to spread the influence of the National Academy rather than to do greater service for American art. Again, note the phrase, "in keeping with the national character of its membership, etc."

A plan to develop the Academy Art School into a national college of art will necessitate, according to the statement, "an outlay of \$2,500,000 for adequate buildings and the establishment of an endowment fund of \$1,800,000." The Academy further asks for "a fund of \$700,000, the income from which shall annually enable 25 students of the school to go abroad under expert supervision for the study of masterpieces in foreign galleries and observation of European methods of art instruction, staging of exhibitions, etc."

There is one advantage that a student can gain by going to Europe, for there he can see many of the greatest works of art of the past which are not available in America. All the enrichment that European travel gives to the student would quickly be neutralized if he were told just how he should look at everything; in other words, if he went abroad "under expert supervision." The sooner he becomes his own expert supervisor, the better for his growth as an artist.

In financing its program, the Academy will not have a "drive," but will make "direct appeals" to groups of individuals in some 50 cities who have been in correspondence with the Council of the Academy, and "who wish to give the young men and women of those cities the opportunity to study in the College of Art."

"The College of Art will mark a radical departure from the traditional policy of present-day art schools. It will supply students with the same quality instruction, and amid the same sympathetic atmosphere, which have contributed to the success of the Academy's old school. In addition, it will offer an academic course in which each subject will be definitely linked up with actual accomplishment in the fields of painting, sculpture, architecture and engraving." The proposed college will offer to the students an opportunity to "acquire classical and academic education at the same time as they are mastering the fundamentals of their art."

What the student naturally absorbs is the most valuable material that he can gain. Institutions of art planned to make the life of the art student unutterably artistic, nearly always fail in developing the artist's natural talents. The influence of such institutions is toward imitation, and the history of them is a sad commentary on the inability of the Academician to bring forth art out of the barren soil of rules.

"Plans are being worked out whereby, through the contribution of a certain amount to the financing of the Academy's educational expansion program, each city will have the right to place before its citizens an Academy exhibition each year, and also to send a certain number of students to the College of Art."

"The new exhibition program," in the words of Mr. Blashfield's statement, "will be visualized by means of the Centennial Exhibition, now under preparation to mark this year the

100th anniversary of the founding of the National Academy. Opening in Washington, under the patronage of the President, this exhibition will present, in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, a picture of the best work of members of the Academy in painting, sculpture, architecture and engraving for the last 100 years. From Washington, the exhibition will be sent en masse by special train to New York, where it will have its second showing. After the New York presentation, it is planned to send this large collection of paintings, sculptural groups, engravings and architectural models and drawings on a coast-to-coast tour. For the first time in the history of the country, a great art exhibit will thus be placed before the public on a national scale."

On the whole, the propaganda and publicity which President Blashfield was authorized to send to the press is a very carefully manipulated piece of English. It would be both untrue and unfair to accuse the members of the Council of the National Academy of the slightest tinge of hypocrisy. Undoubtedly, they believe that the world will be a better world if the Academy is placed in a position of great power. That men capable of devising a scheme so obviously beneficial to their own institution, could at the same time be incapable of seeing the commercial advantages that would accrue to the members of the National Academy if this scheme bore fruit, is, shall we say, a little difficult to imagine. But academies have always made their way by never being vulgar enough to mention money, and if I perforce am vulgar enough to do so, it is only in the hope of bringing more clearly to the reader the idea that a recognition of the commercial advantages that the Academy has in its fine business organization will result in a clearer idea of, let us say, the unconscious desires of its members.

Americans are so easily hypnotized by large organizing schemes that they are likely to believe that the largest association of artists will necessarily produce the best art. Already in America the influence of New York is too strong in art. It would be a great deal better if artists could make reputations by exhibiting in their own local institutions; it would be a great deal better if the local public had more faith in its own local talents. If the \$6,000,000 scheme of the National Academy goes through, the inevitable result will be a still further diminution in the development of local interest in art. Even an organization with such low standards of art as the American Federation of Art, by sending out exhibitions already made up, lessened the initiative of many communities who felt that it was enough simply to set up what was sent them rather than to go out themselves and make their own choice manfully.

The National Academy has so much influence outside of New York that its prize winners and materially successful artists exhibit in all the big exhibitions throughout the country to such an extent that at the Chicago Art Institute, or the Pennsylvania Academy, or the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg, there is practically little more than a repetition of an Academy exhibition. If that is so now, what will happen when those skillful business managers of the Academy secure \$6,000,000 with which to carry on their manipulation of the exhibition system of the United States? Only one thing can happen; there will be less and less initiative in Chicago, in Pittsburgh and in other great cities of the country in encouraging the local artists. But the layman should not fool himself. No amount of money and no amount of skillful organization, no amount of support of mediocrity, just because a particular mediocrity is a "member of this club," will succeed in killing the real artist. That is the one hopeful thing.

The Academy may succeed in its begging for millions and in making it harder for the modern artist, but inside of the true artist there is a kernel that all the skillful art politicians in the world cannot stamp out, no matter how many millions they beg for and no matter how carefully they work out schemes for their own commercial advantage under the guise of educational expansion.

FORBES WATSON.



FIG. 1: PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT

End of the Thirteenth Century

THE ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS OF THE J. PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY

By C. R. MOREY

A MÆDIEVALIST is prone to regard the illumination of manuscripts as a field particularly his own, which he does not share with the classical archæologist, and only grudgingly divides with the student of the Renaissance. For the illumination of manuscripts is the mediæval art *par excellence*. It begins with the end of antiquity, rising so to speak from the very ruins of antique culture, and dies with the invention of printing, which may be considered the definitive symptom of the modern age. It is also the most continuous of the mediæval arts, for while there are large gaps in the history of mediæval architecture and sculpture, we are never at a loss for miniatures, and in no other art can the evolution of mediæval style be so consistently traced. We can see in it the gradual decadence of the classic culture in the Latin provinces of the western empire—Italy, Spain and Southern Gaul. We can trace in it the sterilizing of Greek art, its turning from classic form to Eastern color, and its resulting issue in the barren splendor of the Byzantine. It shows us, step by step, the gradual emotionalizing of the antique tradition by the Teutonic invaders who founded the western nations, the struggle between barbaric passion and Latin clearness, and the final solution thereof in the harmony of Gothic art. All but the very beginning of this enthralling evolution can be studied and visualized in the manuscripts of the Morgan Library, and the present article, though its illustrations be shorn of the brilliant color of the originals, may yet suffice to convey to the reader the magnificently representative character of this collection, which reviews nearly the whole of mediæval art, from the crude initials of Merovingian Gospel-books to the perfection of illumination in the hands of Parisian craftsmen which Dante celebrates as

“ . . . quell' arte
Che alluminare chiamata è in Parisi.”

(Purg. XI, 80)

It is a fact often noticed by classical archæologists that while in the earlier periods of antiquity the deceased is commonly represented on his tombstone as a warrior or in some such physical function, it was the custom on late Roman tombs to depict the dead as reading, or holding a book. Therein we meet one among many indications of

the speculative and literary character of the last phase of ancient civilization. The Christian religion itself, its final product, is a book religion, and transmitted by the written word. The book thus entered the Middle Ages with a prestige that gathered additional power as antique speculation lapsed into superstitious faith, whence it is natural to find the Bibles, Gospel-books and Psalters soon endowed with miraculous attributes and always numbered among the most highly prized treasures of monastery or church. There is a copy of the Gospels in the Royal Library at Stockholm, written in gold, and bearing an Anglo-Saxon inscription, of which the following is a partial translation: “In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I Aelfred the earl, and Werburg my wife, got this book from a heathen war-troop with our clean-fee of pure gold. And this we-two did for God's love and for our souls' behoof, and for that we-two would not that these holy writings should longer abide in heathenesse. And now will we give it to Christ's Church (i.e., Canterbury Cathedral), God to praise and glory and worship and in thankful remembrance of His Passion and for the use of the sacred community which in Christ's Church is daily heard to magnify the Lord, to the end that the same may be read each month for Aelfred and Werburg, etc., etc.”

It was such barbaric reverence as that manifested by Aelfred that led to illumination proper, as distinguished from illustration—the desire to beautify the object of devotion rather than to clarify its contents. It is the characteristic mediæval tendency to express its faith in emotional form, and to sing a hymn rather than to recite a creed. This quality becomes more marked when we contrast the really mediæval manuscripts with those adorned in the last centuries of the Empire. The late classic manuscripts are genuine illustrated books, and it was not until the sixth century in the East and the seventh in the West that the decorative interest gained the upper hand.

One of these Roman picture books is our earliest illustrated manuscript, if exception be made of the copies of the Egyptian Book of the Dead. It is known as *the Vatican Vergil*, or the Fourth-century Vergil, to distinguish it from a larger illustrated Vergil in the same Library of the Vatican. In this little book of the fourth century the text is illustrated

from time to time with charming vignettes, bordered by bands in three colors, and occupying half the page. They preserve the fresh naturalism of the antique to a remarkable degree, with impressionistic rendering of the figures, and depth of landscape background. In the other and larger Vergil, which critics now assign to a Gallic artist of the sixth century, this naturalism is already in decay; the same scheme of illustration is observed, but the figure style has lost its vitality and become childish, so childish in fact that Wickhoff, in his effort to maintain an early date for the manuscript, explained the book as a school-boy's Vergil, illustrated with deliberate crudeness in order to make the pictures correspond to the visual images of a Roman youngster! Yet even in this crude work the antique tradition is maintained, however feebly, for the costumes are those of the later empire, the nimbus, given to distinguished personages, is a thoroughly Hellenistic notion, the furniture is of ancient pattern, and the round infantile faces, with their enormous eyes, show in their very simplicity of type the basic idealism of the ancient world. The language such artists speak is still Latin, vulgar Latin though it be. Their style is the artistic counterpart to the Romance dialects, representing the same disintegration of antique tradition, and following the same geographical distribution over Italy, the south of France, and especially Spain. It can be detected in illumination not only by the childish faces and big eyes, but by peculiar marks such as the spots of red upon the cheeks which is all that is left of antique impressionism, the arrangement of the color patterns in plaids, and the disintegrated composition. By these clues the Latin style can be traced to a surprisingly late date in the Middle Ages; the Morgan Library possesses two prime examples of the style in Spain—two manuscripts of Beatus' Commentary on the Apocalypse of which one (the earliest dated copy of this text with illustrations) is of the ninth century, and the other no earlier than the thirteenth.

In the east a different fate awaited the classic tradition. In the first place, the illumination of books in the eastern portion of the empire started with the stronger tradition behind it of Greek art as distinguished from Latin. It thus never lost the essential dignity of Hellenic work, but it met at the outset a powerful counter-current from Persia, whose effect is interesting to trace. We detect it in the tendency to sacrifice representation to decoration, in the flattening of the figures, the two-dimensional composition, the elimination of cast shadows, and by contrast the gradual assem-

bling of the lights and darks into a pattern of *chiaroscuro*. As life dies out of the scenes and motifs, a new splendor of color comes to take its place, showing the effect of a growing tone-instinct unknown to antiquity and traceable to Persia.

Persian art of the earliest Middle Ages is hard to reconstruct, and we have only its reflection in later work to guide us in forming our ideas of it. The illuminated Persian manuscripts of the Morgan Library contain some beautiful examples of Eastern decoration, of which one is illustrated in Figure 1. It is a miniature from Manafi al-Haiawan's "Description of Animals," written in 1291, and demonstrates sufficiently the power of the influence that slowly reduced the classic tradition in the East from its worship of form, teaching it instead the secrets of color and pattern. Greek design is essentially proportional, i. e., stable, depending for its harmony on the different, but proportionate size of its units. Greek color is essentially local color, i. e., color used to pick out and emphasize form. The result is an architectonic stability in Greek work, quite different from the effect our Persian miniaturist gives us. Persian art may be naturalistic in detail, but it is always ornamental in composition; and its effect on the illumination of the Eastern Empire was to substitute an absolute color harmony, by which we mean one to which the forms are subordinated, and a rhythmic design, whereby the eye instead of resting on a stable unity is forced to move about the pattern by the alternation or recurrence of units that do not differ much in size or emphasis.

The height of this influence on East Christian art came in the period from the sixth to the ninth century, before the iconoclastic controversy. Later on, as a result of the Arab conquest, there was a reaction. This cut off the eastern provinces of the empire (Syria and Egypt) that had been prolific propagators of the eastern influence, and checked its force,—so that Byzantine art was thrown back, as it were, upon its Hellenistic patrimony. From about 850 to 1000 we find in fact in Byzantine art a remarkable revival of Hellenistic manner, represented best by such works as the ivory boxes decorated with old Hellenistic pagan subjects, and such manuscripts as the famous Psalter of the tenth century in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. From the eleventh century, the Oriental factor is again effective, but always restrained, and this is the essential point, by the conservatism of Greek design.

We see this Mid-Byzantine style in the frontispiece to a Greek Gospel Lectionary of the twelfth century (Fig. 2), whose miniatures represent the



FIG. 2: BYZANTINE LECTIONARY

Twelfth Century

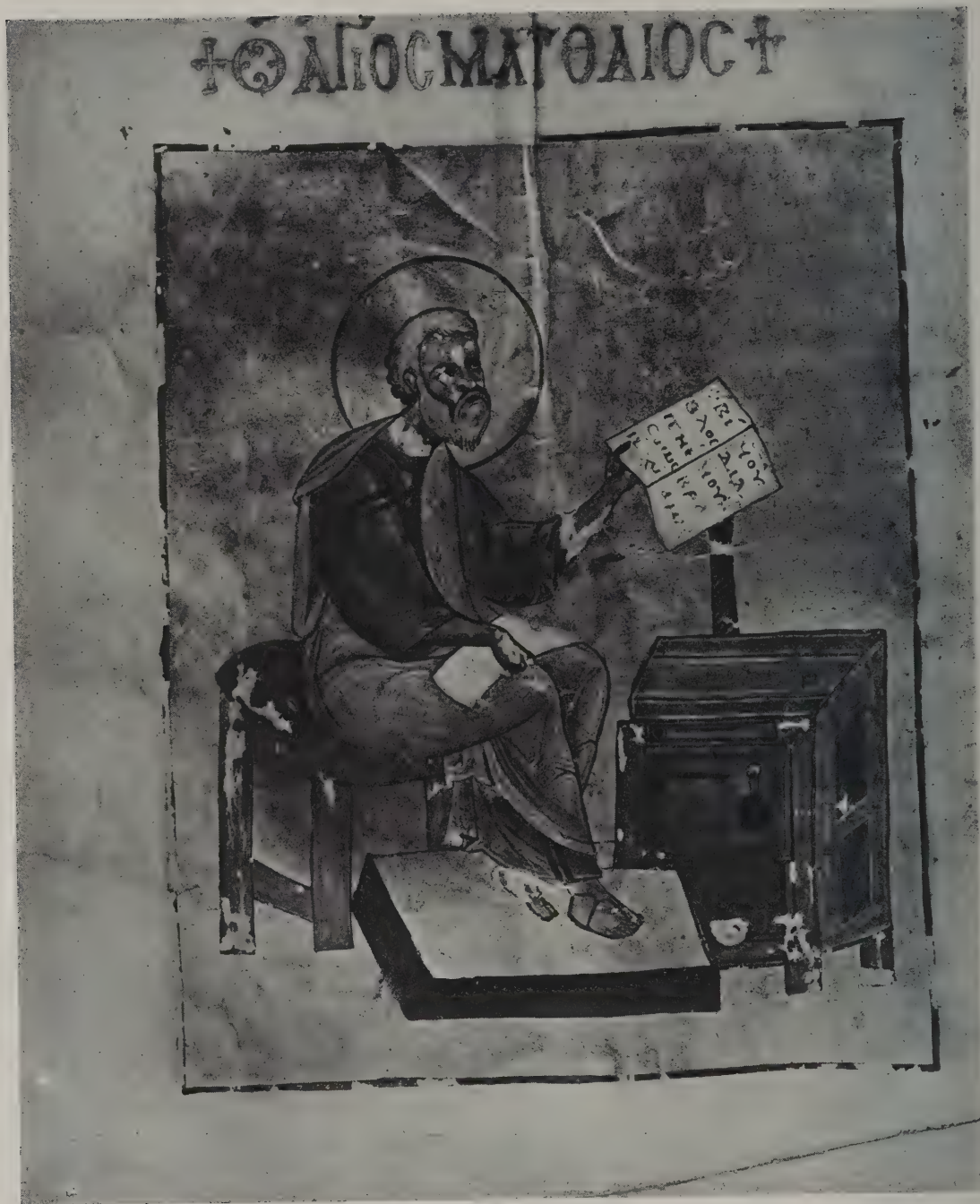


FIG. 3: SAINT MATTHEW
Byzantine Gospel-Book

Twelfth Century

Harrowing of Hell and the Dictation of St. John to Prochoros. The book begins with the readings for Easter, which explains the selection of the Harrowing of Hell, since this scene, throughout Byzantine liturgical iconography, always conveyed to the Greek mind the connotation of Easter, and bore in fact the name of the Resurrection (Anastasis).

Thus the Risen Christ descends into Limbo and raises Adam, while behind Him stand the crowned figures of David and Solomon; beneath His feet He treads the form of Satan, and strides across the crossed Gates of Hell, characteristic of the scene from the end of the eleventh century on. The border is Oriental enough to be imitated from a Persian rug, and the scene is completely unreal by virtue of the gold background that shuts off all suggestion of locality and space, but the dominant note in this art is after all Greek dignity, proportion, and stability. Greek also,—Christian Greek, that is,—is the abstraction of the content, which makes the action so ceremonial and the gesture so solemn. In this abstraction lies the secret of the sterility of Byzantine art, for after the twelfth century it had no vital development. Like Egyptian art, it had deserted nature to find a formula of perfection in an abstract color scheme (mainly violet, blue, and gold), and in an abstract, unnatural design. Its very unreality made it a perfect vehicle for eastern dogma, and for eastern decorative systems. No wall decoration has ever surpassed the Byzantine mosaics, and no style of illumination, until we reach the Gothic, can match the products of the Greek monasteries. But through all the Mid-Byzantine painting one feels the contradictory interaction of the Oriental and Hellenic elements; the Greek sense of form that strives for third dimension, and the Oriental sense of pattern that negatives this with its gold background, and its rich and arbitrary play of color (Fig. 3).

It will be seen that our examples thus far have followed one or the other of two well-defined methods of design,—the Greek method of balance and proportion that arrives at architectonic stability, and the Oriental striving for rhythm and pattern that sacrifices form to *chiaroscuro* and depends for unity on the regular recurrence of similar accents. There is still a third type of design, no less potent in its effects on the art of Europe, but until recently only imperfectly recognized. This type is the expression of the third factor in European culture, the barbarians of the North, and its earliest examples are found in the "animal-style" used in the ornament of weapons and trappings found in barbarian graves, and also, and more brilliantly, in

the illumination of Irish manuscripts. Their riots of color and luxuriant ornament express the barbarian spirit undisciplined by any classical heritage, for Ireland was never Romanized. Apparently without reasoned purpose, since devoid at once of Greek symmetry or Oriental rhythm, the Irish ornament ultimately explains itself as unconsciously animated by a dynamic principle. Its source of unity is its life alone, and the vitality that is inherent in its continuity and, to quote Berenson's adjective for Botticelli, its "singing" line.

The Morgan Library possesses no Irish illumination, but on the other hand, it has one of the most interesting examples of Irish ornament in existence. This is afforded by the back cover of Morgan 1, a manuscript written in the Abbey of Saint Gall in Switzerland in the latter half of the ninth century, and illuminated by the same hand that decorated the Folchart Psalter of that famous monastery. We owe this identification to Mr. A. M. Friend, as well as the brilliant reconstruction of the school that produced the gold Crucifixion which forms the upper cover of the manuscript (Fig. 4). This was done, as he has shown (in *Art Studies*, I, p. 67) in the Abbey of Saint-Denis near Paris, where a school of ivory carvers, illuminators and goldsmiths had arisen under the patronage of the Emperor Charles the Bald. For the further history of this cover, and the far more interesting history of the influence of the style it represents, I must refer the reader to the volume which Mr. Friend is preparing on the early mediæval art in the Morgan collection; it is from the material gathered for this book that he has kindly supplied me with whatever information this article contains on the early western manuscripts in the Library.

The gold cover, then, was an importation at St. Gall, having come originally from the Abbey of Saint-Denis where it was made about the year 870. The silver cover of the back, however, is much earlier, and was made at Saint Gall itself (Fig. 5), at some time about the year 800. Now the monastery of Saint Gall was an Irish foundation, taking its name from its founder, who was a disciple of that fiery missionary, Columban. The ornament on the older cover represents therefore the Celtic traditions that reigned in the abbey before the Carolingian Renaissance, and the intertwining dragons and stems are a reflection of the illuminations of the Irish codices. The use of leaves in these interlacings is, however, the hall mark of the Continental variant of the Celtic ornament, and one misses the complicated involution and virile swirls of the island work. But the rarity of Celtic metal



FIG. 4: BOOK-COVER
Saint Denis

Ninth Century

work on the Continent makes this example almost as precious as the better known golden cover which is its pendant,—itself the most finished specimen of Carolingian goldsmith's work in existence.

While the Celtic illuminators, in Ireland, England, and the Irish monasteries on the Continent (Bobbio, Fulda, Luxeuil, St. Gall), were decorating their manuscripts with this strange expression of the barbarian temperament, in France and along the Rhine was evolving that movement known as the Carolingian Renaissance. The movement had as its conscious objective the resurrection of the later Roman empire in politics, literature, and art, and its outstanding characteristic is therefore imitation. The artists who decorated the Carolingian manuscripts had several sources from which to draw, and as one or the other of these sources predominated in their eclecticism, the different schools of Carolingian illumination emerge: one following the track of the Latin style, and tempering its flaccid decadence with motifs and ornament drawn from early Byzantine (the Ada school); another developing the Irish style by simplifying its involutions and disciplining its exuberance into a semblance of symmetry (the Franco-Saxon school); another (Tours) which is distinguished by its ability to assimilate the delicacy of antique ornament, the models for which it seems to have found in the still existing antique monuments of Italy and Southern Gaul, and in the decorations of the churches at Ravenna.

All of these sources were used by the Carolingian illuminators, often in a helter-skelter jumble, and always with more magnificence than taste, save where the decorative genius of Byzantium or Ireland gained the upper hand. A fourth school, whose center seems, in the ninth century at least, to have been at Reims, bases its work on the illustrated Roman books of the fourth and fifth centuries, such as the Vatican Vergil described at the beginning of this article.

The process by which the Carolingian painters assimilated the impressionistic painting of these late Classic models, and the manner in which they transformed the color technique of the early miniatures into a line technique, was recently described by W. F. Stohlman in a paper read at the Chicago meeting of the Archæological Institute. The antique artists commonly omitted the drawing of a contour on the lighted side of a figure or an object, and the ninth century draughtsmen of Reims tried to reproduce the shadows of such lighted surfaces with a series of hatchings. This gradually became in their hands a drawing by means of wriggly strokes which is the hall-mark of the school,

and which gives to their figures sometimes the effect of a sudden chill, as in the seated Evangelist of a Reims manuscript in the Morgan Library (Fig. 6). The same barbarian fervor that complicates and vitalizes the living line of Irish ornament, galvanized the antique figures, in the hands of the Reims painters, into a sort of windy vigor. In extreme examples, such as the famous Psalter in the University Library at Utrecht, this Teutonic ideal of effective force and violent emotion is realized in a pitch that is nothing less than shrill. Figures are twisted and warped into postures that make one ache to look at; draperies and even landscapes swirl and heave in tumultuous movement. In the Reims school of illumination may properly be found the genesis of modern art, since here for the first time we find the emotional element which differentiates the modern from the antique.

The powerful style of the Reims school, the original contribution of the Carolingian period to the art-history of Europe, quickly spread to the other French schools of the north, and influenced the later work at Tours as well. It still persisted in outlying monasteries even in the tenth century, as may be seen by the miniature reproduced in Fig. 7, which is part of the decoration of a Gospel book executed in the Abbey of Marchiennes on the border of France and Belgium. The nuns of this abbey copied, in the miniatures of this manuscript, the Evangelists of a well-known Reims Gospel Book in the Arsenal Library at Paris (the Gospels of St. Aure), and the provenance of the Morgan manuscript is shown by the little figure of St. Rictrude, first abbess of Marchiennes, who lies prostrate at the feet of one of the Evangelists.

The greatest monastic library in France in the ninth century was that which was formed at Saint-Denis near Paris by the Emperor Charles the Bald. Some of the most famous Carolingian manuscripts at present in existence are known to have formed part of this library, and as its codices represented all the schools of illumination, there gradually arose at Saint-Denis, as Mr. Friend has shown in the article already mentioned, an eclectic school which combined the vigorous drawing of Reims with the classic decoration of Tours and the cunningly contrived initials of the Celtic Franco-Saxon style. It was this eclectic school of Saint-Denis which produced, as pointed out before, the golden cover of the Saint Gall Gospel Book (Morgan 1). The swarm of angels that surrounds the Crucifix reflects the chief literary event at the abbey in the period,—the translation of the works of the Pseudo-Dionysius in whom the monks recognized



FIG. 5: SILVER BOOK-COVER, CELTIC STYLE
St. Gall *Early Ninth Century*

their eponymous saint, including his strange writing on the Celestial Hierarchy in which the hosts of Heaven are arranged in their proper order. One sees that the exaggerations of the Reims drawing are here toned down, but the fluttering draperies, free gestures, and open hands betray the barbarian strain in the style, and its expressiveness gave the Saint-Denis manner a wide and long continued vogue in France and England, which lasted in fact until its looseness came under the discipline of Romanesque design in the twelfth century.

The school of Tours and that which goes under the name of the "Ada-school" (from a putative sister of Charlemagne for whom one of its manuscripts was illuminated), are represented in the Library in a peculiar manner. Morgan 191 is a Gospel manuscript, of which a portion was written in Tours, and the rest completed in some northern center, presumably the abbey of Echternach near Trèves. During the completion of the text, the decoration of the canon-tables (in which the parallel passages of the Gospels are listed) was added to the manuscript late in the tenth century, in that tight and precise style that betrays the German hand, and goes under the name of Ottonian. But German as he was the artist must have had the canon pages of a Tours manuscript before him or in his mind, for he has utilized a characteristic Tours motif in the purple band for his title which he puts in the lunette of his arch (Fig. 8). His local tradition was, however, that of the Ada-school, since he uses the round arched frame of the latter, with its characteristic birds in the spandrels, and in the curious crocketing of the archivolt we have an old Asiatic motif which formed part of the East Christian ornamental repertoire used by the Ada artists, and derived by them through channels which are known, but too devious to be described here. The Ada-school formed the basis on which the Rhenish illuminators of the tenth and the eleventh centuries build their style, so that the Morgan manuscript would offer little out of the ordinary as an example of Rhenish work in the tenth century, were it not for the curious fact that the text of the manuscript was partly written in Tours, and that the souvenir of the French school survives as well in the purple title-band. Such were the mixtures and peregrinations of monastic styles!

A similar migration of influence is illustrated by the manuscript of which the golden Crucifixion forms the cover, the Saint Gall Gospels. The illumination of these pages, done in deep purples, green, and gold, is the finest that the Library

can show among its pre-Gothic manuscripts. The can show among its pre-Gothic manuscripts. The that did the ornament of the well-known Folchart Psalter of the same monastery, and shows the distinct influence of the style of Saint-Denis, or some provincial variety thereof. The Franco-Saxon interlaces at the ends and the center of the upright of the F have been broadened and made heavier after the manner of the Saint-Denis craftsmen, and in the border one sees that fondness for a leaf design that characterizes the same school. From Tours this eclectic style has borrowed the classic finial that terminates the initial below.

Something of the same broadening of the contour bands, and the same elegance, is found in the other Saint Gall manuscript possessed by the Library, a lectionary for Sundays and other feasts (Fig. 10). Mr. Friend traced this manuscript to the monastery by its Calendar, in which the local saint's name is illuminated, in contrast with the names of other saints, and by the characteristic style of the three initials of the manuscript, which is that of the *Evangelium Longum* of the Saint Gall Library. The purple that was so popular among the Carolingian schools of the ninth century is absent here, and in fact was being generally discarded in the illumination of the monastery after the beginning of the tenth century. The style of these initials, in spite of reminiscences of Saint-Denis, is based in the last analysis on the old Celtic interlacings of which we saw an early example in the back cover of Morgan 1; the forms of the initials are still rather Irish in character, but the incipient leaf-work of the early style is here developed in full sophistication. From these interlacings of the Saint-Gall initials come the more closely plaited strap-work initials that are the identifying mark of German manuscripts of the tenth and the eleventh centuries.

The cover of this manuscript is formed by a Crucifixion in Limoges enamel of the thirteenth century (Fig. 11).

When, at the end of the ninth century, Charlemagne's empire was divided into the East Frankish and the West Frankish realms, a similar separation seems to have been the fate of the Carolingian schools. For if one draws a line along the Meuse, the Saône and the Rhone, a boundary will be marked that was observed throughout the tenth and the eleventh centuries in illumination, the styles east of this boundary grouping themselves under the general heading of the German or Rhenish schools, while France, Belgium, and England maintain a common style that is quite distinct from the Ger-

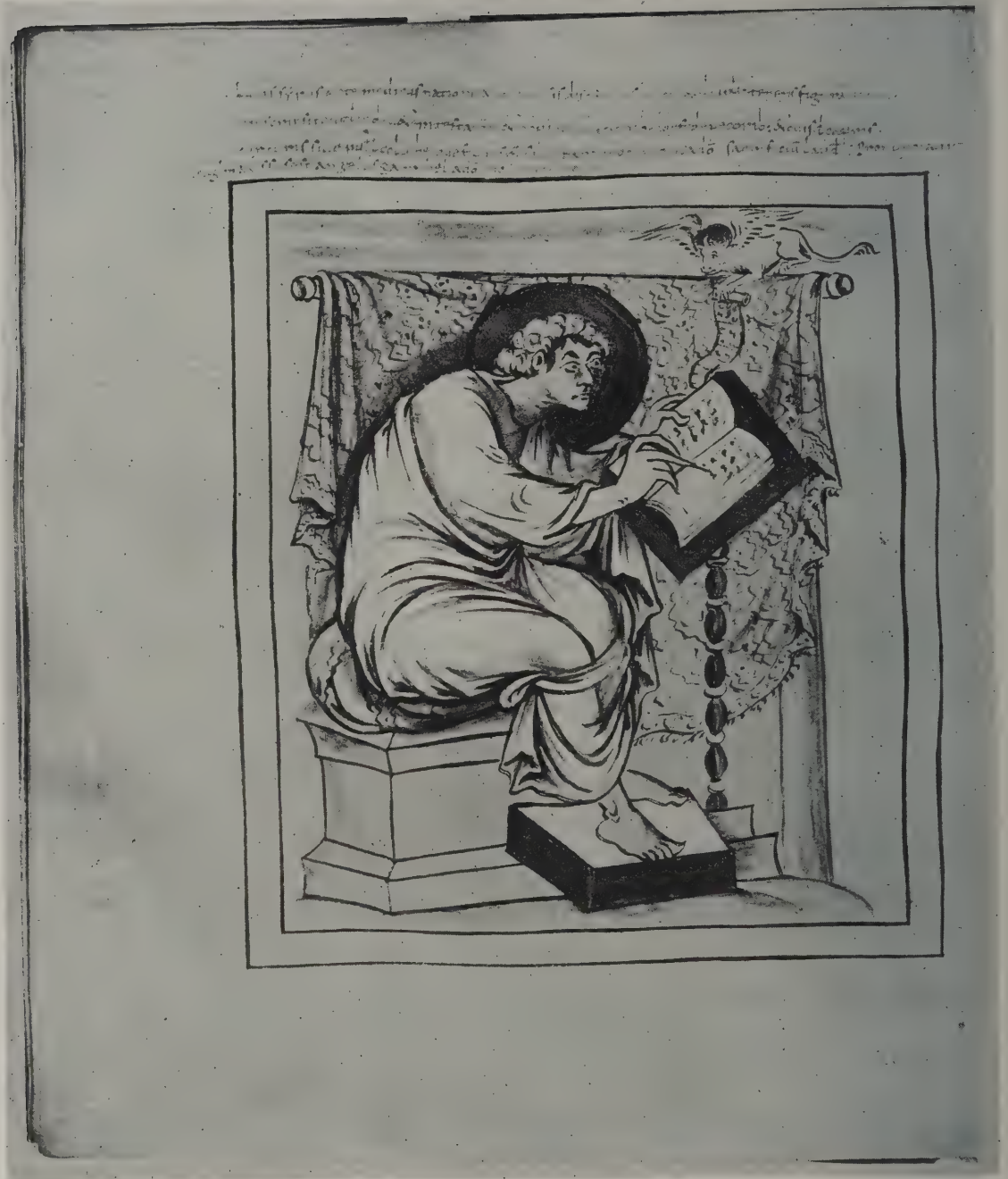


FIG. 6: SAINT LUKE
Gospel-Book of the Reims School

Ninth Century



FIG. 7: SAINT MARK
Gospel-Book Illuminated in Late Reims Style

Tenth Century

CANON INQV

| MATTHEW | | MARK | | LUKE | | JOHN | |
|--------------------|------------|-------------------|--|------|--|------|--|
| XXV | VI | XV | | | | | |
| XXVI | VII | XVI | | | | | |
| XXVII | VIII | XVII | | | | | |
| XXVIII | IX | XVIII | | | | | |
| XXIX | X | XIX | | | | | |
| XXX | XI | XX | | | | | |
| XXXI | XII | XXI | | | | | |
| XXXII | XIII | XXII | | | | | |
| XXXIII | XIV | XXIII | | | | | |
| XXXIV | XV | XXIV | | | | | |
| XXXV | XVI | XXV | | | | | |
| XXXVI | XVII | XXVI | | | | | |
| XXXVII | XVIII | XXVII | | | | | |
| XXXVIII | XIX | XXVIII | | | | | |
| XXXIX | XX | XXIX | | | | | |
| XL | XXI | XXX | | | | | |
| XL I | XXII | XXXI | | | | | |
| XL II | XXIII | XXXII | | | | | |
| XL III | XXIV | XXXIII | | | | | |
| XL IV | XXV | XXXIV | | | | | |
| XL V | XXVI | XXXV | | | | | |
| XL VI | XXVII | XXXVI | | | | | |
| XL VII | XXVIII | XXXVII | | | | | |
| XL VIII | XXIX | XXXVIII | | | | | |
| XL IX | XXX | XXXIX | | | | | |
| XL X | XXXI | XL | | | | | |
| XL XI | XXXII | XL I | | | | | |
| XL XII | XXXIII | XL II | | | | | |
| XL XIII | XXXIV | XL III | | | | | |
| XL XIV | XXXV | XL IV | | | | | |
| XL XV | XXXVI | XL V | | | | | |
| XL XVI | XXXVII | XL VI | | | | | |
| XL XVII | XXXVIII | XL VII | | | | | |
| XL XVIII | XXXIX | XL VIII | | | | | |
| XL XIX | XL | XL IX | | | | | |
| XL XX | XL I | XL X | | | | | |
| XL XXI | XL II | XL XI | | | | | |
| XL XXII | XL III | XL XII | | | | | |
| XL XXIII | XL IV | XL XIII | | | | | |
| XL XXIV | XL V | XL XIV | | | | | |
| XL XXV | XL VI | XL XV | | | | | |
| XL XXVI | XL VII | XL XVI | | | | | |
| XL XXVII | XL VIII | XL XVII | | | | | |
| XL XXVIII | XL IX | XL XVIII | | | | | |
| XL XXIX | XL X | XL XIX | | | | | |
| XL XXX | XL XI | XL XX | | | | | |
| XL XXXI | XL XII | XL XXI | | | | | |
| XL XXXII | XL XIII | XL XXII | | | | | |
| XL XXXIII | XL XIV | XL XXIII | | | | | |
| XL XXXIV | XL XV | XL XXIV | | | | | |
| XL XXXV | XL XVI | XL XXV | | | | | |
| XL XXXVI | XL XVII | XL XXVI | | | | | |
| XL XXXVII | XL XVIII | XL XXVII | | | | | |
| XL XXXVIII | XL XIX | XL XXVIII | | | | | |
| XL XXXIX | XL XX | XL XXIX | | | | | |
| XL XL | XL XXI | XL XXX | | | | | |
| XL XLI | XL XXII | XL XXXI | | | | | |
| XL XLII | XL XXIII | XL XXXII | | | | | |
| XL XLIII | XL XXIV | XL XXXIII | | | | | |
| XL XLIV | XL XXV | XL XXXIV | | | | | |
| XL XLV | XL XXVI | XL XXXV | | | | | |
| XL XLVI | XL XXVII | XL XXXVI | | | | | |
| XL XLVII | XL XXVIII | XL XXXVII | | | | | |
| XL XLVIII | XL XXIX | XL XXXVIII | | | | | |
| XL XLIX | XL XXX | XL XXXIX | | | | | |
| XL L | XL XXXI | XL XL | | | | | |
| XL LI | XL XXXII | XL XLI | | | | | |
| XL LII | XL XXXIII | XL XLII | | | | | |
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| XL LV | XL XXXVI | XL XLV | | | | | |
| XL LVI | XL XXXVII | XL XLVI | | | | | |
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| XL LX | XL XLI | XL L | | | | | |
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| XL LXIII | XL XLIV | XL LIII | | | | | |
| XL LXIV | XL XLV | XL LIV | | | | | |
| XL LXV | XL XLVI | XL LV | | | | | |
| XL LXVI | XL XLVII | XL LVI | | | | | |
| XL LXVII | XL XLVIII | XL LVII | | | | | |
| XL LXVIII | XL XLIX | XL LVIII | | | | | |
| XL LXIX | XL XLX | XL LVIX | | | | | |
| XL LXX | XL XLI | XL LX | | | | | |
| XL LXXI | XL XLII | XL LXI | | | | | |
| XL LXXII | XL XLIII | XL LXII | | | | | |
| XL LXXIII | XL XLIV | XL LXIII | | | | | |
| XL LXXIV | XL XLV | XL LXIV | | | | | |
| XL LXXV | XL XLVI | XL LXV | | | | | |
| XL LXXVI | XL XLVII | XL LXVI | | | | | |
| XL LXXVII | XL XLVIII | XL LXVII | | | | | |
| XL LXXVIII | XL XLIX | XL LXVIII | | | | | |
| XL LXXIX | XL XLX | XL LXIX | | | | | |
| XL LXXX | XL XLI | XL LXX | | | | | |
| XL LXXXI | XL XLII | XL LXXI | | | | | |
| XL LXXXII | XL XLIII | XL LXXII | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXIV | XL XLV | XL LXXIV | | | | | |
| XL LXXXV | XL XLVI | XL LXXV | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXVII | XL XLVIII | XL LXXVII | | | | | |
| XL LXXXVIII | XL XLIX | XL LXXVIII | | | | | |
| XL LXXXIX | XL XLX | XL LXXIX | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX | XL XLI | XL LXXX | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXX IV | XL XLV | XL LXXX IV | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX V | XL XLVI | XL LXXX V | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXX VII | XL XLVIII | XL LXXX VII | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXX X | XL XLI | XL LXXX X | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXX XIII | XL XLIV | XL LXXX XIII | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XIV | XL XLV | XL LXXX XIV | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XV | XL XLVI | XL LXXX XV | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XVI | XL XLVII | XL LXXX XVI | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XVII | XL XLVIII | XL LXXX XVII | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXX XX | XL XLI | XL LXXX XX | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XXI | XL XLII | XL LXXX XXI | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XXII | XL XLIII | XL LXXX XXII | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XXIII | XL XLIV | XL LXXX XXIII | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XXIV | XL XLV | XL LXXX XXIV | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XXV | XL XLVI | XL LXXX XXV | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XXVI | XL XLVII | XL LXXX XXVI | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XXVII | XL XLVIII | XL LXXX XXVII | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXX XXIX | XL XLX | XL LXXX XXIX | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XXX | XL XLI | XL LXXX XXX | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XXXI | XL XLII | XL LXXX XXXI | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXX XL | XL XLI | XL LXXX XL | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXX XLII | XL XLIII | XL LXXX XLII | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXX XLIV | XL XLV | XL LXXX XLIV | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XLV | XL XLVI | XL LXXX XLV | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XLVI | XL XLVII | XL LXXX XLVI | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX XLVII | XL XLVIII | XL LXXX XLVII | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXX XLIX | XL XLX | XL LXXX XLIX | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX L | XL XLI | XL LXXX L | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX LI | XL XLII | XL LXXX LI | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX LII | XL XLIII | XL LXXX LII | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX LIII | XL XLIV | XL LXXX LIII | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX LIV | XL XLV | XL LXXX LIV | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX LV | XL XLVI | XL LXXX LV | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX LVI | XL XLVII | XL LXXX LVI | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXX LX | XL XLI | XL LXXX LX | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX LXI | XL XLII | XL LXXX LXI | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXX LXX | XL XLI | XL LXXX LXX | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXX LXXV | XL XLVI | XL LXXX LXXV | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX LXXVI | XL XLVII | XL LXXX LXXVI | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX LXXVII | XL XLVIII | XL LXXX LXXVII | | | | | |
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| XL LXXXX LXXXX III | XL XLIV | XL LXXX LXXXX III | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX LXXXX IV | XL XLV | XL LXXX LXXXX IV | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX LXXXX V | XL XLVI | XL LXXX LXXXX V | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX LXXXX VI | XL XLVII | XL LXXX LXXXX VI | | | | | |
| XL LXXXX LXXXX VII | XL XLVIII | | | | | | |



FIG. 9: ILLUMINATED PAGE,
GOSPEL-BOOK

St. Gall *Ninth Century, latter half*

man. The latter drew relatively little from the school of Saint-Denis, whose influence was so powerful west of the Rhine, and, as has been pointed out above, the characteristic German initials are derived from those developed in the monastery of Saint Gall. These constitute the common feature of Rhenish manuscripts from the tenth to the twelfth century, and consists of tightly interlacing strap work broken by little knobs or crockets. The figure design of German miniatures in this period is based on the tradition of the Carolingian Adaschool, itself a product of the Rhineland. To this tradition is added the influence of early Byzantine illustrated Gospels, such as the one which existed in the abbey of Saint-Gall in the ninth century, and was carefully copied as to the labels of its miniatures, by one of the monks of the monastery. From such eastern models the German artists derived the sidewise squint given the eye, the sharp contrasts of light and shade, their tight and precise drawing, and the occasional use of the old half-page illustra-

tion to the text. As time goes on, racial force asserts itself, and the figures become more savage and Teutonic, finally evolving that strong, solid type which passes into Romanesque sculpture. A and Teutonic, finally evolving that strong solid of the period we have been describing is given by the miniatures of a manuscript that belongs to the school of Cologne, as identified by Ernest Dewald (Fig. 12). The Teutonized Byzantine quality of this figure is enhanced by the intruding effect of the symbol of the Evangelist which flies down uncomfortably from the entablature of the niche in which Matthew sits; the Byzantine model which the artist had in mind was without this feature, for the Byzantine Gospel Books do not as a rule represent their symbols with the evangelists. The initial of Matthew,—*Liber generationis*,—is shown in



FIG. 11: BOOK COVER

Limoges Enamel

Thirteenth Century



FIG. 12: SAINT MATTHEW
Gospel-Book Illuminated at Cologne

Eleventh Century

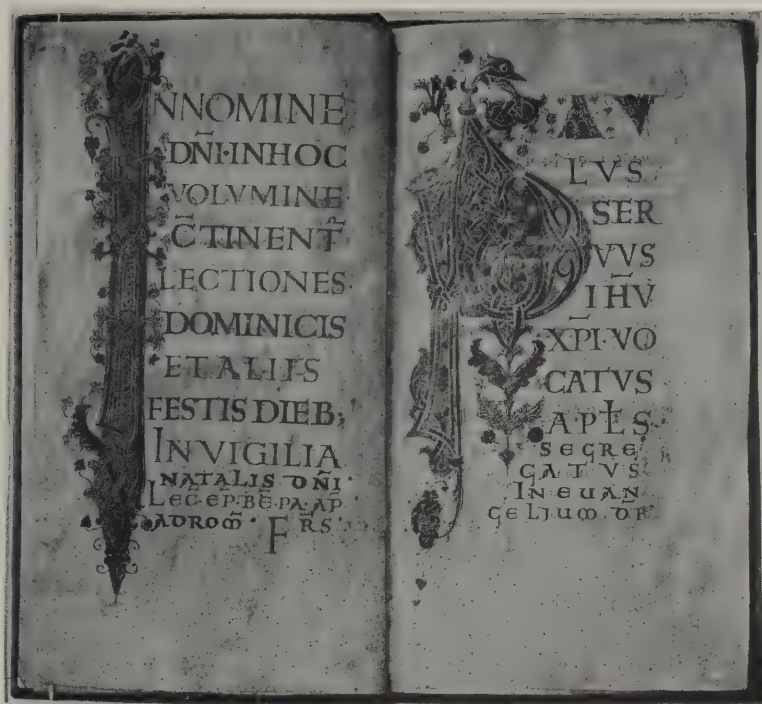


FIG. 10: LECTONARY
St. Gall

Early Tenth Century

Fig. 13, and illustrates the German strap work, with its tight knots and crockets.

The close connection of Germany with North Italy during the Middle Ages is a commonplace in mediæval history, and it is therefore not surprising to find a weakened version of the style appearing in Lombard and Tuscan manuscripts of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, especially as the closest stylish connection exists between the Rhenish manuscripts of the period of the Ottos, and the early Romanesque sculpture of Lombardy. Thus in a page from a Tuscan Gospel Book of the end of the eleventh century, we find in the representation of the Presentation of the Christ Child in the Temple (Fig. 14), that Joseph who bears the doves of Purification, and Simeon the priest who receives the Child, have both the lineaments of the Matthew of the Cologne Gospels, that the Christ of the lower scene of the finding of the Child among the Doctors retains the old type used in the Ada-school, and that the style in general adheres to the closed contours of the German manner instead of the contorted poses and flying drapery of the looser West Frankish drawing. The initials also (Fig. 15), adhere to the general type of Saint Gall. Historically, this manuscript is one of the most important in the early group, for it belonged

to no less a personage than the Countess Mathilda of Tuscany, who presented it about 1099 to the monastery of St. Benedict at Polirone, forty miles from her famous castle of Canossa, where it remained until carried off during Bonaparte's invasion of Italy in 1796.

In contrast to the ultra-solemn illustrations of the German and North Italian manuscripts, the West Frankish, or Anglo-French style of the tenth and eleventh centuries displays a much gayer picture. Here the Reims style of drawing, preserved through its incorporation in the manner of Saint-Denis, was developed by increasing the size of the figures and making their odd postures into formulæ; the leaf border also grows luxuriant and spreads out into rosettes and bursts of foliage. In English work especially, in the monasteries at Winchester and Canterbury, the leaf-work takes on the character of a growing plant,—at Winchester with more emphasis on the leaves themselves, and at Canterbury in the form of interlacing vines somewhat like the initials we have seen in Mathilda's Gospels, interspersed with birds' and animal heads that bite and gnaw the stems. On the Continent, in the abbeys of Mont Saint-Michel, St. Omer, and other foundations of the northern provinces of France, the style was followed with a hesitating



FIG. 13: INITIAL IN GOSPEL OF MATTHEW
Cologne

Eleventh Century



FIG. 14: THE INFANCY OF CHRIST
 Miniatures in the Gospels of Mathilda of Tuscany

Eleventh Century

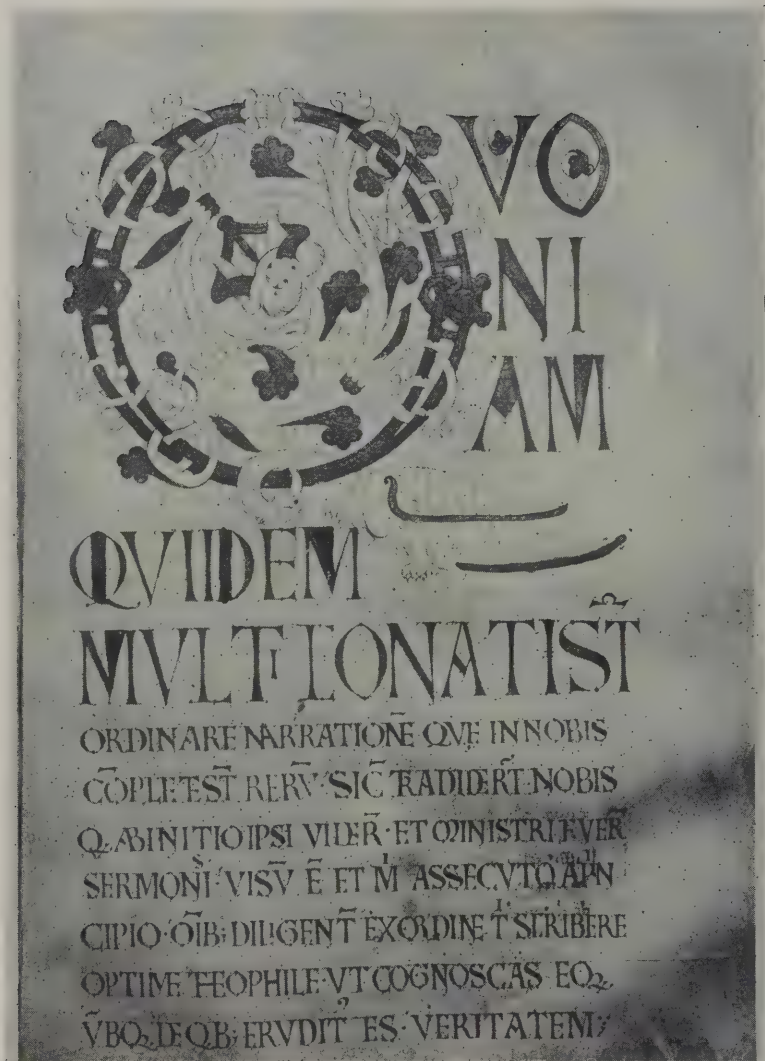


FIG. 15: INITIAL PAGE
Gospels of Mathilda of Tuscany

Eleventh Century

imitation of English work, the postures becoming more sober, and the colors adhering with more conservatism to the purple backgrounds and gold lettering of the Carolingian manuscripts, while English illuminators liked better the plain vellum of the page, and lettered by preference in green and red. A fine example of the North French illumination of this period is to be found in Morgan 333, a Codex Aureus (i. e. written in gold) of the Gospels, which was done in the monastery of Saint-Bertin at Saint-Omer in the beginning of the eleventh century. The dating and placing of this manuscript is again the work of Mr. Friend, who has managed to identify the two clerics represented

in an outline drawing on one of its pages (Fig. 16) as Odbert, abbot of the monastery, and the scribe Dodolinus. His identification even extends to the books the two carry in their hands, one being the Morgan Gospels, and the other an unfinished manuscript illuminated obviously by the same hand, which is still preserved in the library of the monastery under the number 56. Since Odbert died in 1008, the date of the manuscript is fixed. The outline drawing is characteristically Anglo-French in its angularity, nervousness and disinclination to close the contours, in contrast to the tight style employed by the German craftsmen. The relation of this to the old Carolingian manner of Reims may

be seen by looking back at Figs. 6 and 7, and particularly by noting the formula used in the figure of the evangelist Mark in Fig. 17, which reproduces in less vigorous fashion the outlines of the Carolingian Luke. In the border we have the North French imitation of the luxuriant acanthus borders of Winchester, while the interlacing stems used in the panels of the initial page of Mark (Fig. 18) are derived from the rival school of Canterbury. This eclectic imitation of insular work shows the prestige of English draughtsmen in the period—the single epoch in the history of art when English ateliers led and did not follow. The same attempt to reproduce the English models is found in the awkward accents of the postures and the fluttering draperies. Local, however, is the comically canine muzzle which the artist gives to his faces; and the inclusion of the miniature in the initial, as in the case of the Baptism of Christ, which shares with the St. George the decoration of the initial I, is a feature much used on the Continent and destined to find a fruitful development later in Gothic illumination.

About a hundred years later, in the Abbey of Mont-Saint-Michel, was illuminated another manu-

script of this North French School, the Yates Thompson Missal (Morgan 641; Fig. 19). The page we have reproduced represents the Assumption of the Virgin, an early example of this type, and illustrating the invention of the Anglo-French artists in such matters, for we may trace many a type of Romanesque and Gothic iconography back to the English illuminators, and their imitators of the Continent, of the tenth and eleventh centuries. The Virgin is crowned with the Anglo-French fleur-de-lys crown, and holds the palm of Paradise, which was brought to her three days before her death by the angel that announced her approaching end. Two angels support the mandorla in which Our Lady stands, and from the arc of Heaven above extends the Hand of God. The feet of the angel trespass on the frame of the picture, in accordance with the waywardness of West Frankish design, but the rich acanthus borders of the earlier time are now confined within their inclosing bands, and the whole composition has dropped into a more symmetrical formula.

Another of the twelve full-page miniatures of this manuscript represents the Emperor Heraclius holding aloft the Cross as he enters the city of

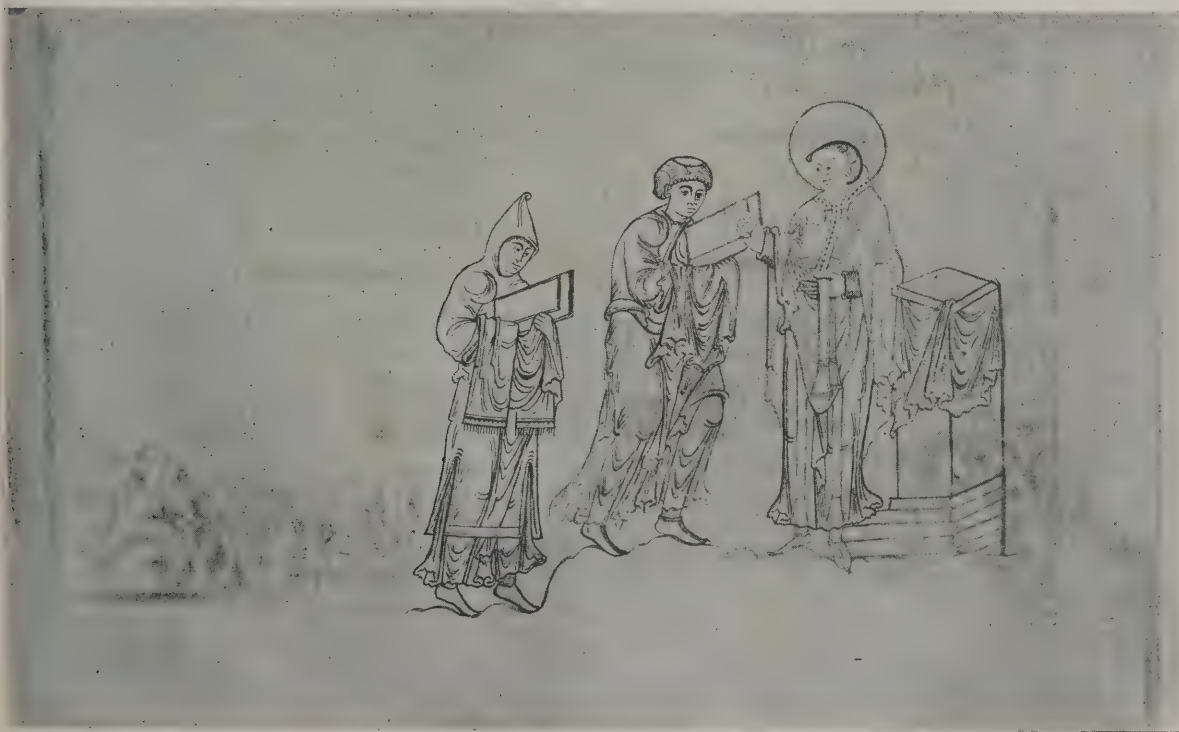


FIG. 16: ODBERT AND DODOLINUS PRESENT MANUSCRIPTS
TO ST. BERTIN

Early Eleventh Century

North French



FIG. 17: SAINT MARK
Golden Gospels of Saint Omer

*North French
Early Eleventh Century*



FIG. 18: INITIAL PAGE IN GOSPEL OF MARK
Golden Gospels of Saint Omer
 North French
 Early Eleventh Century

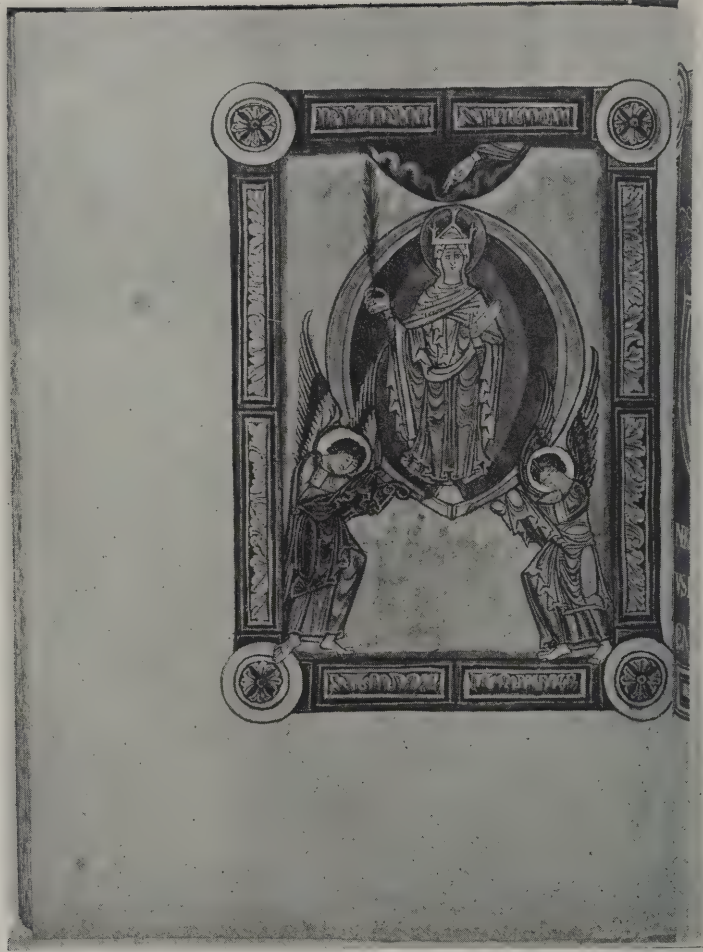


FIG. 19: ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN
Illuminated Missal *About 1100* *Mont-Saint-Michel*

Jerusalem, recaptured from the heathen. The miniature illustrates the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross, and probably has reference to the grand entry of Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, into the Abbey of Mont-Saint-Michel on his return from the first Crusade. From this and other points of evidence, a date of about 1100 may be arrived at for the manuscript, and its illumination is probably due to a certain Frotmundus, a monk of the Mount, who was also the scribe of another Mont-Saint-Michel manuscript, no. 72, in the library of Avranches. This Missal again illustrates the West Frankish fondness for the historiated initial, having eighteen such beside the twelve full-page pictures.

Mention was made above of the growing symmetry and restraint which this manuscript shows in its illumination, as compared with the works of a hundred years before. The process is not pecu-

liar to North French work, or even to the West Frankish branch of illumination in general; it echoes a general integration of style that went on all over Europe in the course of the twelfth century, and obliterated to a large extent the old distinction between the Anglo-French and German manners. The ornament is sensitive to the change, retreating between the bounds of the border, and disciplining its motifs to more conventional forms. The playful acanthus sprays and crockets of the initials in east and west are all but suppressed, so that the plant-motifs become largely leafless stems of heavy size, which in turn desert their wayward interlocking to roll themselves into vigorous but symmetrical spirals. The figures straighten to a vertical pose, and abandon the diagonal axis so characteristic of the tenth and eleventh century, at least in England. The whole design hardens to

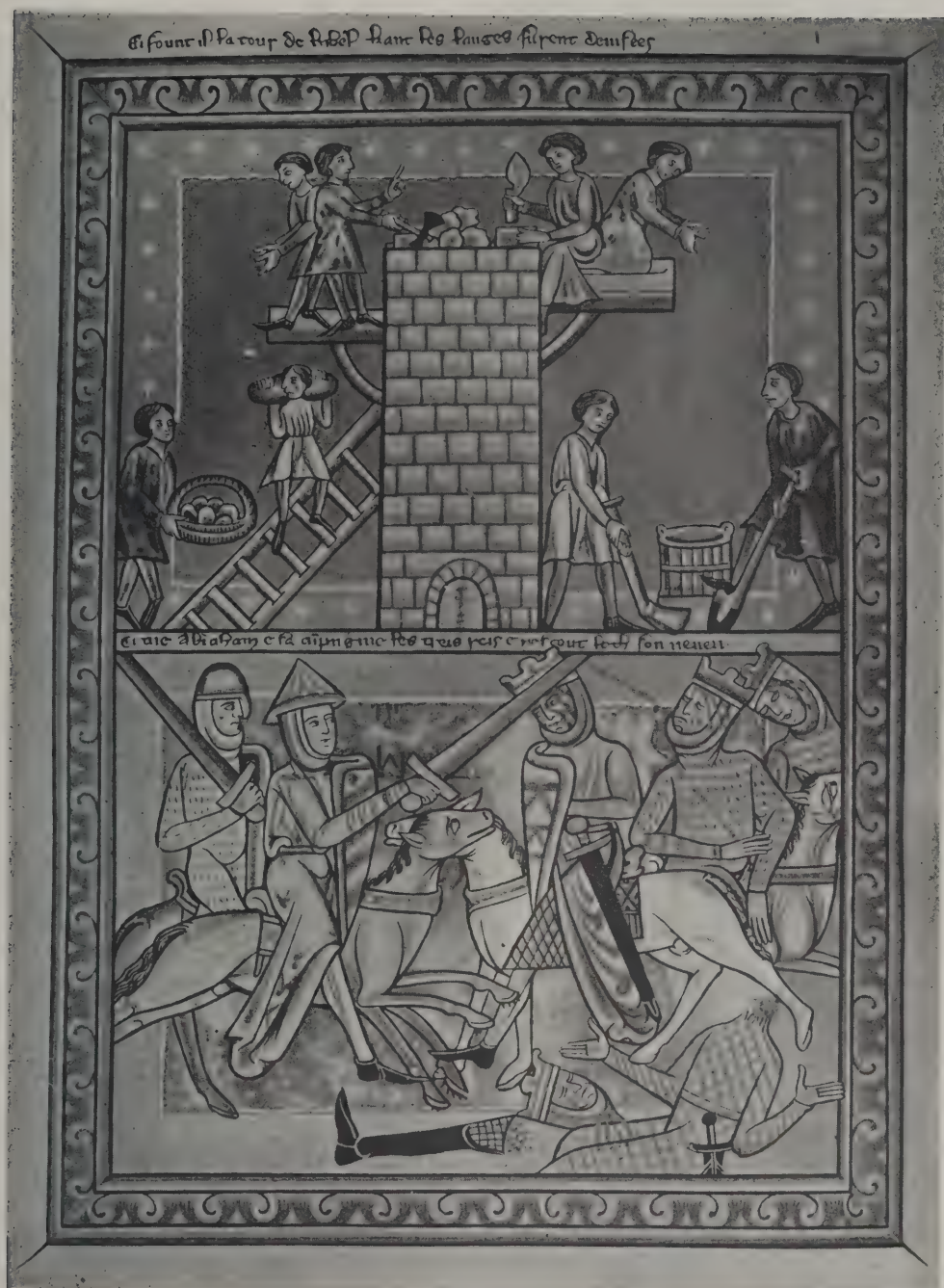


FIG. 20: THE TOWER OF BABEL and
ABRAHAM AVENGING LOT
Miniatures in the Huntingfield Psalter (English)

Twelfth Century

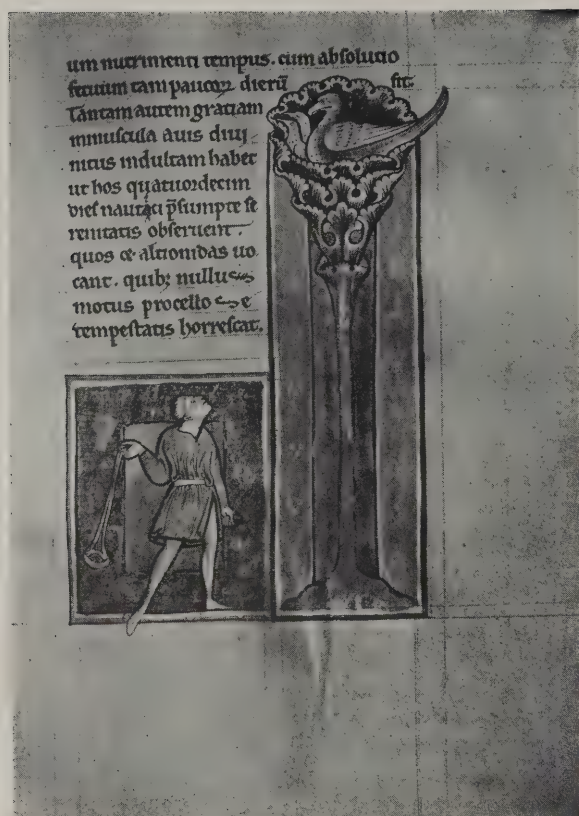


FIG. 21: ENGLISH BESTIARY
Late Twelfth Century

precision, reflecting the insistence and certainty of dogma that is the key-note of the century of Saint Bernard.

The four Morgan manuscripts here illustrated of the second half of the twelfth century exemplify this universality of style, which probably was the result of the international character of Romanesque monasticism. Two of them are English, one German, and the fourth was illuminated in the south of France. The English Psalter illustrated in Fig. 20 probably employed three hands in its miniatures, of which one did the Biblical pictures, another the representations of martyrdoms, and still another the ornament of the text. The manuscript is known as the Huntingfield Psalter, from the obit of Roger de Huntingfield, which occurs in the calendar in a hand of the early XIV century. The miniatures have all the severity of Norman work, and one who compares them with the exuberance of the Anglo-Saxon illumination which preceded this style can read in these stiff figures and rigid postures the grim discipline which the Conquest forced on England. The same conventions

greet us in more pleasing guise in the miniatures of an English Bestiary of about 1170, illustrated in Fig. 21 with a picture of the halcyon nesting, to illustrate the description of the halcyon days which is given in the accompanying text. This Bestiary once belonged to the Dean of Lincoln and was presented by him to the Augustinian Priory of Radford, as we learn from an old note in the manuscript itself; it afterward became a part of the Hamilton Collection and passed with other manuscripts of this collection into the possession of the German Government. It was resold in London in 1889, and came into the hands of William Morris, from whose collection it passed into the Morgan Library. A similar Bestiary is preserved in the British Museum.

The German example of Fig. 22 is of the closing years of the twelfth century and possibly of the Salzburg school. Our miniature represents the Washing of Feet, and illustrates the strong Byzantine strain in German Romanesque illumination, in that the scene retains the characteristic Byzantine feature of the episode, the gesture of Peter toward his head according to his words recorded in John xiii, 9. Bibliophiles will prize not only the manuscript, but the book-plate which it contains, of Louis Philypeaux, comte de Pontchartrain, chancellor of France under Louis XIV.

The most characteristic example of Romanesque illumination in the Library is furnished by the thirty pictures of the Life of Christ painted in the Abbey of Saint-Martial of Limoges, in the second half of the twelfth century. The Annunciation figured in Fig. 23 has all the rigid monumentality of twelfth century style at its best, and the connection with monumental art is very direct in this case, since the composition follows the outlines of the proto-Gothic sculpture and reminds one strongly of the Annunciation on the west front of Chartres Cathedral, while the border reproduces the designs of the borders used in twelfth century stained glass.

The picture which the twelfth century gives in its ensemble is that of a developed, rather than an independent style. It seems to be the maturity of centuries of growth, and the universality of the Romanesque manner in its larger aspect shows how completely it met the needs of European thought and feeling in the centuries of the Crusades.

But, here and there, as we leave the twelfth century, we see upon this strong and seemingly aged trunk the budding of the Gothic style. The metaphor from plant-life is not casually chosen, for nothing so much resembles the artless but con-



FIG. 23: THE ANNUNCIATION *Twelfth Century, second half*
Miniature Executed at Limoges

sistent growth, and the quick fading, of High Gothic art. It rises so unperceived and modestly that it is difficult to show by pictures or words just what its first symptoms were. The most marked one that I can think of is the approximation of text and initials, in that both begin to take on a common spiky character that unifies the page and contrasts with the clear distinction kept in the Romanesque era between the initial and the body of the text. The old historiated initial of Anglo-

French illumination becomes the chief vehicle of the new style in the thirteenth century, and the initial tends to absorb the illustration, so that by the end of the thirteenth century the traditional full-page illustration is well-nigh banished, save from the manuscripts de luxe. When this is accomplished, however, one is forced to realize that not only is the Romanesque a thing of the past, but Gothic art that followed is itself already on its way to decadence.

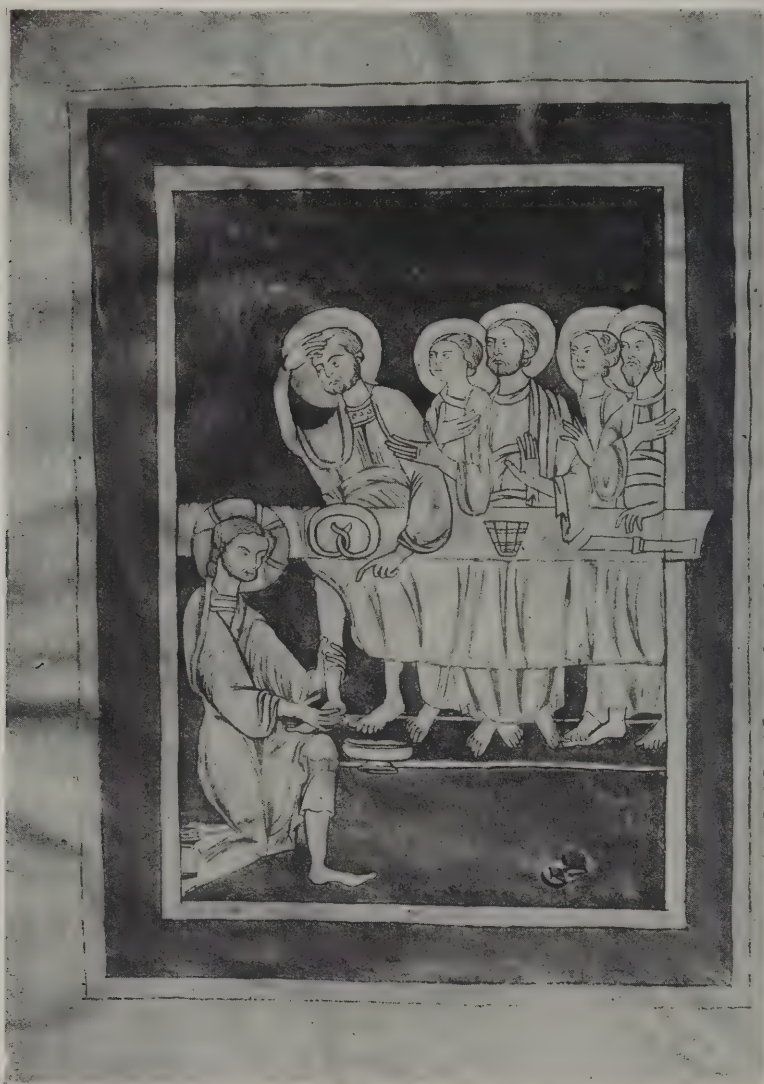


FIG. 22: CHRIST WASHES THE FEET
OF HIS DISCIPLES

German Miniature

Twelfth Century



DRAWING

PABLO PICASSO

THE CREED OF ABSTRACT ART

By OLIVER S. TONKS

IT is a truism that artistic expression is vastly different from copying nature. Were it just that, a good photograph would be far and away better than any picture an artist could produce, for the very reason that no one can ever hope to create as faithful a reproduction of a subject as is made by the mechanically accurate camera. Yet the photograph is never the peer of the painting. This is because the artist records not the fact of nature, but his own emotional reaction to that fact.

Art then is based upon emotion and not upon representation, and if its function is to purge emotion, much as Aristotle said tragedy should work, it is fairly easy to see how the painter, who recognizes that representation is not the essence of its existence, should feel justified in disregarding natural forms. If his emotional response is his chief concern, why bother about the representation of

objects which even the insensate camera can faithfully portray?

This affords an illuminating clue to the reason why some critics fail to perceive the point of view of some modern artists. Rightly or wrongly, those who are unsympathetic with the artistic movements subsequent to Post-Impressionism have persisted in looking for likenesses of natural objects. Even granting emotion as an element of prime importance they have always expected to discover in painting, for example, an imitation more or less faithful of nature.

But one must remember that the abstract painters, unlike other artists, are not interested in nature for itself. First and last, they are concerned with their own reactions to their environment. Their viewpoint is distinctly personal—selfish if you wish. In any case they are not interested in specific form.

Says an advocate of "abstractism," "The aim of art is not to represent man, or nature, but to interpret and to extract from them new possibilities of emotion."

Once this position is reached the previously accepted conception of the artist reverses itself. He now looks inward instead of outward. His chief pleasure is rather the analysis of his emotions than the study of nature. Nature and man have ceased to exist for him, except in terms of his own reactions. His purpose is to express himself at all hazards.

This manner of thinking opens up many interesting possibilities. The spirit which has so long been struggling to free itself from the hampering embrace of nature can now deal entirely with abstractions. For example, it now becomes possible to arrange a kaleidoscopic effect of primary colors and call it simply a "composition." What the emotion of the artist may be possibly is not tangible enough to define, but since such a work belongs to the futurist style so-called, and this deals often with motion, the possibility is that such a "composition" is intended merely to suggest motion.

One of the evident characteristics of this new pictorial art is its essential selfishness. The painters are so concerned with the analysis of their own feelings that they apparently do not care a whit whether or not their achievements are comprehensible to anyone else. Provided, they "express" themselves they are content.

But whether the artist creates a picture which can be specifically connotative only to himself or whether he produces, like Duchamp, pictures the meaning of which is comprehensible from the name given to them, the fact remains that in all instances abstract art works away from reality. Undoubtedly, such pictures had their initial impulse from nature. But when they are completed they have passed entirely into the abstract.

If critics complain that they can see no identifiable forms in abstract paintings, the artists would be the first to assent. They would probably be indignant if accused of using representative forms. The whole trend of this modern movement has been to free itself from obligation to the physical world. It does not exist, except as the artists conceive it to be; and if they prefer to think of it only in abstract, emotional terms there can be no occasion when it is necessary to use the shapes of the physical world. Their cosmos being entirely emotional requires no physical apparatus.

It would seem that there is only one way out of the dilemma. This path, the most extreme of the

moderns, the dadaist, finds in mechanistic designs which are intended to be symbolic of the artist's emotions. To look for beauty in such paintings is a waste of time. We must accept them, if we accept them at all, as examples of self-analysis. No one will say that a painter has not the right to attempt this. What concerns the critic is merely whether, in the first place, it is possible for abstractions to be represented concretely, as after all they must be in pictorial art, and, granting that it can be done, whether this kind of painting belongs within the province of art. Is it not possibly a matter of philosophy or psychology?

Perhaps this is an extreme way of putting it. Yet many pictures can be cited in which the idea is clear only to the creator. Under such circumstances, it is fair to ask if such painting is art. If art is concerned with the transmission of an idea or an emotion, it is self-evident that, when the idea is so nebulous that it can be apprehended only by the artist himself, a picture so presenting the idea falls outside the realm of art.

That painting may properly deal with abstract emotion anyone will grant; one may even go so far as to agree that, even if the idea is not comprehensible now, it may be some day. To that degree, and no farther, the painting which so indefinitely presents an idea may be an object of artistic interest in those days when others than the artist who produce it can understand its meaning. But at present, except to its creator, the work is without value.

From the sheer fact that the painter attempts to represent abstractions in concrete form it would seem that the effort must fall short of success. Also if it is insisted that beauty is essential to art it would likewise appear to be true that the artist has failed to score.

Were the painters alone in thus departing from the norm we could comfortably disregard them with the feeling that after a while, if we paid no attention to them, like naughty children, they would come back to beg our pardon. But we cannot do that. The more we look around we discover that much the same break with tradition is observable in the other arts.

This is conspicuously true of music. Essentially music is an art which comes nearer to working with an abstract medium of expression than any of its sister crafts. In its origin it was most certainly a means of emotional expression—an attempt to state in more poignant fashion the feelings incompletely voiced in ordinary, or even poetic speech. The wild notes of the dithyramb are a combination of abstract musical expression and speech. Gradually the de-

sire to render more definitely the emotional state led to the narrative element. After that the intellectual aspect appeared in composition until in modern times the constructive features became so stressed that sensuous enjoyment is now inextricably involved with the intellectual.

At its best music avoids narrative. Dealing with sound, it expects the hearer to receive primarily a no more definite reaction than the pleasure excited by an emotional state. Upon this it superimposes the esoteric satisfaction of knowledge of structure. From the combination of the two arises a composite sensation participating both in the sensuous and the intellectual.

Except the most modern variety, music is based upon the chord of nature. What this means may be understood by striking one of the lower keys of a piano—preferably one of the lower keys, because this produces a richer series of overtones. Physics have shown that not only is the sound thus produced audible, but as well a series of tones which, the higher they go, the nearer they approach one another until there results what is called dissonance. This ever-nearing series of tones is the chord of nature.

Because of their harmonic appeal, musicians, until very recently, arbitrarily selected the tones revealed in the lower register, and quite as arbitrarily excluded as dissonant those nearer approaching sounds of the upper part of this chord of nature. The "moderns," such as the well-known group of six in Paris and Schoenberg of Vienna, say that this method is all wrong; the upper register, they contend, is just as legitimate as the lower. Furthermore, they add, the old, harmonic arrangement has lost its power to stimulate through long-continued use. It is the same feeling that induced the painters to consider the traditional way of working too obvious and therefore uninspiring.

New sensations must be sought, new emotions created. Some composers refuse to recognize the dominance of key. Not that they will not observe it when it suits them, but they have no objection to neglecting it in order to produce certain effects. At least, they have no objection to using two keys simultaneously. This situation develops in the work of Schoenberg, who believes it perfectly legitimate to employ two or more dissonantly independent melodies simultaneously. Such theories are well illustrated in the compositions of Edgar Varese, whose work has recently been presented by the International Composers' Guild in New York City. Curiously, this polyphonic form is an essential part of Wagner's technique, for in his productions these

counter strains occur from time to time to stimulate our ears by their relative dissonance so that the succeeding harmony may be felt the more intensely.

But dissonance as such, the modernists claim, does not exist. Those sounds, they say, which seem so jarring, are as logical effects as the more conventional combinations of the chord of nature. If we do not enjoy them, it is because our ears are neither sufficiently used to them nor subtle enough to appreciate their values.

In its point of view, literature is no different from painting and music. The most modern writers, who probably look upon Thackeray and Dickens as tedious, quest in the same way after new spiritual reactions and inevitably for new ways to express them.

The trouble began with Walt Whitman, when he wrote

"One's self I sing, a simple separate person,
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-
Masse."

He pointed the way that might be taken by prose writers and poets who felt that emotional states must of necessity defy the laws of conventional speech. After the good gray poet had once written a poem of this nature, it was comparatively easy for Miss Lowell to jot down:

"I talked to the young gentleman from a foreign
nation,
And the faint smell of copper assailed my nostrils:
Copper,
Twisted copper coins dropped by old women
Into the alms-boxes of venerable churches."

Whitman, however, and Miss Lowell preserve an identifiable picture, bearing to a certain degree a likeness to the work of the cubistic painters who, while groping for essential characteristics, are willing to retain representative forms—more or less.

The difficulty is that, like the painters, the writers seek always to free themselves from the constraint of conventional forms in order to project themselves, or rather their emotions, in a more spontaneous, fresher fashion.

Whitman never half appreciated that such possibilities were latent in his rhythmic prose and his disjunctive thoughts. He never appreciated the possibilities of emotional suggestion in the irregular sprinkling of lines and words so that one's poems might actually stutter their feelings. He never suspected the potency of using the small "i" in place of the personal pronoun.

Emotion at last attains to perfect indefiniteness

in the prose of Gertrude Stein. She seems to immerse herself in a sea of feeling—thus:

"If it wants to come again will you be indignant. No but disquieted. You need not be disquieted. A great many people shine pleasantly.

In a ribbon
In a ribbon there is red.
Red, white and blue.
Can you know why green is so yellow?
In a ribbon for a ribbon there is a necklace.
Do not say you like beads.
I like shells as bells.
Not as doorbells."

And so on until one wonders what emotional state the writer is trying to picture.

Not to be left out of this group of advanced thinkers the sculptor, too, has tried to shake himself free from the shackles of material and form. His efforts, however, have been hampered by the fact that he deals with a more obdurate medium than either the musician or the writer or the painter. Nevertheless, his path lies as clear as that of the painter. Like the latter, he had the same reason for discontent with the tiresome accuracy of realism and romanticism. Like the painter he saw the fleeting inconsequence of episodic representation and academic accuracy of technique. He appreciated the need for deeper, more permanent emotion, more purely embodied.

And here, again, we find the new art in a measure growing out of the old. Just as the occasional dissonances of Wagner are studiously developed by the modernist musicians, so from the unconsciously impatient impetuosity of Michelangelo's unfinished sculpture and the more studied incompleteness of Rodin's, comes the complete surrender of the modern sculptor to emotional expression in shapes absolutely divorced from natural forms.

In painting artists had hailed the simple vision of primitive man, and, like Matisse, had gone to negroid art for inspiration. This same appreciation for primitive simplicity manifests itself in the work of the sculptors. It runs the gamut all the way from Manship's refined borrowing from archaic Greek sculpture to the quaint forms wrought by such men as Archipenko and Storrs.

Agreeable or not, these efforts in music, litera-

ture, sculpture and painting are protests against the obviousness of much representative art, so-called, a discontent with mere technique and, most of all, they voice a desire to express the artists' feelings more poignantly. The craftsman no longer considers himself a mirror held up to nature and casting back a reflection, the clarity of which depends upon the care with which the mirror is polished. Without forcing the simile too much, the painter, sculptor, musician or writer is rather the fertile soil in which the seed-germ is implanted and out of which springs a beautiful growth, no more like the plain seed than a lovely butterfly is like the creeping worm that lay in the chrysalis.

The modernist artist concentrates his vision inward. He looks out on the world only for those suggestions which may develop into his emotional states. He is thoroughly introspective. In a way, he is somewhat psycho-analytical, and like most psycho-analytically inclined individuals, he runs the risk of becoming psychopathic. This is borne out by the appearance in modernist literature and painting of works which take an obvious pleasure in dealing with sex problems in a peculiarly raw fashion. This interest in sexual matters is one of the most common manifestations in psychopathic subjects.

Not that the unpleasant tendency of some modern craftsmen to show an obviously libidinous interest in sex means that all modernist artists are sex perverts, but there is an unpleasant possibility that too much introspection is not healthy. It suggests a certain unsteadiness of balance, an inability to confine one's self to the rational or, more charitably, the possible.

At the same time, granting that these modernists are sane (and this is not said maliciously), one has to admit that there is no law preventing one from painting what one wishes. The main question is, whether it can be done, and, when done, whether it falls within the province of art.

This is no brief for the modernist movement. Yet it is only fair to say that these startling adventures of the modernists have opened the eyes of the conservatives to the possibilities of color, to the futility of uninspired representation and the fatuousness of academically perfect craftsmanship. Whether it has done more than this only time can tell.

ALFRED QUENTIN COLLINS

By KENNETH FRAZIER

IF any of the young artists of the present day were suddenly to find themselves projected back into the New York of the eighties, they would raise their hands to heaven in horror. Taste then was just beginning to emerge from the lowest depths it ever reached in the history of the world. The United States, and indeed, the world in general, had been for years under a pall of ugliness. Everything that was made by the hand of man, with the exception of a few strictly utilitarian objects, was uglier than it had ever been before. One has only to visit the Wolfe collection in the Metropolitan Museum to visualize the taste in pictures of the time and to realize the immense strides we have made since then in æsthetic appreciation. Notwithstanding, we produced during this period a group of excellent painters who cannot be equalled in any other country of Europe or America, save France.

Such were the conditions that faced Collins when he came to New York to make his living as a portrait painter. Fortunately for him, he had great personal attractiveness. Goodlooking, full of life and enthusiasm, he made devoted friends and admirers—even of people who could not understand his painting or what he was trying to do. He

had the power of imparting to people so much of his own dynamic quality that they came away from conversation with him mentally refreshed and invigorated. The people who had their portraits painted in those days had been schooled into admiring portraits that had a smooth oily finish, so that they demanded, after likeness, this quality more than any other—and this was a real stumbling block to any painter who believed in a more vigorous technique, that is, a stumbling block in getting commissions and recognition.

In almost the words of Cézanne, Cézanne whose very name was unknown at that time in America, Collins declared that everything in nature was a spheroid in space and should be represented with that theme as its basic quality. Indeed, he had in his studio, suspended by a cord, a large egg-shaped object, about a third larger than a human head, on which he studied the play of light. Sometimes it was painted white, sometimes flesh color, he even at times painted hair on it, so as to see what were the fundamental values that made the mind comprehend its shape. And this he applied not only to heads, but to bodies also, whether in ball dress or in black coats. Always under all the external details of shape was the underlying

spheroid, which had to be almost daily visits to the to look at two or three pictures, retained the knowledge he

The necessity of making little time for other work the portrait to him was a separate work for weeks over them vases, so that the finished work of an extended series of studies prizes of portrait painting painters from Europe who sion, not one of whom left a possible exception of Zorn, museum today would hang other reasons than the merit

nized the great quality in d him the only real primi-

ded to go abroad for a year, ag, he went over all of his in his studio and, unfortunately all. Shortly after a fatal illness from which er. Born in 1858, he was in the fullness of his powers discipline he had given himself. As it was, he has left achievements and that all (an intense American) can among the real glories of



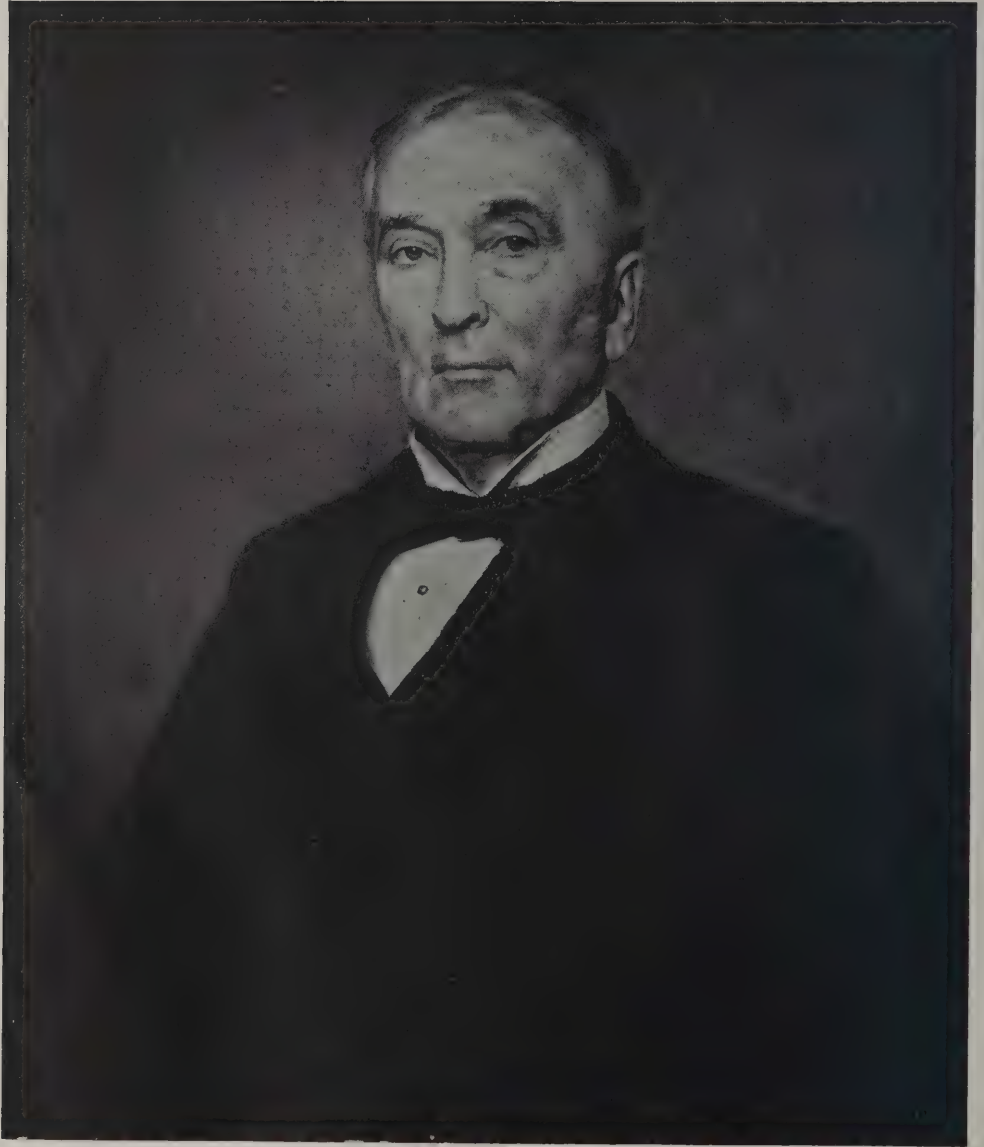
PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE
ALFRED Q. COLLINS

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art



ALEXANDER WETHERILL
Owned by Barent Lefferts, Esq.

ALFRED Q. COLLINS
Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum



DR. WILLIAM H. DRAPER
Owned by the New York Hospital

ALFRED Q. COLLINS
Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum



MRS. GEORGE MAXWELL
Owned by William Maxwell, Esq.

ALFRED Q. COLLINS
Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum



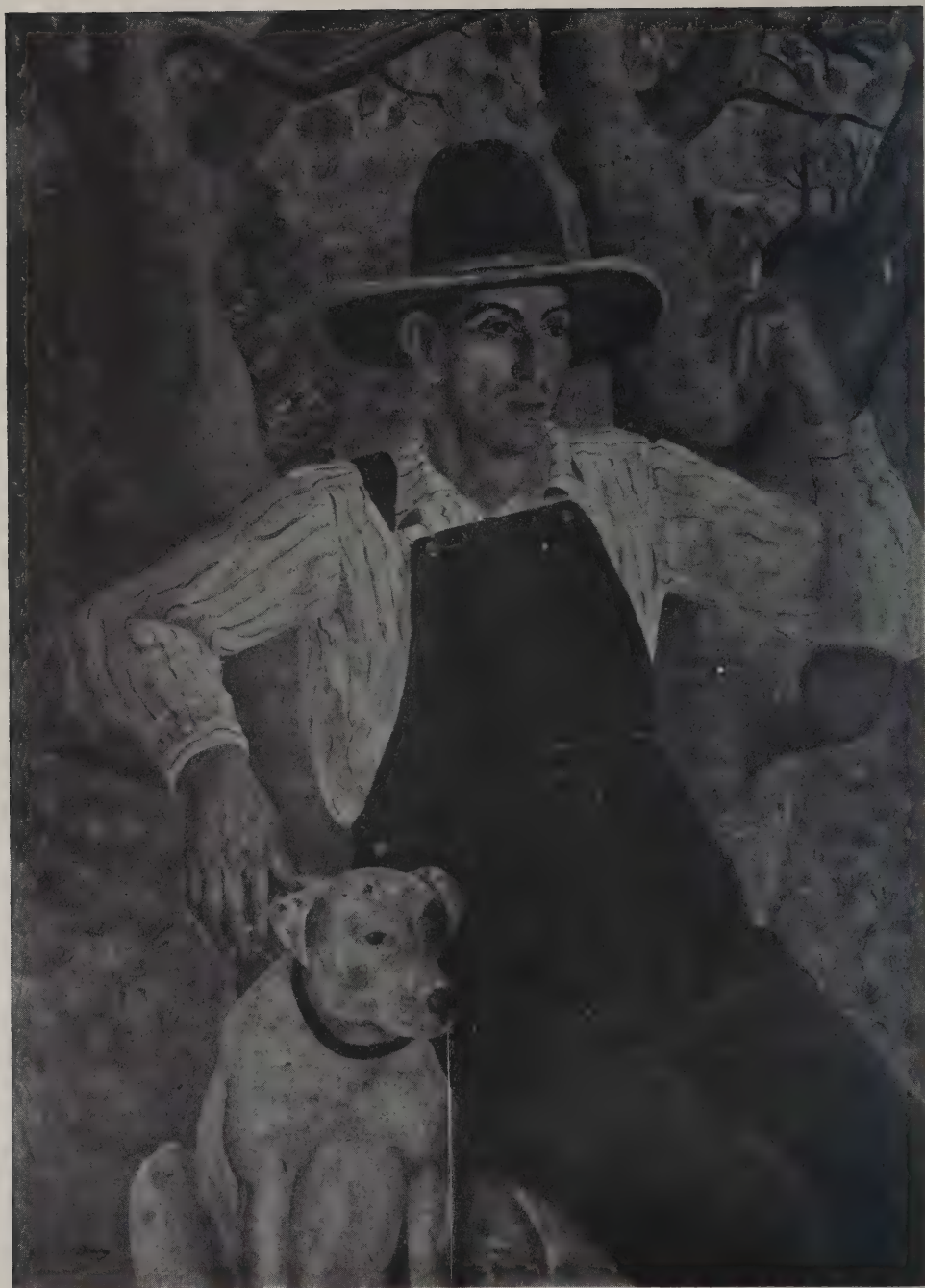
HENRY B. LIVINGSTON
Owned by Mrs. Angelica Livingston

ALFRED Q. COLLINS
Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum



MRS. CAREY
Owned by Mrs. Walter Lord

ALFRED Q. COLLINS
Courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum



CRUZ AND LIZZIE
Seligmann Galleries

RANDALL DAVEY



BLOSSOMING TREES
National Academy of Design

LEON KROLL

NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS

By HELEN APPLETON READ

THE crusading spirit has gone out of the annual exhibitions of The Society of Independent Artists. The battle of independence has long since been fought and won, and with it the vindication of modern art. Those who still persist in believing that there is a huge monster of hostile, orthodox opinion to be conquered, are tilting at windmills.

With each succeeding exhibition of The Society, it becomes more difficult to review them from the point of view of their practical vindication of the ideal of Independence. As the one exhibition opportunity for young, radical but suppressed talent it has ceased to function. The young radicals have now all the opportunities necessary to broadcast their ideas. Certain dealers make a point of seek-

ing out fresh talent with an idea of more or less gambling on their astuteness in sizing up the real thing in its immature state. These exhibitions are free to the artists and offer a far better medium for displaying their works than does the crowded hodge-podge of the Independents. So, Diogenes fashion, one may walk through the Independent exhibit scanning each canvas and piece of sculpture for vestiges of talent and find scarcely a single example by an artist who is not already allied with some more efficient exhibition group. The slogan that if one real talent comes to light through the Independents' free-for-all then the tedious mass of mediocrity is vindicated, becomes a will-o-the-wisp.

More and more the Independents have become

a vehicle for amateurs or persons with some personal or commercial propaganda to exploit, who for the moderate price of five dollars can be assured that their egos craving recognition, their grudges or business projects will be seen by hundreds of visitors to the exhibition. To this list of persons who are partly responsible for the decline in efficiency of the Independent ideal are added the considerable number of students who, seizing upon the no-jury opportunity exhibit their unconsidered crudities, believe that in so doing they can be accorded the dignity of exhibiting professional artists.

The high level of the exhibition this season, as in all the preceding ones, is made up of the works of those artists of recognized reputations who continue to exhibit with the Society out of loyalty to the Independent ideal.

The memory of George Bellows and that of Maurice Prendergast have been honored by groups of their pictures shown in a separate alcove. In place of the usual quarrel with the guardians of public morals on the ground that some of the exhibits are obscene or sacrilegious, this year's publicity was obtained through the fact that the daughters of famous New York families, Consuela Fair and Flora Tower, chose the Independents in which to exhibit their first pieces of sculpture.

Eli Nadelman

When, about ten years ago, Eli Nadelman came to this country and commenced showing the American art lover his stylistic, stylish sculptures, in what was a modified form of the then unfamiliar modernistic manner, it was a new and startling idiom to even the American subscriber to the *dernier crie* in art, who until then had believed that, in appreciating the most violent of Rodin's sculptured emotionalisms, he was being æsthetically up-to-the-minute.

The intellectual abstractions of modernistic sculpture which had been shown over here were not admired. When Nadelman came along with sculpture that was unquestionably modern, in the sense that pure form and not realism was its intention, yet modern in a pleasing and intelligible presentation, with no knotty distortions and abstractions, he was understandably the vogue. Those who had a weakness for being in the intellectual vanguard could whole heartedly subscribe to his particular sort of modernism.

There has been a long hiatus between shows, but with his recent one-man-show of ideal heads, por-

traits and caricatures, he proves that he has not been idle. The exhibition was held under the direction of Martin Birnbaum and shown at the Galleries of Scott and Fowles. Mr. Nadelman's modernism has become more classical than before—which is only to say that he is more popularly up-to-date than ever.

"Classical" was the word heard most frequently in the galleries in summing up the essential quality of the polished marble heads. But they are classical only in so far as he simplifies their forms, and chisels an archaic, enigmatic smile on their serene and stylish countenances. Classical in their essential spirit they are not, any more than Manship is archaic. They are sophisticatedly, fashionably classic. In other words, they are highly mannered, expertly executed modern sculpture making a conscious use of classical externals. Their frigid



STATUETTE IN WOOD
ELI NADELMAN
Courtesy of Scott and Fowles

serenity and aloofness is acquired and artificial, is not the inevitable expression of an emotion.

This is not to say that they are not in many instances extremely attractive and always of superlative craftsmanship. Nadelman has polished the marble of the ideal heads until they have a shiny, porcelain finish, which results in many high lights, in some cases to the detriment of the effect. The reason for adopting this polish is that the heads may always remain snowy white—dull finish collects dirt and thus often obliterates the forms. No speck of dust could cling to this slippery surface. Granting the soundness of the idea, in practise it has its weaknesses. When the sculptural forms are there, then the shine and the high lights enhance them, when the forms are vacant then the shine reveals them more empty than ever grime and dust could make them.

In his portrait busts, Nadelman shows himself



STATUETTE IN WOOD
ELI NADELMAN

Courtesy of Scott and Fowles

the more sincere and, if possible, the more finished artist. His mannerisms are less insistent; he is wholly intent upon giving us a direct representation of his subject. His good taste and his sensitiveness to spiritual beauty make him especially successful in his heads of children and adolescents. He gives unaffectedly the joy and innocence of the Golden Age which are lacking in his more studiously Hellenic sculpture.

The caricatures in bronze and wood are considered by many to be Nadelman's highest achievement. They prove that he can use the light touch in art which the studied effects of his ideal heads might not lead one to suppose. In the former he plays with plastic forms, indulges his love for exaggerations and stylisms, without any concern for fidelity to fact or convention of beauty. They are witty in caricature and expert in craftsmanship.

A New Figure

Frank London is a new contributor to the galleries. His first exhibition was held this past month at the Montross Galleries. We are told that, always aspiring to be a painter, Mr. London was obliged to hold the urge in abeyance until he was financially free. This has happily occurred, and the season has been enriched by the pictures of an artist of taste and sensitiveness. The exhibition was decidedly uneven; on the lowest level were some still-lives of religious subjects, feeble in drawing and composition; on the highest were flower still-lives, beautiful in color and of considerable technical dexterity. He is modern enough in his point of view, but with his acceptance of modernism he shows a firm grounding in the old-fashioned ideals of still-life painting. The brush-work and the economy of means with which he lets his bare canvas stand for his half-tones would have delighted the heart of Chase.

Seven Americans

Alfred Stieglitz acts as impresario for the seven Americans who have been showing their "paintings, photographs and things" at the Anderson Galleries. The seven are Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, John Marin, Charles Demuth, Paul Strand, Georgia O'Keeffe and Alfred Stieglitz. The exhibits are not allowed to speak for themselves, but are offered to our attention via a catalogue which contains forewords by Arthur Dove, Stieglitz, Arnold Ronnebeck and Sherwood Anderson. One becomes immediately self-conscious upon reading an estimate of the exhibition such as this by Sher-



CALLA LILY
Seven Americans, Anderson Galleries

MARSDEN HARTLEY
Courtesy of Alfred Stieglitz

wood Anderson; "This show is for me the distillation of the clean emotional lives of seven Americans."

With emotionalism and Americanism stressed on all sides, the visitor finds himself looking for something beyond a mere exhibition of paintings, photographs and things. Moreover, the atmosphere is totally devoid of humor, despite Arthur Dove's laborious efforts to bring in the light touch with his arrangement of wire and tin which stands for a portrait of Stieglitz and his "Miss Woolworth," an arrangement in the shape of a woman's figure made up of materials bought at the five-and-ten-cent store. If we were asked to consider these as jokes it would be all right; but with the phrases from the foreword sounding in our ears, "integral parts of their makers," "moments of life," we must need look beneath the surface, for more than there appears.

The exhibition, beautifully arranged in group formation, was introduced to the eye as one entered the first gallery by Demuth's symbolical portraits of Georgia O'Keeffe, Arthur Dove, Marsden Hartley, and John Marin. Being by Demuth, they are necessarily attractive in their sure and delicate craftsmanship. The Marin group, of which there were twenty-six, was a representative selection from his Deer Island landscapes and marines, with a few New York scenes in addition. The paintings in the Hartley group may best be called color arrangements, although he uses natural objects for his subjects. He has a certain color harmony which irrespective of whether he paints calla lilies or landscapes or fruits, is always the same combination of tones. Both arrangement and color are distinguished.

Miss O'Keeffe's pictures are sure of eliciting interest and conjecture. A tradition that they are something other than they appear to be clings to them. Fruits, flowers and leaves, are possible of symbolical interpretations. This is largely due to the pernicious suggestion of a foreword to the catalogue of one of her former shows, which stressed the fact that these pictures were veiled records of her emotional life. This year Miss O'Keeffe has added another flower to her garden—the petunia—which she paints with her usual clean exactness. In most cases she has painted them giant size and one feels for a moment transported to Brobdingnag. With each succeeding exhibition her palette becomes more varied, but one wishes for a richer, more distinguished color quality. Her technical dexterity, however, more than ever commands admiration.

The Stieglitz photographs of cloud and sky effects are as always expert and beautiful. He names his group "Equivalents" and says of them in what is the simplest and most intelligible of the Credos found in the catalogue, "These photographs continue my search for my Truth—Photography."

The Paul Strand photographs are beautiful from quite another point of view. His is more a selection and conscious arrangement of material; attractiveness of subject matter plays no small part.

Arthur B. Davies

Exhibitions of the work of Arthur B. Davies are sure of attracting greater popular attention than is generally accorded to the artist to whose works his fellow artists also accord praise and admiration. His popularity has practical results as well; he even ranks as a best seller. Before his exhibition was hung at the Ferargil Galleries this past month it was almost sold out, although it was only last year that he held another equally successful one with different subject matter. The exhibition at the Ferargil Galleries consisted of a group of landscapes painted last summer in the chateau districts of France. To most of us the paintings of Arthur B. Davies connote the mystical and the romantic; it is therefore a novelty to find that he has been occupying himself with realities. Needless to say these landscapes, while being pictures of actual places, are in no way topographical. Nor are they formally or classically composed as the nature of the landscape might lead one to presuppose. Davies could not be realistic if he chose, nor, for all his interest in classical and romantic lore, could he present it in a traditional manner. Always there is the intangible individual loveliness of the Davies quality. The landscapes with their chateaus and ruins take on a lyrical and romantic aspect; they are enchanted palaces set in fairy forests, inhabited by such mythical persons as Morgan La Fey and Merlin. Sometimes they seem mere backgrounds for the themes we associate with him.

For all their charm they are not to be counted among Davies' more serious and complete expressions. The faults of the Davies' figure compositions are more manifest in them—that lack of form and careless draftsmanship, which their charm and individuality causes one to overlook. Too often the drawing of the chateau is shaky, and this when the chateau is not intended for a mere note but is the central point of interest of the picture. Sometimes, too, they are worked over and so appear a trifle fussy and fixed up. It is when he gives his

romantic interpretations of the country in clear direct washes that we are more certain of finding the real Davies quality.

The development of Randall Davey from one of the numerous Henri progeny to an artist of individuality and personality, is—to any one who remembers his portraits of white-faced staring-eyed girls posed against dark backgrounds, the student's imitation of a master's manner, and in a formula to which he seemed definitely dedicated—an interesting and unexpected development.

The group of portraits and landscapes recently shown at the Seligman Galleries, under the auspices of Marie Sterner, all painted in the southwest and of western types and scenes, are a definite statement of Mr. Davey's artistic coming-of-age.

In each case he selects his subjects for the appeal it makes to him from the point of view of character. Here he exhibits a true portrait sense. He has no kinship with the rest of the painters of the southwest who, when they paint a cowboy or an Indian, try to make us feel that they are giving us the spirit of the west or the real American *motif*.

With this ability to see and set down his subject vividly and personally, one wishes that he had a more sensitive feeling for his medium. The paint is put on without appreciation for the beauties and possibilities of color and quality. In most cases it is thin and cold. He is, however, consistently happy in his effects of light. His subjects are painted without shadows, the effect being of the suffused white light of the desert sun.

The water-colors have that sensibility for the medium which the oils lack. And again he shows his ability to seize upon the character of whatever subjects he essays, be they human or geographical: and this despite the fact that he is consciously stylistic in his flatness of design and elaborate description of blades of grass and flowers.

Landscapes

Edward W. Redfield cares nothing for the theories and discoveries of other men. He goes his own way setting down his clear statements of the American countryside in the straightforward expert way which has made him the head of the American school of realistic landscape painting. In his recent exhibition at Macbeth's he shows himself no specialist of seasons and finds as much exercise for his sparkling facility in setting down the facts of a cold winter morning as in rendering the tender warmth of a spring day. Always he gives us facts, meticulously observed and robustly rendered de-

tail. This is the thing as it actually appears, *der Ding in Sich*. In his accuracy and fidelity there is little room for emotional play. A snow landscape to him suggests none of the subtleties of tone that it did to Twachtman, nor does summer rouse him to a sensuous opulence of tone. It is all there—the sparkle of early morning light through tangled boughs, the warmth of a summer evening, the mystery of evening mists; but let the beholder read into it poetry or sentiment. Redfield gives us only the scene as it appears to the rational eye; the clarity of his vision and the dexterity of his statement are never distorted by a personal emotion.

Dorothy Rice Returns to the Exhibition World

Ten years ago Dorothy Rice, known to her fellow students as Polly Rice, was one of the picturesque figures in the art student world. Her teachers prophesied that she would go far. Chase said she was the most talented pupil he had ever taught and Henri is reported to have said much the same thing. When she later went to Spain to study with Zuloaga he described himself as being astounded at her talent. Before deserting the Henri group, in which she was a prominent figure, for Spain and Zuloaga, she showed at various Independent exhibitions and in her mother's apartment in the Ansonia. Her subjects were unflinchingly of starving hollow-eyed children, bread-lines, circus freaks, and east side types—the flotsam and jetsam of humanity which, before the advent of modernism, were considered the last word in revolutionary pictorial art. Her exhibitions were sure to cause a stir, not only because of her undoubted courage and talent, but also because of the sensational way she advertised her art and herself. Those were student days, and if one criticized her work for its lack of direction, its insistence upon its sensational content for its main appeal, it was excused as the work of an imaginative, undisciplined student.

Now she enters the exhibition world after a retirement of ten years, showing sculpture as well as paintings. The pictures are Spanish in subject and inspiration. Her flair for the *bizarre* and *macabre* found plenty of material in the halt, the maimed and blind among the Spanish peasantry. The canvases are large, the figures life-size; they appear important, but, as before, the boldness and theatricalness of her conception give a merely fictitious appearance of strength. She has not outgrown her undisciplined technique or lack of definite aim. Nevertheless she has something to say, however over-dramatic or obscure it may be; but



PETUNIA
Seven Americans, Anderson Galleries

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE
Courtesy of Alfred Stieglitz



FIGURE COMPOSITION
Courtesy of the Dudensing Galleries

FLOYD PARSONS

as yet she has not held herself to the task of disciplined craftsmanship and a clarification of her ideas.

A Selective Exhibit

The Dudensing Galleries sometimes present works of young artists who are finds, so to speak. Mr. Dudensing goes the rounds of the radical and independent exhibitions and picks out men who have something to say that is fresh and out of the ordinary. He has recently selected a group from the Art Student League exhibition held earlier in the season. He believes that these men have each something that merits watching. The most noticeable figure in the group is Floyd Parsons. He has exhibited in the Independents and in the Salons of America; but this is his first appearance in a dealer's gallery. His painting is personal. It would be difficult to attach it to any one master, but it comes under the general head of modern art. He paints massive nudes in rich hot color, which verges on dirty color at times; he has a full rhythmic sense of design. He needs discipline and a

refinement of his taste before he can produce more than a robust promise.

In the Future

During the latter part of April, Knoedler and Company will exhibit portraits by Sir Henry Raeburn. It is a loan exhibition of portraits taken from some of the best known collections in this country and abroad. The three Drummond children are coming from England to America especially to appear in this exhibition; and there will be another example of child portraiture in the picture of the two sons of David Munro Binning. Raeburn's three famous red-coats—General Maxwell, Colonel Scott, and Captain Birrell—are very characteristic of his art; they were painted for his personal gallery of friends and remained in his family for generations after his death. John Tait and his grandson is another important picture to be shown; and there will also be the portraits of Lady Hepburn and Mrs. Campbell. In all seventeen examples will be contained in this exhibition, showing every phase of the artist's work.



NUDE
Courtesy of the Dudensing Galleries

FLOYD PARSONS

BOOKS

MAMMONART, by UPTON SINCLAIR: Pasadena, Published by the Author (in paper covers, \$1.00; cloth bound, \$2.00).

Upton Sinclair is a documentary novelist and a statistician of grievances, personal and social. He has written several good novels on the Zola pattern of sociology with plots and has exposed—all by himself—the institutions of journalism and theology, education and patriotism. He is an advocate of several reforms, the most general being the conversion of the present order of society into the co-operative commonwealth. He is quite ecstatic about Russia because he thinks the Communists have achieved the desideratum, or are on the edge of it. He is a crank on so many different subjects that he has been unable to find any one publisher who will abide them all. He therefore publishes his own books.

When he wrote "The Jungle," "King Coal," "The Brass Check," "100 %," "The Profits of Religion," "The Goose Step" and "The Goslings," he had data. What he did with it is not our concern. He had dates and names, places and occasions which he, his correspondents or official investigators had jotted down. He was, so far as he could be, on safe ground. Now, emboldened by his success in the field of sociological documentation, he has essayed a task so far beyond his abilities, knowledge and perceptions that the product should arouse the risibilities of the knowing were it not for the dangerous possibility that it may be swallowed whole by the uncritical. Had not Upton Sinclair a large audience whose credulity and faith in him are difficult to plumb, the publication of "Mammonart" would arouse no more of a ripple than any other one of those pitiful literary lucubrations which bear on their title pages the familiar legend, "published by the author."

"Mammonart" is dangerous doctrine, but it is specious doctrine. It is an examination of as many of the seven arts the names of which Sinclair knows from the point of view of "revolutionary economics." In it he contends that: "All art is propaganda. It is universally and inescapably propaganda, sometimes unconsciously, but often deliberately, propaganda." If art serves revolutionary purposes it is good propaganda; if it serves the master class in its function of oppressor, it is bad. Since "he who pays the piper calls the tune," most tunes are poisoned with master-class insinuations and influences. That, minus the ridiculous inferences Mr. Sinclair

draws from his hurried course of culture taken through a Socialist sieve, is the doctrine this writer regards as specious and dangerous.

Not that the influences which mould genius do not provide a theme, but it is a pity that Upton Sinclair should rush in where scholars fear to tread. If "Mammonart" causes a detonation among the cognoscenti, we hope it will arouse one of them to employ what knowledge and inclination to research he has to conduct such an examination. That a man of the character of Upton Sinclair should have elected himself to interpret the artistic products of mankind is very much like a blind man become art critic, a deaf man, music commentator. Trust an insensitive man to write so insensitive a book. His very lack of a sense of humor disqualifies him. One must have a sense of humor to savor the gifts of creators and to evaluate them. After reading the 386 pages which compose "Mammonart," one can conclude only that Upton Sinclair is sensitive only to the Socialist or capitalistic strains in the seven arts and utterly insensitive to their true function and the manner in which they have been expressed. Imagine a sponge which can sop up and exude only water; he is a sponge which can sop up and exude only Socialist propaganda.

Titian painted, Wagner composed, Rodin hewed, Shakespeare wrote, not to earn their keep, but to express themselves, and if they did anything directly for their keep, it was incidental and impertinent; they who created only for their keep and as sycophants can never have cut a figure among the chosen, since the dishonest impulses of the artist will find him out, and what they have done weighs neither for nor against any one of the seven arts. Mr. Sinclair pounces with such zest upon the trivial fact or anecdote which buttresses his theory that he pays no attention to the substance of creation, the basis of any evaluation. Any anecdote is good enough to beat an artist into the fold of the goats with; in too many cases does Mr. Sinclair—impatient for a generalization—let the substance and the method of creation go hang. In no case is there such interpretation. We compose, we write, we carve, we paint to express ourselves, to recast what we have seen, felt, heard; not to prove or disprove anything, not to deliver propaganda with which to earn our keep. The question is not whether Shakespeare delivered master class propaganda, but whether he would have been a greater poet and a greater dramatist if he had been a rebel. Wagner, for instance,

did not write the Nibelung Ring to prove the disintegrating effects of greed, but because he was, firstly, a musician and, secondly, egocentric. Who, hearing his music, troubles his head about what that music proves? The seven arts might more justly be interpreted as expressions of the sex impulse.

Instead of creating with such laboriousness a distinction between good (pro-revolutionary) and bad (pro-capitalistic) art, why does not Mr. Sinclair go the limit? Let him be an iconoclast against the arts; let him proclaim the necessity of destroying libraries and museums, theatres and opera houses, lovely dwellings, statues and paintings that no influence may exist to divert men from the great necessity—establishment of the co-operative commonwealth. Let his cry be, "To hell with anodynes, with these subtle perfumes with which the master class seeks to lull our senses while it despoils us." Does not Mr. Sinclair refer to those who contend that art exists for art's sake as "degenerates" and does he not aver that such artists live on the backs of the toiling masses? The iconoclastic conclusion is logical—for those who give their allegiance to the Sinclairean premise.

There is another theory which is too amiable for the class war protagonists to abide, but we think, nevertheless, there is something in it. That theory is, that art has no influence for or against the capitalist system; that all of literature, music and art since the beginning of time has not diverted by a hair's breadth the course of history, social or otherwise (tracts and pamphlets do not belong to the category of literature); that in our admiration of a song, a poem or a frieze we are united in a common bond of humanity and feel emotions which have no relation with our social status; that when they hear the Ninth Symphony employer and employee lie down together, as the lion and the lamb of Isaiah's vision. It is too much to believe that there is one art to which the master responds and another to which the servant responds. Mr. Sinclair's distinctions are too neat for such large things as life and art.

But Upton Sinclair does not want art—he wants revolutionary art, which is another name for the right kind of propaganda. The art for art's sake theory he calls "a defensive mechanism run to seed." We produce for an audience and we choose only that which will sell. And what will sell? That which is "in harmony with the spirit of that time and identified with the powers prevailing." This makes the artist a passive creature, which he is not. To say that "art is made like a Rolls-Royce, for people who can afford to pay for it" is to reduce

art to terms intelligible to a fish-monger, or to a statistician unaccustomed to dealing with imponderables.

How does Upton Sinclair make even a pretense of proving his thesis? By tests irrelevant to the substance of art. If the powers that be praised a good work, Upton Sinclair damns it; if a bad work was burned by the common hangman, he flies automatically to the opposite view. Sinclair has not the time or the temperament to conduct an original re-examination of the seven arts; his ideas are fixed, his mould of mind cast, he has given intellectual hostages to fortune, he is pledged to a view, he can cut cloth only in one way.

Here are some examples of his knowledge and reasoning: Homer's poems are ruling class propaganda, for which no one, however, paid him. The trouble with Sophocles was that he wasn't class-conscious—like Sinclair. What makes the joint contributions of Vergil, Spenser, Shakespeare, Racine, Goethe, Tennyson and about two dozen other similar figures useless is that "they move us to grief and awe, but never do they move us to revolt." Euripides, opposing the gods, is approved. Raphael must have been a dirty dog because he painted popes and princes and helped beautify St. Peter's. Sinclair has the delusion of believing that Martin Luther, instead of being the bigot he was, was a noble soul. The Luther who opposed the Peasants' Revolt is approved by this Socialist revolutionary! When Henry VIII abjured the Pope, England began to do her own thinking. "The Tempest" is a pretty fairy story, while most of Shakespeare is "English imperialist poetry." He refers us to Milton's earlier verse as proof that a poet may be clean and remain a poet. You see, Milton was a propagandist, but Mr. Sinclair, in this case, does not inquire into motive. He lists Stendhal, Flaubert, de Maupassant among those excluded from the Academy, as if that were proof of virtue; yet what have they to do with Sinclair, or Sinclair with them? Are they not "Art for art's sake degenerates"? Sarah Bernhardt, Sinclair knows, never felt a social emotion. *A bas Sarah Bernhardt!* Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is a social protest and Wagner might have earned Sinclair's approval if, instead of running away from Dresden following the abortive rebellion of 1848 and living to write "Parsifal" and "Tristan and Isolde," he had permitted himself to be decapitated. Coleridge's "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan" is the poetry of opium and therefore to be damned. Millet is to be preferred to Fragonard because the former painted pictures full of "real proletarian feeling."

Upton Sinclair calls Emerson formless. He exalts Anatole France as the right kind of artist, not yet having learned of the contrary judgment of French radicals. He calls Balzac the predatory artist, yet who, if not Sinclair, has not fed his reputation upon the destitution and sufferings of others! He quotes Henry James, of all men, against Balzac! What Longfellow, Whittier and a dozen others of like standing have to do in a survey of literature we fail to see; many of these latter chapters constitute simply a parade of unassimilated information. Poe, being "arty," was a failure, while Whitman, with his diffuse cries, becomes a major prophet, to be classed with Dante, Milton, Tolstoi and Nietzsche. Gogol? An artist. Turgenieff? No, because, *mirabile dictu*, he "was not a thinker, but merely an artist in the narrow sense of the word." Dostoevski? "Propagandist of reaction." William Lyon Phelps? Grrrrrrr! The Goncourts? They pictured conditions, but demanded no reforms; Sinclair's thumb goes down. Emile Zola? Fine, because "he evolved into a moralist as intense and determined as Tolstoi." Swinburne? He could only feel, not think. Nietzsche? Swallowed whole. "The Ballade of Reading Gaol," writes this volunteer surveyor of the arts, is "a supremely eloquent and noble poem, the poet's excuse for having lived." Thank God for jail! Whistler's suggestion that art has nothing to do with morality simply horrifies our worthy author. Upton Sinclair patronizes William Dean Howells and seriously discusses Richard Harding Davis as a prophet of imperialism and plutocracy.

The cry of the Puritans, in crescendo and diminuendo, pervades this book. On page 27 it is stated in the baldest and most outrageous form. "The lie of Art Dilettantism, the notion that the purpose of art is entertainment and diversion is a device of the culturally powerful [the devil modernized, you see] to weaken and degrade those upon whom they prey, just as the creatures of the underworld get their victims drunk before they rob them." Puritan dialectics of the first water. He describes an apocalyptic vision of "the revolutionary artist clasping the toiling masses to his bosom." The Puritan strain in him explains his clasping to his bosom Martin Luther and John Milton. One of Balzac's sins is that he had divorced conscience from genius, and Whistler's, that he had divorced morality from beauty. The Puritan in Sinclair is shocked by Gautier, whose art he considers "repulsive, cruel and poisonous," while poetry without "social vision and moral backbone" is merely "a snare for the human spirit."

Now we have him! Sinclair, the Puritan Socialist! If one finishes "Mammonart," one finishes it with the conviction that Upton Sinclair is incapable of enjoying the fruits of creation, that what does not bear a message sours in him, that what cannot be documented must be sloughed off. It is more true of Sinclair than it was of Whitman that he is "as unacquainted with art as a hog with mathematics." Neither the creation nor the appreciation of art is for one in whom the sap of life has run out.

HARRY SALPETER.



THE ARTS

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PERSIAN MINIATURE

Attributed to USTAD MUHAMMAD

Courtesy of Parish-Watson and Company

Sixteenth Century

THE ARTS

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OWING to the fact that the National Academy is going to open its Centennial Exhibition at the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, D. C., next October, a fact referred to in a previous issue of this magazine, several letters have been received from artists, asking curious questions. After congratulating THE ARTS for pointing out that the word "National" in the Academy's title is misleading, since the Academy is merely a private institution, with private interests, they ask whether the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington is officially affiliated with the National Academy. One artist thought that the recent purchase of a sentimental sculpture group by Daniel Chester French indicated a combination of interests between the Corcoran Art Gallery and the National Academy, particularly because Washington is so inadequately represented by examples of the work of more important contemporary sculptors.

I am glad to point out that while individual members of the Academy appear to dominate the direction of the Corcoran Art Gallery, there is, so far as I know, no official connection between the two institutions. Theoretically, the Corcoran Art Gallery is the director of its own destiny. To dispel the belief that this museum, situated in the capital of our country, is strictly partisan in its encouragement of American art because it has shown such academic tendencies in most of its acquisitions of contemporary American painting, and because its exhibitions, generally speaking, close their doors to many of the most progressive American artists of the day, the Corcoran Gallery will be obliged to broaden its activities.

The suggestion that it will be quite simple for the Corcoran Gallery to prove that it has a deeper interest in American art than it now appears to have, by following the National Academy Centennial Exhibition with a fully representative exhibition of those artists who are either academicians that have left the fold, or who are too independent ever to associate themselves with an organization devoted to the censorship of art—this suggestion will strike all those who are more seriously concerned with art than with organization politics, as one which the Corcoran Art Gallery can hardly afford to discount.

As a matter of fact, unless the Corcoran Art Gallery does something drastic to prove that it is not affiliated with a private organization of reactionary artists, its position among the serious museums of the country will be severely threatened. Except for the splendid work being done by Mr. Duncan Phillips, Washington, in its encouragement of contemporary art, is probably the most backward capital in any country of importance.

The timid and conventional exhibitions taking place periodically at the Corcoran Art Gallery give only the faintest glimmering of what the artists are doing today in America. Only a few of those painters who do not play the game according to the rules laid down by the National Academy are represented in these exhibitions. Among the few, practically all are artists whose reputations are so widespread that even a timid museum is afraid to overlook them. Of the younger painters, less than half a dozen are represented in the Corcoran shows. Yet, it would be so easy to broaden and strengthen the exhibitions at the Corcoran Art Gallery if they were not arranged in perfect accord with the Academic system of censorship.

Exactly why Mr. C. Powell Minnigerode and his board of directors should be frightened by a private institution, posing as a national institution, why the Gallery does not dare to present an unbiased exhibition of contemporary American art, is a little difficult to understand. Such painters as Edward Redfield may be, and doubtlessly are, good advisors in selecting the work of their fellow Academicians, but Mr. Redfield, whose ideas are as

clear and frank as his painting, is an outspoken enemy of modern art, and to expect painters holding antipathetic views to assist the Corcoran Art Gallery in the selection of the important work of the more liberal artists, is rather futile.

There is no other way to explain the obvious timidity which the management of the Corcoran Gallery shows in the selection of its exhibitions. Either the management is afraid of its own opinions and, therefore, seeks the protection of the private reactionary group which calls itself the National Academy, or else the management is blind to what is going on today in art. Not to be interested in representing a just proportion of the most inventive adventurous artists of the day, certainly does suggest domination by a partisan organization, or ignorance of contemporary art. In either case, it is time that so important an institution, so favorably situated in the capital of this country, should cease its present policy of one-sided encouragement.

Quite aside from the question of broadminded interest in contemporary expression in art is the question of the responsibility of the management of the Corcoran Art Gallery to the institution in the first place, and to American art in the second. If the management meets its responsibilities squarely, how can it longer dodge the issue of contemporary art and be satisfied with a strictly academic allegiance?

It really can't, and expect the public to believe in it as a genuinely representative institution. This being the case, it must either cease wearing the swaddling clothes of the National Academy, or write itself down as being afraid to develop, so that the suggestion is pertinent. The Corcoran Art Gallery should step forward like a man, and declare its freedom from the domination of the National Academy by holding a genuinely representative exhibition of contemporary American work by those artists who are not affiliated with the National Academy, immediately after the close of the much heralded Centennial Exhibition.

FORBES WATSON.



CHINESE BRONZE VESSEL
Courtesy of C. T. Loo and Company

CHOU DYNASTY

JOHN SINGER SARGENT

By FORBES WATSON

THE most adventurous and inventive contemporary art is far removed in its aims from the work of John Singer Sargent, whereas, in academic circles, artists continue to suffer from the extraordinary domination with which Sargent reigned over the world of fashionable portrait painting. In a mood of exaltation, an academic painter recently protested that:

"Sargent is the master of us all. We have all of us, without exception, labored to paint a head, a hand, as Sargent has a head, a hand, and we have all of us, without exception, admitted our defeat. And our daily lives, whatever our expression may have come to be, are made up of the worship of light and things tangible, and of sober tones and sober colors that the master of us all, alone of our generation, has been able to capture."

Needless to say, an artist who, in this day and generation, is laboring "to paint a head, a hand, as Sargent has a head, a hand . . ." has removed himself far from the realities. Yet, who can deny that in mundane portraiture Sargent was a leader?

Two reasons account for his chieftanship over the kind of portrait painters who wish, above all things, to secure commissions. At the time when Sargent first won success in London, the American public was embedded in its most acute period of aesthetic provincialism and American collectors were buying in large numbers foreign paintings of extraordinary low caliber. The Paris Salon still had a reputation with American collectors, and commercial *genre* pictures, manufactured by the score for foreign consumption, were purchased by rich and educated Americans at large prices—the same kind of pictures that we now find neglected and forsaken in the small auction room, where, together with much floridity and gilt, they sell for a pittance.

It was in those dark days that Sargent's first successful portraits of duchesses and socially great ladies began to make an impression on the American public. Soon the combination of the great names of the people whom Sargent painted and his brilliant facility with which the great man painted, carried his name far and wide through the press.

As I have pointed out in other reviews of Sargent, the neglect which the art of the sterner and deeper Thomas Eakins received from both artists and the public during the rise of Sargent is the clear-

est indication of how completely the Sargent fashion of painting predominated. Practically no portrait painter, during this period in America, succeeded in securing commissions except those who, to the best of their ability, imitated Mr. Sargent. Even in the case of Sargent himself, the appearance of brilliant dexterity did not always "come off" the first time. The thought of the great man scraping out a head in some cases twenty or thirty times, and of the little army of imitators going through an even more desperate ordeal to achieve a final effect of dexterity, suggests an exercise of palette, knife and rags that will appear either painful or comic according to the individual reactions of those who ruminate over this contradictory process.

Everyone feels the charm of unniggled painting, of the fresh, clear, direct brush stroke. When this becomes the ideal and dominant factor in an artist's work, there should be no surprise if deeper qualities are often neglected and if superficial tricks of the brush become habitual in the constant effort to dodge fundamentals. Sargent, in his own sphere, was far above any of his imitators. Unless, however, we want to succumb to the thoughtless order of criticism suggested by the passage from an academician's letter, quoted in the first paragraph of this review, it is well to recognize just how serious the aims of an artist can be if he devotes his best years to glittering worldly success. Quite frankly in his youth Sargent gave up association with serious artists and went after the duchesses. Criticism of his work was as frequently adverse when written by those Frenchmen who were aware of the great accomplishments of the greater painters of Sargent's time, as it was flattering when written by those Englishmen and Americans who rank brilliantly effective mundane portraiture too high in the realm of art.

Owing to the fact that most portrait painters who pursue worldly success are generally ignored by the serious, their names so seldom come up in discussions of art that the unsubstantial reputations which they and their clients blow up for them remain unpricked. Perhaps the most serious compliment paid to the art of Sargent is that even artists and serious critics have given attention to his work. Had he been less superb in his mastery of what the outsiders call technique he might have achieved a splendid oblivion, except for the hand clapping of the duchesses. No one who paints can



PORTRAIT OF MRS. MOORE
JOHN SINGER SARGENT

fail at times to get a genuine thrill from the sheer ability, along its own narrow and exclusive lines, that the brush of Sargent frequently evidenced. He could also bring out with extraordinary clarity the accentuated characteristics of those sitters who, having marked peculiarities, attracted him most. He disliked neutral faces.

Looking over the long list of Sargent's achievements, it seems evident that he had appreciation and sympathetic understanding of a certain refined type of well-born and fashionable American women, whose position of social eminence did not begin to lose its color until American society, as they call it, began to feel the shock of an international mixture of races, ready to pour in and outweigh the English stock. When Sargent depicted these fair and lovely types with full enjoyment of the possibilities for pyrotechnics that were offered by their beautiful clothes (in those days less scanty than beautiful clothes are today) the dream was still alive in certain breasts that America was essentially an Anglo-Saxon and Puritan country. The more or less cloistered lady, a little too refined to be wholly intelligent about life, had not yet been disturbed in her faith and Sargent understood her, appreciated her rare refinement and sympathized with her. Surely, it was not when he was painting such portraits that he performed the antics recorded in Blunt's memoirs of going behind a screen and sticking out his tongue at his fair sitters. If any such tricks were played by him, it must have been before the height of his success, when he still accepted sitters who frankly bored him.

The habit of the American to skip the distinctions that exist between greatness and near-greatness has something to do with the extraordinary lapses in judgment that often betray themselves in the vast quantities of sentimental gush that the name of Sargent has brought out. Mr. William Lyon Phelps, a university professor, though fortunately not of art, writing of Sargent last year, declared: "If I were asked to name the greatest living American, I should unhesitatingly name John Singer Sargent." This may sound like extreme nonsense. The quotation is made not for that reason, but because it illustrates so aptly the American's provoking habit of exaggeration. In the same way, among Americans who discount the great gifts of Sargent, there is an exaggeration hardly less irritating. It is not necessary to attempt to prove that Sargent was the greatest or the worst painter in the world; either effort would be equally futile, though it has been so often made.

To arrive at something like a just estimate of Sargent requires both a recognition of the dazzling quality of his dexterity and the capacity to examine his achievement as a worldly portraitist without being stampeded by the social brilliancy of his artistic success. Compared with such overrated "old masters" as Romney or Hoppner, Sargent really was a great painter. Compared with Gainsborough he was lacking both in taste, color and elegance. Nothing as completely decorative or as graceful, nothing quite as elegant came from the brush of Sargent as Mrs. Graham by Gainsborough. On the other hand, Sargent quite outdistanced Gainsborough as a painter of men, although even in his best portraits of men Sargent's eye, in the quality of its vision, was not unlike the eye of a keen and snappy stockbroker. He had the business man's eye rather than the poet's, the sizing up eye rather than creative understanding or imaginative apprehension. He was completely objective and literal, that is as far as the cleverness in paint can ever be literal.

In characterization Sargent must give way to Raeburn both in straightforwardness and unconsciousness. It again suggests the difference between the well-dressed stockbroker and the well-fed member of a county family or the case of Anthony Trollope versus Sinclair Lewis. The vision of Sargent compared with Raeburn had more edges and less of the mellowing influence of port. Yet in painting women Sargent was both less conventional and less sentimental than Raeburn.

Van Dyck, whom Sargent characterized as "slick," was more able than Sargent. His all-round equipment was broader. He could play tag with Sargent at his own game of dexterity. He could compose and draw with a facility far more sweeping but Sargent was probably right in thinking that essentially Van Dyck had a vulgar eye. At soul he was a courtier, just as in his soul Lawrence was a flunkey. Lawrence often outdistanced Sargent in color and performed some miracles of dexterity that Sargent would like to have been able to perform. And of course, as for color, Sargent had little understanding of it. Yet, on the whole, Sargent was every bit as good as Lawrence and sometimes better.

Both Gainsborough and Reynolds invented a style that Sargent followed without adding much to it, for Sargent was not an original mind. He was more talented than intelligent. And if we turn to those other painters whose hands were quite as dexterous as Sargent's, such as Velasquez and Hals, we rise to a plane of art that, without being

the highest, is considerably higher than the plane that Sargent reached. These others were real recorders of a race while our own much praised great master took down only the records of those who could travel first class on ocean liners or who saw the world quickly as they sped from Ritz to Ritz.

In the company, however, of the British mundane portrait painters Sargent occupies the position of an equal, generally speaking. So that if some people are unwilling to grant to the single figure in American art, who in recent times had, from the point of view of mere fame, only one rival, namely, Whistler, the recognition that gives to greatness unadulterated, it is because this entire group of artists, among whom Raeburn is the most unequivocally sincere, diluted their gifts to compromise with the great world.

When we step aside from worldly success and consider the work of those artists who knew no compromise, whose efforts were not to please a titled or otherwise powerful client, whose entire

effort was devoted to the expression of their own ideas as they saw them, a long list of contemporary artists and painters of the past must be given more serious consideration than can be given to Sargent. Reference has been made already to Thomas Eakins, the American, who with a much less brilliant brush, succeeded in painting portraits that, compared with those by Sargent, are a little bit like rocks compared with the froth of the sea beating against them.

As a decorator Sargent failed progressively as he worked at his difficult art. As a water colorist, he was a master of pyrotechnics out on a holiday. That the record which he left in portraiture will live after him, no fair-minded person can doubt. Portraits like those of the Wertheimers as well as that whole group of portraits of ladies, like the portrait of Mrs. Henry White—these portraits will always be welcome in the great museums and will always be looked at with interest by artists and historians.



L'ABSIDE DE NOTRE DAME DE PARIS

CHARLES MERYON

Courtesy of Knoedler and Company



DEER (Reproduction)
Painting on rock

DORDOGNE, FRANCE
Cavern of Font-de-Gaume

ART AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

By H. E. SCHNAKENBERG

I

THE average person visits the American Museum of Natural History to wonder at the birds and animals grouped with marvelous realism in as close an approximation to their native surroundings as seems humanly possible, to be dazzled by the Aladdin's cave of the Hall of Minerals, or to be awed by the giant skeletons of prehistoric mammals who lived their cumbersome lives in the great open spaces when men were not yet men. All these are there, and many more marvels from the world's ends; but it is not merely as a vast gathering of natural wonders that the Museum should be considered. It is too a great storehouse of the art of vanished peoples or of

races whose powers of creation have been weakened to the point of disappearance in the deadening contact with our civilization. Naturally the greater part of this material is shown for its ethnological or archaeological value. Nevertheless we find ourselves stopping again and again before the cases to delight in the sheer beauty of form in a Peruvian pot, or the mastery of space-filling in a textile or in a bas-relief, or the savage intensity of a Melanesian mask.

For man in the very beginning, power, incomprehensible power, was everywhere about him. He felt himself a part of his surroundings but, like the other animals, battling against the elements for his mere existence. Everything seemed natural to



HORSE AND COLT (Reproduction)
Cave Painting

SPAIN
Altamira

him; and in his earliest art, putting aside the first objects of pure utility, we find, scratched on stone or on a piece of horn, representations of the bison, of the mammoth and the other animals with which he came in contact, given with marvelous accuracy of perception of the special characteristics of each animal. Then, too, there are figures of women, fat-bellied, with pendulous breasts—the very symbols of fecundity which, to early man, was the chief requirement in his mate. For man at the beginning there were only these subjects to be recorded in his art—the chase with its life-giving quarry and the woman who waited for him to bring that food back to the cave.

Of the art of this earliest period we must be satisfied at our Museum with reproductions. There is, to be sure, a great stone with the faint outline of a horse and an endless collection of flints and other objects; but the small series of casts is of much greater interest. Especially worthy of notice

is the group of female figures, carved of bone and limestone, culminating in that masterpiece of prehistoric art—the so-called “Venus” found in a cave near Willendorf, Austria, and now in Vienna. Reproductions can never, of course, be completely satisfactory; but so beautifully are these made and so small is the chance of our ever having important originals of this remote period that the opportunity for study should not be neglected because these are “only casts.”

With the passage of time came a certain accumulation of knowledge and, with knowledge, speculation. Man found himself no longer completely satisfied with his old idea of the impersonality of nature's forces and guided by his innate sense of mysticism and romance, he began to attribute to them personal qualities controlled by supernatural beings. Gradually these controlling beings came to be identified with those special forces over which they held sway, and we find developing an enormous

and ever-changing hierarchy of greater and lesser deities who personified the involved workings of nature in all of the forms that early man could sense. Thus religion had its birth; man had created the gods. For peoples of earliest times, as well as for those races which have remained primitive, the instinct for concrete expression in terms of art and man's various relations with his deities have been closely interwoven. It was a religion of terror and of helplessness before the cruel powers of nature. Nature was always the enemy, the brooding avenger constantly waiting for the chance to wreak its fury for the least offense. So the host of supernatural beings who controlled the elements must be placated, cajoled into granting small favors if possible; and, in consequence, man's most able creative powers were tendered as offerings to his gods. He had not yet achieved the ability to think in abstractions—desires must be objectified—symbols must give concreteness to unseen forces. To convince ourselves of the tremendously important part that this externalization of thought played in the lives of primitive men, we have only to delve into that great and gloomy catalogue of beliefs and superstitions, Frazer's "Golden Bough."

Beside placing his art at the service of his religion, man has always desired to make beautiful his objects of utility or of ornament. But even here is often extremely difficult to tell just where the

mere decoration stops and where some form of esoteric and symbolic stylization comes in. We often think how glorious some fragment of ancient Peruvian weaving, or an Alaskan wood carving, is in pure design, only to discover that, for the one who made it, it was primarily a representation of some part of his belief in things supernatural, cryptic for the uninitiated in its intricate conventions, but simple as writing for those who have the key.

These were the immediate, compelling reasons for the creation of a multiplicity of objects of religious superstition and of objects of ornament or utility. But there was always some individual in every age who had, beyond the thought of the ultimate purpose of his creation, an intense love for the very doing of the thing. And such a one, in any period, we call an "artist."

II

Measureless centuries must pass between the first crude workings in bone and the next manifestations of man's urge to expression that we will find in our Museum. But we must not expect progress in this vast extent of time. The earliest rough stone images of Mexico and Central America are, for instance, of an accomplishment infinitely below that shown in the "Venus" of Willendorff.

Art has had, in all its lengthy history, mysterious deaths and re-beginnings, at times ages apart and



CROUCHING BISON (Reproduction)
Cave Painting

SPAIN
Altamira



ENGRAVING AND SCULPTURE (Reproductions)

EUROPE

The Willendorf "Venus" is in the lower right-hand corner

Later Paleolithic (Old Stone Age)



STATUETTE OF A WOMAN (Reproduction)

LESPUGUE

at places widely separated. The first feeble creations of each new start strangely resemble one another, but one race may have in its make-up the germ of infinite development while another may remain practically static. A pre-archaic Greek image is not enormously different from a stone god of the Easter Islands; but Greek art in the course of a comparatively few centuries flowered in the Parthenon, while the Easter Islander felt no spiritual need for developing much further the form which satisfied him. It is largely the art of these races of lesser growth in their formal expression that is represented in the Museum of Natural History. To be sure, the Mayas of Yucatan achieved a rich grandeur in their sculpture and in their architecture and the ancient Peruvians stand unsurpassed in the beauty of their textiles; but, great as many of these peoples were in the command of decoration, they only rarely aimed at the superbly simple kinds of form that the Egyptians or the archaic Greeks attained.

Of Maya sculpture in the Museum we will find a number of examples—mostly fragments from the various temple sites. There are two handsome bas-reliefs of conventionalized warriors, door-jamb panels from a small temple at Kaban. There are two very beautiful female heads, one with part of the torso, which remind one somewhat of early Chinese sculpture. There is something of the same lofty serenity that we find in one of those distant

heads of the Tang period. Although the Mayas were the preëminent artists, the other ancient races of Mexico and Central America created works of only slightly less beauty. We may see here the head of the Aztec water goddess Chalchuihtlicue, the cryptic "stone collars" and delightful little clay laughing heads of the Totonacs, the burial urns of the Zapotecs with their weird intricacy of ornament and the lavish objects of gold from Costa Rica. Then there is the collection of reproductions of the greater monuments of Mexican and Central American art, many of the originals of which are now buried deep in the dense tropical jungles of Yucatan, Honduras and Guatemala.

The art of ancient Peru was on a scale of less grandeur than that of Mexico, but in certain branches, notably the weaving of beautiful fabrics and the moulding and painting of pottery, they were unrivalled. We shall find in the Museum large groups of the pottery from Nazca with its richly bold painted decoration, of the remarkable "portrait vases" and jars in the forms of jaguars, monkeys, birds and fish from Chepen, and of others from the Valley of Trujillo and from Chimbote. Some of these appeal through their pure perfection of form, some intrigue us by tortuous mazes of linear decoration, while still others interest by vivid portrayals they give of the life and appearance of these vanished civilizations. Of Peruvian textiles—tapestries, embroideries and dyed fabrics—the



STATUE (Stone)
Photograph by Juley

MEXICO
Aztec



STATUE (Side View)
Photograph by Juley

MEXICO
Aztec



PIECES OF CLOTH

PERU



CUP

PERU



POTTERY VESSEL

PERU



AR
Textile Design

PERU



BOWL
Conventionalized Bird Design

PERU
Nazca



SAUCER-LIKE VESSEL
Mackerel Design

PERU
Nazca

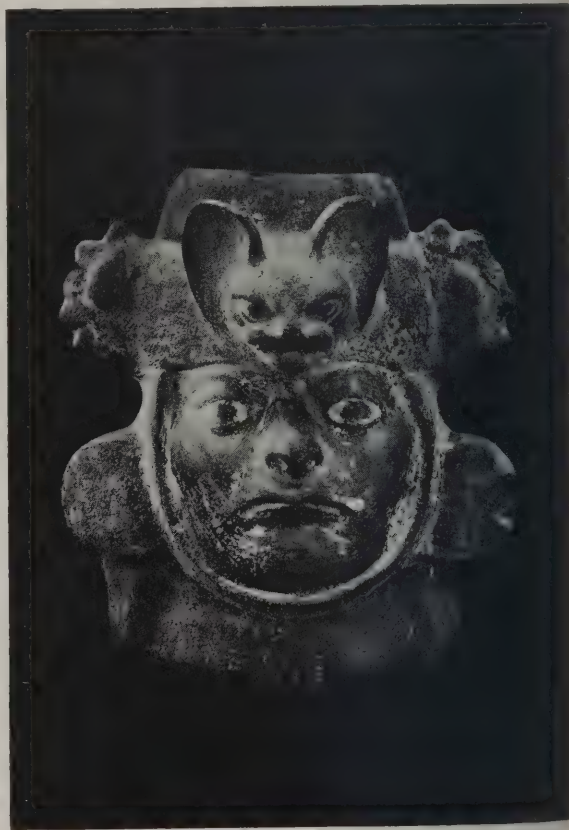
Museum has a matchless collection which is constantly being used by present-day designers as a source of inspiration.

From Alaska and from British Columbia are the gigantic totem poles and tribal images representing either a coat-of-arms or ancestral tree, or perhaps illustrating some legend connected with the family before whose house these enormous carvings formerly stood. They are often quite terrifying in aspect, but never stamped with that loathsome horror that one senses in the idols of the hot, equatorial countries, Mexico or Polynesia. Among the slate carvings of the Haida a small group of a mother and child is particularly worth noticing. There are a number of the superbly designed Chilkat blankets in which some natural form of an animal or a whale is carried to an extreme of conventionalization so that the initial form is completely lost sight of.

Among the many influences which have had a bearing on the inspiration of much modern art, African Negro sculpture has played an extremely important part. Taking the work of Picasso, Matisse and Derain, we find many a canvas where the painter has obviously learned much from the simple, swelling surface of a Congo mask or figure. In the African Hall of the Museum we unfortunately have not the same opportunity of studying Negro sculpture at its highest development that is offered by the great collections of the British Museum and of the Trocadero.

The African Negroes were a race whose art expression had but little growth; it is practically impossible to affix dates to their images and masks, because the same forms continued with but slight variations through the course of centuries. So that while the examples shown here, which are mostly of fairly modern workmanship, may lack the pure inspiration of the earlier work and of that beauty of surface that only time can give, they have much of the formal significance of the older and greater carvings. There are masks from the Congo, bronze castings and ivories from Benin, wooden headrests with figures of women and of animals, and carvings from the Kasai district.

From New Ireland we will find uncanny wooden images and a case of terrifying masks, some constructed on a foundation of human skulls, which were worn during festivals in honor of the dead. From New Zealand are intricate carvings and a grisly array of heads with the beautiful designs of tattooing still showing clear on the dried yellow skin. A number of strangely contorted wooden figures of emaciated men with staring eyes are from



PORTRAIT VASE

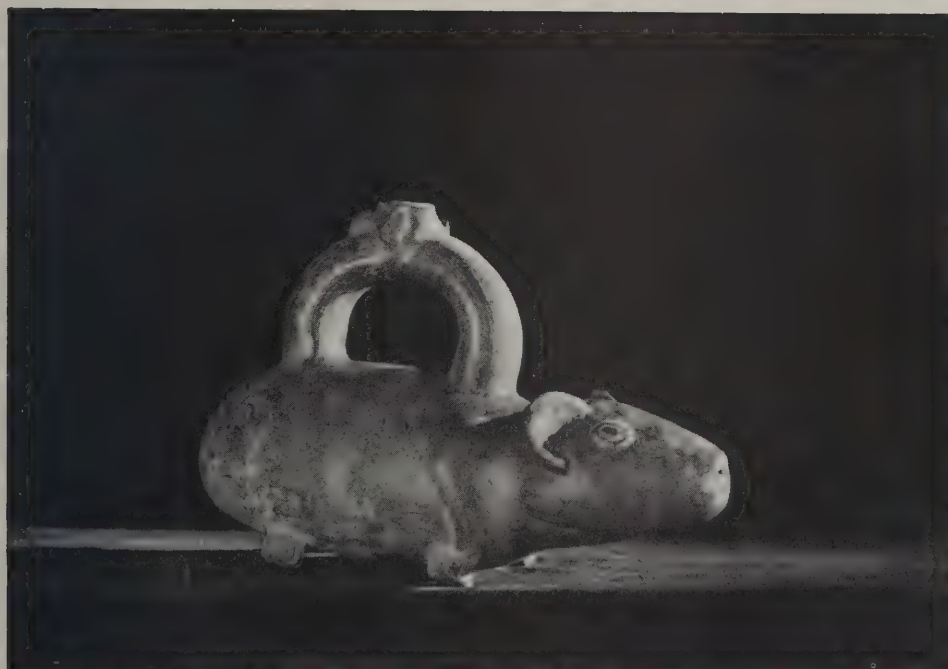
PERU

Head of a bat used as a decoration on the headband



WATER JARS

PERU



POTTERY JAR
In the form of a guinea pig

PERU



BOWL
Spider Decoration

PERU
Nazca



PONCHO
Cotton warp, vicuna weft

PERU
Pachacamac

the Easter Islands. One carving of a bird in the same case is marvelously rhythmic as the line of its contour flows to a crest in the upraised beak.

Here, too, are tribally expressive fetiches and shields from New Guinea, carvings from the Admiralty Islands and from Torres Straits. Here is the Samoan tapa cloth, with its bold patterns, and gorgeous red and yellow feather cloaks from the regal days of Hawaii. In this hall of the arts of Oceanica it is easy, with the help of imagination, to conjure up a picture of some savage ceremony, in a lush, passionate landscape, accompanied by the incessant throb of wooden drums.

The various halls of the American Indians offer much in the way of beauty of linear pattern but with them we find little that indicates a sensing of form in its fuller import.

The Chinese room contains a group of exceedingly fine ancient bronzes, a few of the finest of which are ceremonial vessels dating from the Chou and Han Dynasties. An amusing little team of horses in bronze is worthy of notice.

This present noting of a few objects is little more than the merest summary of what seems to us outstanding in the vast collections of the Museum; it is a personal preference and should be only a point of departure for one's own voyage of discovery.

III

There has been, of late years, a great new enthusi-

asm for the work of primitive races. Up to very recently little of all this material at the Museum of Natural History would have fitted in with the scheme of what was considered worthy of the sacred name of "Art." Not many years back they would have been merely curios, brought back by missionaries to show in what a completely benighted state the poor heathen carried on his miserable existence. But the fact remains that this same poor heathen, benighted as he most undoubtedly was, had managed to live until the blessings, brought by the missionaries and other emissaries of our civilization, have driven one native race after another completely from the face of the globe. Perhaps, though, if the last debilitated members of a once proud stock end their lives in a state of perfect Christian humility, properly clothed in Mother Hubbards and properly law-abiding, it is worth the sacrifice. But then again perhaps it is not.

The Museum has, of course, long been recognized as a vast treasure house for the designer; but other artists, sick of the useless over-elaboration of meaningless detail, are seeking more and more for refreshment and inspiration in the powerful intensity of the Primitive. And for such and for the lovers of art in its myriad forms this slight outline may prove tempting to further search.

Editorial Note:—The illustrations accompanying this article are used through the courtesy of the Museum of Natural History.



UMMY CLOTH

PERU



WATER VESSEL

Conventionalized human figure carrying coca leaves

PERU
Nazca



WATER VESSEL

Humming-birds sipping honey from a six-pointed flower

PERU
Nazca



CARVED CANOE PROW
Wood

NEW ZEALAND
Maori



CARVED KNOB-STICKS
Wood

AFRICA



CHIEF'S IDOL STOOL
Wood

AFRICA



A GOD

CHINA



A GOD

CHINA



DOG

Glazed Pottery

CHINA



DUCK AND ROOSTER
Unglazed pottery

CHINA



THE AWAKENING

MAURICE STERNE

This statue, now in the International Exhibition at Rome, Italy, inspired, as the author states, the following essay

TRADITION AND ART

By LEO STEIN

THAT an artist should be of his time is quite true; but it would, I think, be difficult to prove that any artist who is sincere in his work is not of his time. A "time," except among savages, is never homogeneous. Only among them is there practically complete uniformity. As soon, however, as substantial diversity is found, the artist also takes his place as one of the factors in that diversity, and so far as he expresses his own interest he expresses his time. The statement that "an artist should be of his time" is therefore a truism, or else implies a judgment by someone concerning that which he holds to be the character of the time. But history shows abundantly that judgments as to what were at particular epochs their dominant traits have

been largely mistaken, and that it is rare for any one who is keenly interested in the moment to have a competent outlook on its various meanings. Only when that moment has worked itself out in subsequent ones do its meanings become at all clear; and then, usually, they are not so very clear.

It has been characteristic of our critical time that even artists have defined notions on general topics; and there have been marked tendencies among them of late to run in schools—not naively as fishes do because they were born and brought up that way, but of set purpose and by virtue of conceptions as to what the time in which they live means, and what are its real directions and demands. Contemporary criticism often makes assumptions about these

things and because of these assumptions restricts its interested attention to what is held to be the right kind of thing. It thus loses sight of the fact that the right kind of thing in art is always the thing that here and now makes its appeal to someone as fraught for him with intrinsic value—value, that is, directly communicated to the beholder. There is no use trying to apply any other test. Six months or a year may be sufficient to change people's minds as to what kind of thing expresses their time, but the work of art which within so short a period has faded and lost its value, is rightly regarded as not having the kind of importance that it was held to have had, if in fact it had ever been held to be important. It comes to be reckoned then as of the journalism of art, interesting to thousands for one day, and forgotten on the next. It is held that there really is a deeper current, less agitated by the momentary conditions of weather, which constitutes the time's real tradition; and the character of such a tradition, that is, the way art manifests itself in relation to the time, is the subject of this paper.

Natural tradition exists in its purity in a society that is culturally unmixed. The teaching of the fathers is passed on to the sons, that of the master to the pupil. The motto of such a society is, in effect, "Ask Dad, *he* knows." Dad doesn't have many ideas about any subject, and doesn't even have to know what is *right* regarding anything of great importance. What he knows *is* right because he knows things in only one way. A culture in isolation tends to have such a uniformity. Habits, customs, clothes, cultural objects, vary not at all in intention, and not very much in quality. This is the quality of much savage and peasant art in isolated districts.

Change in primitive society, it is now recognized, has always been the result of contact. What happens then is that different traditions clash together. *Our* culture is, of course, the true culture, and the other is pollution. Those already imbedded in the one tradition will have none of the other. They know, so to speak, what expresses their time and their nature. There are, however, always some persons who love pollution, who find it delectable to wallow in other than their accustomed puddles. They are the worshippers of strange gods, the Infidels, as the party of the first part sees them, though to themselves they are the seekers after light. The light they tend to follow, is the alien tradition that has come athwart their old one. If they were to leave the old and adopt the new, they would simply have changed their allegiance; but this, of course, rarely happens. They are usually already so far

subdued to the old that what they can take in of the new is only partial, and so they undergo change without transformation. They keep the old tradition but vary it in conformity with the new demands. But since these new demands are generally, in art, merely new interests, what they do because they are interested does not seem convincing to the conservatives who are not interested. The interested ones say that the others ought to be interested also, but the old-timers reply that they see neither the necessity nor the desirability of such a move. The progressives say that asking Dad won't do, that Dad doesn't know everything. Things are changing. Their motto is not "Ask Dad, *he* knows," but "Eventually, why not now." "We're moving toward the goal," they say, "towards which the whole creation moves. You'll have to join us in the end, so why wait beyond the morrow." The new day is breaking, and dawn is the best time for travel. The farther you're from England the nearer you're to France." So they set forth on their adventures.

In some such way as this change comes about, and progress, if progress it is, is made. For modern art there has been fecundation everywhere through the Greeks; in some places through the East; and through barbarian arts. Italy was stimulated by Flanders and Flanders by Italy; Venice by Florence and Florence by Venice; America by France and, on occasion, France by America. In our time when communications have attained an almost appalling ease, influences criss-cross like wireless messages in the air. In many cases young men came upon some thing that delighted them, and they plunged joyously in pursuit of it. So it was when the Italians first learned the oil technique which came to them from Flanders. Such was the classical movement of the Renaissance. There was then an influx of beauty and life—or so it seemed when compared with a sterilized convention—and men took to it with a happy enthusiasm. Many such cases could be cited, but this was not always the way that change came about.

It sometimes happened that there was a deliberate intention to encourage art of a certain kind in the interests of a political, social, or religious ideal. This was strikingly true of the art of the Counter-Reformation which directly encouraged the ecstatic, emotionally overcharged, exuberance of the Baroque. Louis XIV patronized and fostered the art that should do honor to his stately theatricality. The Second Empire deliberately evoked echoes and imitations of the First.

Another kind of thing brings us more directly in touch with that of which we have many illustrations



THE AWAKENING

MAURICE STERNE

in our time. Such was the Roman revival during the French Revolution. Republican Rome became the symbolic dialect of cultured France. A brave man was a Horatius Cocles, and a patriot was a Cincinnatus or a Cato; a regicide was a Brutus, and so on. The direction taken by the art of David was deliberate in the sense that it was a conscious expression of the time. In this respect, at least, it was like cubism. David knew that his time was a time of stern virtues, of exalted patriotism, of brotherly love—within limits, and he expressed all these things purposely in terms of Rome, constraint, and precision. But the whole performance was a little too purposeful to be entirely successful or pleasing.

The same is true of cubism, whose origin was in many ways similar, though the felt demand was different. The cubist did not find the time-spirit pointing in the direction of a higher morality but in that of a higher science. To the Renaissance artist, for instance, science meant the presentation of bodies and space in all their material actuality. To the cubists, directly and indirectly influenced by Bergson and modern mathematics and the reaction from photography, science meant abstraction from the material. They thought to give art a new direction by making it the expression of real and not merely decorative values, independent of objects. For a while, the enterprise was taken very seriously, and as so taken was a grotesque and utter failure. It was, however, a thoroughly representative instance of an art movement whose goal was much affected by a theoretic conception of the time's demand.

With the instance of cubism we step fairly onto the contemporary stage. We have seen that a simple tradition is one where no choice is possible because no overlapping things are known. Development is seen normally to occur when traditions meet, conflict, and merge, resulting in expressions that are new, and to which the artist is driven by his desire to say in public that which he feels is too good to be kept to himself. And thirdly there are times when the artist knows by projection what the right tradition is before he has made it because he understands the needs that must be satisfied, and then we have the program. A Wordsworth asserts that the time has come to cast aside the artificial diction of poetry and aggressively gives the dimensions of a pool:

"I've measured it from side to side,
'Tis three feet long and two feet wide."

Our day has been the heyday for this kind of

deliberate aggression. There has been in it an exuberance of a sort of analytic-synthetic activity: the first half of which means that the artists of our day have by thinking found out what was needed, and the second half of which means that they have made esthetic concoctions to satisfy that need. Programs flourished like mushrooms—the simile is a little drab and tame—I should say, toadstools. The world, it seemed, didn't any longer want the kind of thing it had, because our age was the quite other kind of age that the manifesto writer said it was; and what it needed—he hardly went so far as to say, wanted—was the kind of thing that the manifesto writer said he was going to make. More people, I suspect, applauded the diagnosis than welcomed the remedy. In fact the manifestoes led to very little art that was more than a few weeks' sensation. Never in the history of art were so many movements born and buried in so short a space of time.

One of the largest and most interesting generalizations about present needs related art to machinery. Thus went the reasoning: This is a machine age; the machine expresses the age; therefore the machine should be made the type expression. It is of course true that this is a machine age in the sense that we use machines more than ever. It may be, however, that it is peculiarly not a machine age because we are perhaps peculiarly not satisfied to be machines. The machine as an ideal belonged rather to the day when it was a promise than to the day when it is an achievement. Never since it came into existence has the question of its control been a more intensely conscious one. Nor need too much be made of the supposed discovery that machines are beautiful. I can remember no time when machines were not found beautiful by the people who do not need a guide to take them round the museums. This truth has now been published abroad; but that does not prove ours to be a machine age. Against the claim there can be brought a trenchant argument—the fact, to wit, that at no time since men first lived in stable groups has there been so little standardization in almost all human relations as there is today. There are more wide-spread, though non-coercive, uniformities than there were of yore—this is undoubted; but numberless social machines of all sizes and complexities that once worked so well one hardly thought of them as machines have been racked out of gear, and in many cases have ceased to work at all. All our social relations: marriage, society, amusements, our art expressions themselves, which were to express the great fact of the machine, are less machine-like than ever they were. The machine holds its enormous place in our

social and intellectual economy, but the society in which it plays its part is the least machine-like that ever existed. Among the things that art most tends to express nothing is today very machine-like—not even the control of machinery itself, where the ruthlessness of the individual is so strikingly in evidence; and it would, perhaps, be no exaggeration to say that the machine is just what does not typify the age. The machine is what we understand best and can best control, but never has society been so admittedly incomprehensible, and so helplessly uncontrollable. Quite possibly the ultra-romantics are nearer right in offering us their attitude as the real tradition for our time.

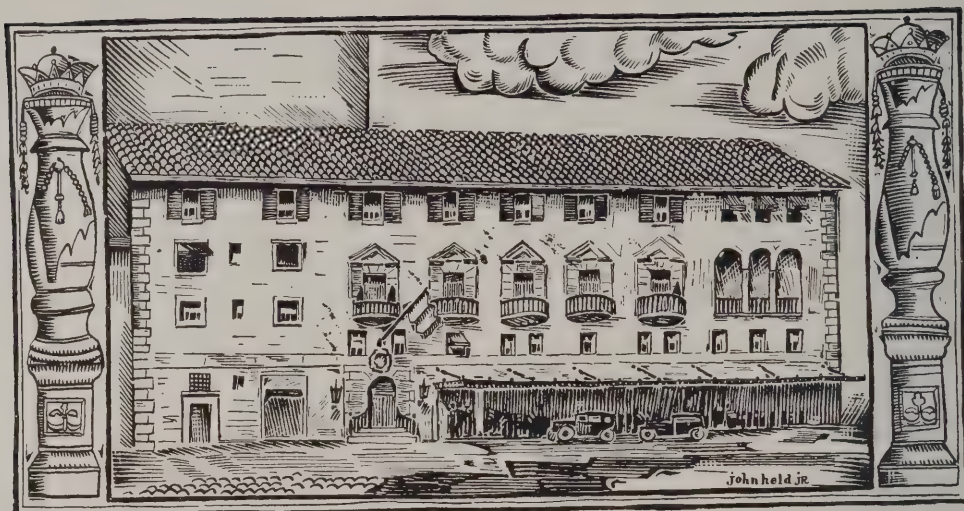
I have given this example somewhat at length to illustrate the absurdity of the attempts to define a tradition before it is made, and to prescribe the direction that it is to take. There is only one way to make of art a going concern, and that is the old familiar one of setting forth what interests one in terms that are both interesting and communicative. The artist's difficulties today are unusually great. He not only travels about as he was never able to travel about before, but in overwhelming mass and variety things travel to him even if he stays at home. Then the break-down—one might almost say the break-up—of the social machine takes away from him many of the comforting restrictions that a more regularly functioning machine imposed. He can do anything that he likes, and the consequence of the present state of confusion is that he so often does things that he doesn't like but thinks that he does. I mean that the currents of partial trends in the time coerce him to preferences that have no deeper and larger validity for him, but yet he is swept away by them because he is unmoored and can't be even sure that there exists a large deep current. Consequently there never have been more dogmas in art than in recent years, and with less of substantial basis or more of dogmatic intensity. The artist is today better educated in the school sense of the word than he used to be; that is, he can read more at length with a feeling of knowing facts and theories; but he has so little notion of how hard it is to think anything through, that he can take quite seriously the most frivolous drivel. This was strikingly true of cubism in which the thinking end never got above the unintended level of slapstick; and I have illustrated superficiality in thought in the case of the machine idea. Not only the publication of programs but also the "intellectualism" of many of the younger American writers is here to the point. Their favorite critical term is "accuracy" though accuracy could hardly be more utterly

in default than in a precise application of the word "accurate" to literature and art at all. However, its use is characteristic of the temper that is now almost depressingly in evidence, a pseudo-hardness and clarity of mind which makes sharp distinctions and is really singularly inexpressive.

The more generally satisfying art of our time, like that of others, will have to come forth from the interplay within a multitudinous actuality; and it will have to deal with that multitudinously, and with less of the pseudo-clarity that we find in our too forceful writers. The time for clarity may come, but it is not yet here. After a little while such writers as the later Joyce and D. H. Lawrence bore me to the limit. They handle more knowledge than they master, but they handle it with the pretence of mastery. Such actual mastery as we have today of that knowledge, and it is not great, lies in another department. I can imagine their books in the future producing on the reader an effect such as elementary narratives like the *Gesta Romanorum* produce on us—that is, the effect of a mere skeleton of narration without the vitalizing projection and envelopment which can come only when the imagination comprehends beyond the material. One cannot produce good art at the frontiers of one's understanding. A Matisse seems to me to have more of promise than all of the analytico-synthetists; and among American artists Maurice Sterne, whose recent work in sculpture was the occasion for putting these meditations on paper, offers an example of a man who has relentlessly and endlessly created for himself a personal tradition without ever tinkering with it from the outside. As a result his work is authentic, and one can take it or leave it as such. Its tradition is that of its maker, and its valuation demands no reference to whys and wherefores—which is as it should be.

My notion of the critic's function is that he should talk about things and ideas, which lend themselves to talk, and not about values in the work of art, which can be gotten only through the travail of seeing. Therefore I have discussed some of the prevalent notions that seem to be absurdly invalid and which, none the less, because of their measure of acceptance, stand between the spectator and the presentations of the artist.

I had long ceased to look at photographs of sculpture except from a purely documentary point of view, when quite accidentally I discovered this fact (which has doubtless often been discovered) and thereby acquired a new source of pleasure.



THE GARRICK THEATRE
Courtesy of the Theatre Guild Program

JOHN HELD, JR.

THE THEATRE GUILD'S AMERICANIZATION PROBLEM

By H. I. BROCK

AS Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Mr. Bernard Shaw to the United States of America, the Theatre Guild recently opened a handsome new theatre in Fifty-second Street in the region west of Broadway now particularly affected by playhouse builders. The great seal of the Shavian favor was affixed to the occasion by the performance of Mr. Shaw's admirable and amusing drama, "Cæsar and Cleopatra," the play in which the Irish dramatist twenty years ago boldly and in set terms challenged comparison with Shakespeare. It was by some imputed to the Guild as a merit and by others accepted with meek resignation that "Processional" was not selected as the opening bill, and the new theatre thus dedicated to that rising hope of the American stage whose gods are Jazz and St. Vitus.

As a matter of fact, however, the Theatre Guild has never been to any considerable extent Americanized. During the six years of its active career, it has devoted its energies and its very considerable abilities mainly to the Europeanization of the New York stage. The success of the Guild—of which the new playhouse in the Florentine grand manner is the proof and the proclamation—is, indeed, quite accurately measured by the success of this Euro-

peanizing process, the extent of the conquest of the American theatre by foreign dramatists and foreign dramatic forms and ideals. A little while ago it seemed that the conquest was complete, that the American playwright had been evicted from his native boards. The best that can be said, even now, is that a more hopeful prospect is offered for the return of the native to his own in matter theatrical.

But I am concerned here with the Guild rather than the present state of the American drama. Now the Guild began its connection with the American drama by producing the Spaniard, Jacinto Benavente, as its first contribution. That was in April, 1919. The list of contributions in the subsequent years includes: Ferenc Molnar, Hungarian ("Liliom"), Leonid Andreyev, Russian ("He Who Gets Slapped"), Karel Capek, Czech ("R. U. R."), Paul Claudel, French ("The Tidings Brought to Mary"), H. R. Lenormand, French again ("The Failures"), Georg Kayser, German ("Morn to Midnight"), Ernst Toller, German also ("Mass Mensch"), Ernest Vajda, Hungarian ("Fat Morgana"), Henrik Ibsen, Norwegian ("Peer Gynt"); besides these Englishmen, St. John Ervine, ("John Ferguson"), John Galsworthy

("Windows"), A. A. Milne ("Mr. Pim Passes By").

The Irishman George Bernard Shaw is represented by "Heartbreak House," "The Devil's Disciple," "Saint Joan" and "Back to Methuselah," in three installments. American dramatists are represented by inconsiderable items until we come to the present year with "They Knew What They Wanted" and the aforementioned "Processional." If it is objected that these also are too inconsiderable to justify the Guild in departing from a foreign policy, this writer retires from the argument.

The point labored at is this. The Guild could not in decent conformity with its record have opened its new theatre with any but a play of transatlantic origin. Therefore it is most fortunate that the organization's Ambassadorial relation to Mr. Shaw brought about the selection of a piece original to the English language.

Observe that this is a mere recapitulation of the facts. It is not intended to reproach or reprove the Guild for persisting in giving us good foreign plays when they might just as well have given us bad plays from Greenwich Village—which, for that matter, lacks clear title to citizenship papers in this republic. The Guild's solid service to ourselves and to our drama consists—so far—in exhibiting for our benefit such excellent and interesting examples of what Europe is doing for the stage that when our dramatists present plays for our applause we have a competent measuring rod. They are matched against a dozen of the best stagecraftsmen of at least half that number of nations not less civilized than our own and considerably older in social experience and riper in culture—at least some of them. This is exactly as it should be for the greatest good to the greatest number of playgoers. Though, possibly, a protective system like the tariff for profit only might be favorably regarded by some of our struggling playwrights.

What the Guild is going to do with the American drama, now that it has forced the American dramatists to meet international competition, is a part of the future of the Guild of which the new theatre is a symbol. What the American drama is going to do to the Guild in the fury of that competition is also a matter for the future to reveal. Broadly, the question might be stated this way: Will the American drama Americanize the Guild, or will it be the other way about? Prophecy is vain in these premises; an eager curiosity waits upon the outcome.

What seems appropriate to be said at the moment—and it has a hopeful sound—is this: The

Guild, which has gone to Europe for the architectural effects of its new home, has, in the matter of these borrowings, shown a higher average of selective good taste than was exhibited, by and large, in the organization's six years program of foreign dramatic importations. Some of the items of this program were quite bad. Obviously the Guild is improving, because the new theatre is a very pleasing harmony with almost no discords.

Indeed, the only serious discord is the modern painted frieze, running around the auditorium under a richly decorated ceiling which owes its inspiration to a Florentine palace. The frieze attempts, without any notable amount of inspiration, the history of the Guild in pictures; in other words, it presents a series of cartoons of past performances and performers in Guild plays from Benavente to Shaw. Fortunately, the colors have been subdued sufficiently to prevent a glaring clash with their surroundings.

For the rest, the auditorium preserves admirably the effect of a lofty Italian hall in an old palace while at the same time it is excellently adapted to its practical purpose as a theatre. The walls are of a warm tone in rough plaster; the heavy-beamed ceiling is rich with decoration in dull gold and lavish but subdued color; the balcony is paneled in dark wood and the walls under the balcony are paneled in the same wood. Where the gimcrack vanity boxes used to be in old-fashioned theatres, there are on either side triple round archways closed by tall doors, also in dark wood, while above the archways are 'scutcheons bearing the Guild's device of the four allied arts of the theatre, and tapestries to relieve the monotony of bare wall.

The hall doors, which are for exit, lead out of the house on the street level, though to enter the auditorium you ascend a stairway of ceremony. The curtain, with a decoration bold in design but subdued in color to match the ceiling, makes all the fourth wall of the hall. When it rises that wall becomes wide open to the stage, for there is no proscenium arch. Thus is obtained an effect of the audience and the play being one—which is designed at once (as somebody said) to give vividness and intimacy to the play and to flatter the Guild subscribers with the idea that they are all one family party with Mr. Shaw and the actors.

The stage, by the way, is wide and deep and high beyond the average of theatres. For one item, the gridiron is ninety feet in the air. In an ordinary theatre this contraption is sixty feet up and even in the huge Century (which was built so ambitiously as the New Opera Theatre) only

goes up 110 feet. Likewise, the pits below the stage are deeper than customary and all the scene-shifting and lighting machinery is extremely modern and elaborate.

What is most unusual about the house, however, is the manner in which it is entered. The Florentine façade, with wavy plaster walls, balconied windows, triple arches and an effect of tiled roof, has iron grill doors from which a few shallow steps lead down from the sidewalk into a vaulted lobby, which in turn conducts to two spacious lounges on different levels. This arrangement allows for the slope of the floor of the auditorium which is immediately above.

The lower lounge is furnished with tables and tapestried chairs and a buffet. From the upper lounge the stairway of ceremony ascends to two vaulted corridors, one running back of the orchestra floor, the other back of the balcony. Floors, walls, stairways and corridors are of travertin or plaster in the same tone, and the whole arrangement lends itself to the illusion that going to the Guild Theatre is attending a grand party. It strongly discourages, indeed, the idea of neglecting to assume the polite disguise of evening dress before putting in an appearance.

There are club rooms, a library, workrooms and the like for the Guild's educational, social and professional activities; but it is the public part of the house which more particularly concerns us here, since the rest of it is mainly utilitarian. Both for the exterior and interior effects achieved in their chosen Florentine mood, and for the successful adaptation of their antique model to the needs, comforts and amenities of a theatre, no light praise is due the architects, Messrs. C. Howard Crane, Kenneth Franzheim and Charles Hunter Bettis. Mr. Bettis was the actual director of the work. Among them they have contrived what is, take it all in all, the most artistically satisfying theatre in New York as well as one of the most comfortable.

The Embassy of the Venerable Bernard of "Saint Joan" to his American admirers is, indeed, housed with so much dignity in such excellent taste that his personal presence at one of the future openings of the Guild is not in the least unthinkable. Nevertheless, to do the Guild justice, there has been no official intimation of any disposition on Mr. Shaw's part to depart from his resolution never to cross the Atlantic. At least he would be sure of a welcome from a public even larger than that which attends his official playhouse.



ROCKS AND OLIVES
Scott and Fowles Galleries

EDWARD BRUCE



CALIFORNIA HILLS
Scott and Fowles Galleries

EDWARD BRUCE

EDWARD BRUCE

By HELEN APPLETON READ

THERE is something imagination stirring, something idealistically impractical in the story of a man who gives up the security of a successful business career to follow the exacting demands and insecure rewards of the painter; which is what Edward Bruce has done. He is a New Yorker in the now rare significance of the word. His family had lived here for nine generations. He went to Columbia, played tackle on the 'Varsity Foot-ball team, studied law and later went into banking, which took him to first the Philippines and later to China. He lived in China some ten or twelve years. And from having in his boyhood been a pupil for a brief time of J. Francis Murphy he made the æsthetic broad jump of becoming a connoisseur and collector of Chinese art. His especial flair was for Chinese painting, about which there is less genuine appreciation and knowledge than about any of the other branches of Chinese art. A collection of his Chinese paintings and *objets d'art* is in the Metropolitan Museum. He was able, through the genuine appeal that the art of the Buddhist monks had for him, to pierce through the veil of a different civilization that hides the beauty of Chinese art from most of us, and to get at the essence of their quality. Because he always felt before a fine Chinese painting, as he expressed it, a "sense of well-being," he analyzed the source of this feeling.

He learned his lesson of rhythm and design from the fountain-head. He learned from these greatest manipulators of space how infinity can be expressed through the proper relation of lines and spaces. Also, which was significant and which kept him from being an uninteresting Anglo-Chinese painter, he saw the difference which existed between the academic copies of the old and extremely rare Chinese paintings and the originals. Despite the exact perfection of the copy there was the difference between them of the genuine emotional quality of a first-hand experience and sterility. It was natural, then, that, with this taste in art, when he came to painting himself, his work should reflect certain of the qualities of the objects of his enthusiasm.

Business interests were constantly sending him back and forth between this country and the east. During his trips to America he augmented his Chinese collection by buying contemporary American art of modernistic type and Italian Primitives. During one of his trips he came in contact with Maurice Sterne. Incidentally he had been doing a little painting. He showed his work to Sterne and Sterne, impressed by the talent and originality evidenced in the work, advised him to go on. With the result that Edward Bruce yielded to his long suppressed urge to be a painter, gave up business, and went with his wife to Anticoli, Italy, Sterne's

present home. He has made Anticoli his headquarters for the last three years and the pictures recently shown were, with the exception of a few of the earlier ones, painted in California, the result of his three years' intensive work.

The paintings roughly divide themselves into two separate classes, those which are obviously arrangements and not portraits of definite places, and those which are more or less realistic transcriptions of nature in simple direct statements. As was the case with his Chinese inspirers, space is Mr. Bruce's perpetual accomplice. A sense of vast distance, of profound serenity, permeates his paintings even when he paints realistic close-ups of olive trees or eucalyptus groves. An understanding of composition so as to bring about this result is Mr. Bruce's greatest debt to the Chinese—this, and the fact that he understands the necessity of making a profound study of nature through a first-hand acquaintance with her. To do this he has set himself to learn the essential shapes of mountains, plant forms and trees.

The Buddhist monk painted on his rolls of silk reflections of reeds on a lake, mists on the rice fields, or the ceaseless dropping of a water-fall, only after he had observed them to the point of knowing their essential quality. In so doing he captured for us a bit of eternity, which endures to tell something of the profound beauty of nature until the delicate fabric crumbles to dust. What better foundation of study for the artist who chooses landscape for his instrument of expression?

Lest this resemblance and his debt to Chinese art seem to be unduly stressed, it may be said that only the analytical mind of the critic or some one knowing the story of Edward Bruce's artistic predilections would see the relation that the ordered serenity of his landscapes bears to Chinese painting, since technically and in subject matter they are as different as the east is from the west.

The word serenity must be frequently used in any appreciation and analysis of Edward Bruce's painting; it is his essential quality, the source of his appeal. It is this serenity and calm certainty that have appealed to people dedicated to the strenuous life. In these pictures of light-drenched valleys stretching into blue-hilled distances, of tiny clustered villages, of patterned eucalyptus groves, of undulating fawn-colored desert land, of the green dusk of leafy wood interiors, we get a philosophic sense of rightness—that same "well being," to use Mr. Bruce's words in regard to his reactions to Chinese art.

The picture lover who is not a critic likes to

feel somewhat transported in the picture that he hangs upon his wall. Without the faintest trace of sentimentality there is a glint of the blue flower in many of the landscapes. The layman has a picture before which he feels that he may lift up his eyes unto the hills from which cometh strength, or may say with Goethe:

"Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du."

He has a window in the wall facing towards lovely remembered or only dreamed-of things.

Mr. Bruce's paintings are the result of much experimentation and thought. He has not burst into paint. He has reflected, has tested this and that method of expression. Very different it is from the painting of the professional painter who has started out with school training and gone the commercial road of exhibitions and competitions and dealers' advice. Edward Bruce came to painting in his maturity. His oils express ordered thinking and genuine emotion; and with this he has developed an adequate means of expression, which is to say that he has style.

It is easy to say that he is modern, although whether he is so or not does not concern him in the least. He is unconsciously in the *Zeitgeist*, which means that there is that quality of conscious arrangement and insistence upon design and line in his landscape which is the new spirit of classicism.

He has certain common-sense ideas about landscapes. When he paints a panorama of valleys stretching into an infinity of distance, he chooses a long, oblong panel; when he paints a hill climbing up into the sky, he chooses a tall upright canvas. It is the way the eye sees those views in nature.

It may seem forced and not quite in keeping with his Americanism that he should select an Italian hill town as the spot for his artistic activities. It is easier, however, when one has forsaken the obvious conventional paths of endeavor and done anything so radical as to give up a money-making career for the precarious one of art, to do it—at least to start it—abroad. His Italian home is only a temporary one. None of Mr. Bruce's canvases have the stamp of locality to any marked degree. The fact that Italy is paintable, picturesque in the accepted sense, has not governed his choice of subject. His landscapes are for the most part generalized, remembered spots arranged in panoramas a little nearer to the heart's desire. He paints a landscape concept, or a tree concept, or a light concept, or a wood interior

concept. Free from the crowding insistence of realistic detail, he can paint the colors and shapes of his inner eye. With Rossetti he can say "he shuts himself in with his soul and the shapes come eddying forth."

There is a theory promulgated by Kokoschka, the German modernist, and followed by some of the more radical exponents of *Expressionismus*, that certain colors are what is known as "herzen's farben," the colors of the heart—not the colors of actuality but the colors we think of when we remember loved places and faces. If we paint these remembered colors, we get nearer the true essence of a thing than any realistic transcription of the actual colors of nature can ever bring us. A trifle metaphysical, perhaps; but it would seem to have some bearing upon Mr. Bruce's colors; which are obviously not the colors of nature.

It would be an easy matter for Mr. Bruce to get a trifle panoramic, in the theatrical sense, in these idealized vistas of his. It is honesty and simplicity that have saved him. The real danger for his art, it seems to me, is in the direction of

over-cerebration. He may commence discounting his emotional reaction to nature and become too much an intellectual, may be interested in forms and rhythms and not regard as primarily important their sensuous emotional source, which is nature itself.

In these days of searching for the essential qualities of American painting, when every youngster thinks he is right in line with the American tradition if only he will exhibit frugality and austerity in his work, the theorist looking for contemporary artists who exhibit Americanism will welcome the advent of Edward Bruce. His is the serenity, the intellectualism, the nothing-in-excess and the idealization which marks the American spirit in art and letters. While admitting his debt to the Chinese his philosophy is the transcendentalism of Emerson and Thoreau rather than the teachings of Confucius. His is no negation of life or passive contemplation of the pageant. Quality is the essence of his work, whether he paints the limpid light of an Italian valley or the clear hard sunlight of the prairie country.



A TUSCANY FARM
Scott and Fowles Galleries

EDWARD BRUCE



SPLINTER BEACH (Lithograph)
Keppel Galleries

GEORGE BELLOW S

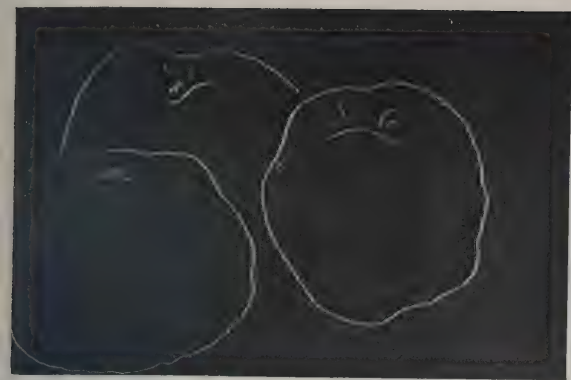
NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS

By VIRGIL BARKER

WITH the exhibition just past, the National Academy of Design became, in a phrase of the late Elbert Hubbard, one hundred years young. The labored and shop-worn facetiousness of the expression well suits the character of the exhibit itself, which was a depressing attempt to brighten up and appear unnecessarily youthful. It was as if there had been a concerted effort to recapture a vanished liveliness, and the result was almost painfully shrill. This was particularly perceptible in such canvases as those by Charles Bittinger, Gardner Symons, Spencer Nichols and Charles S. Chapman; and in the prize-winning pictures by John E. Costigan, Ernest L. Blumenschein and Clarence R.

Johnson. In all of these, and in many more, there was such a riotous conflict of colors that color had no chance whatever; what may have been intended as gayety turned out to be mere gaudiness.

When sixty years of age, the mother of Henry David Thoreau paid a call upon the aunt of Ralph Waldo Emerson. She went "bedizened with long, yellow ribbons"; and while they conversed about her famous son her hostess sat with tight-closed eyes. As she was leaving, the latter explained that action: "It was because I did not wish to look upon those ribbons of yours, so unsuitable at your time of life and to a person of your serious character."



APPLES (Monotype)
Weyhe Gallery HENRI MATISSE

The Academy's ribbons were much in evidence, but to shut one's eyes to them was impossible. For that involved shutting one's eyes also to the few unpretentious good things almost hidden away beneath them—such as the pictures by Theresa F. Bernstein and John R. Grabach. Those by William Meyerowitz and Robert Brackman passed the jury as safely academic in spite of their superficial modernistic dressing; one by William Auerbach-Levy received the Maynard Portrait Prize. The india-rubber mountains from Taos were more in evidence than ever before; perhaps these are becoming a sort of firm trade-mark. Jerome Myers based his appeal frankly upon humorous subject-matter and won an appreciative smile; Frederick C. Frieske's color was somewhat less sweet and more interesting than heretofore; Edward W. Redfield showed himself as honest an observer and as good a craftsman as on any previous occasion; and Ellen Emmet Rand's *The Sixties* received sincere admiration for its own sincere charm. If the Academy exhibitions could be reduced in size and composed of such pictures as those just mentioned, they would command more respect and exert a wider influence than they do.

The main trouble with them as they are is that they invariably contain not only weak imitations of the well-knowns by the unknowns, but even weaker imitations of the well-knowns by themselves. There is nothing like an Academy show to point the moral of the limitations of human endeavor. The would-be painter is so anxious to make his work optically distinguishable from the work of exhibition competitors, that he centers his efforts upon the superficial aspects of technic, and neglects to develop his visionary powers. Stopping to polish the husk instead of cracking it to get the kernel, his manner hardens into mannerism; instead of

modifying his utterance to suit the ever-new conceptions that arise from fresh contacts with the reality of form, he ignores everything which does not fit into his laboriously acquired recipe. The result is a gradually thinning self-repetition—artistic death.

Life in Art

The only surety of artistic life lies in the possession of an intensely experiencing nature which constantly presses upon—sometimes shatters—the technical equipment in the effort after adequate expression. This was borne in upon me by a chance visit, on the afternoon of the same day of my visit to the Academy, to the group by Toulouse Lautrec at Wildenstein's. There was, first of all, the wonderful *Le Cirque*, already seen there last season. The largeness of the design, the sweep of the long-drawn curves, had magnificence



THE SIXTIES

ELLEN EMMET RAND

In the one hundredth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design

and power. Of course, this particular picture was only a skeleton almost bare of flesh; but, like all great things, it was complete from its beginning. In the *Moulin de la Galette* the line came fully to life, catching the gestures as they melted one into another weaving them all together into one vibrant whole. The technical means of expressing this amazing vitality was as academically improper as the scene itself was conventionally vulgar, but the whole was terrifically alive. Walking in the narrow ways of technical genteelness will transform no painter into an artist; and organizations of painters which put most stress on the technical proprieties are moribund, however long they may be a-dying. Of course, such an emphasis is not in itself the cause of artistic impotence, but it is symptomatic; it is at least a confession that the inward life is lacking.

When this is the case, nothing can supply the want—not even an equal devotion to the most extreme “ism” of the movement. It requires only a single visit to an Independent exhibition to make it plain that artistic salvation is not to be found along the road of technical radicalism any more readily than along the road of technical conservatism. At the time when Glackens’ work began to betray the influence of Renoir, the result was considered disagreeably radical; and things are different now, to be sure. But what has all along given that work its measure of life has not been the technical method by itself; it has been the mind which happened upon the method and found in it a means of expressing its contacts with life. Just now, Utrillo, who has worked out an individual manner of utterance by which to embody his undeniably vivid apprehensions of the world, is still looked upon in many quarters as disagreeably radical; but being radical in the same manner does not enable Medgyes to capture life in his work. It all goes back, then, to the quality of the mind behind the painting; and a real appreciation of the painting is neither more nor less than the power to share in the life of the mind which informs and animates the art.

The Joyousness of Matisse

To participate in the liveliness of Matisse’s mind is as easy as it is delightful. It always has been, had folks only possessed the wit to perceive it. The successive outbursts of horriification which have greeted the various stages of his development have been merely the creakings of inflexible minds. For the art of Matisse is nothing if not ingratiating, and never has it been more so than in the group

of black-and-whites recently shown at Weyhe’s Galleries.

It was a very felicitous observation by the Englishman, Charles Marriott, that Matisse is the Whistler of the post-impressionist movement. At first glance, however, that appears to be a belittlement of Matisse; and it is, if the comparison be rigidly restricted to the two individuals concerned on the basis of their actual achievement. For the mind of Matisse is of a perceptibly larger caliber, and his achievement more substantial than those of the bantam-weight challenger in the ringside of the ’nineties. But then, the post-impressionist movement as a whole is itself more substantial, it draws more water in the stream of time, than the medley of sentimental academicism and super-sentimental Pre-Raphaelism which was art in the days of the dear queen. Thus it is possible for the art of Matisse to be in an absolute sense, so to speak, superior to that of Whistler and yet to occupy a somewhat similar position in relation to its own time.

At any rate, a very interesting set of parallels can be drawn between the two men. The work of both relies more upon pattern than upon design. The third dimension is present but it is often no more a contributing factor to the arabesque. The deliberate seeming slightness of both is based upon severe labor, although Matisse labors more intelligently and conceals his labor far better than Whistler ever did. The art of both is acute rather than profound—and here again Matisse shows his superiority to Whistler in concentrating all his faculties, but especially his wit, into his art rather than dividing and dissipating them in his personal contacts. Last of all, to pass beyond the art to the world’s reception of it, both met with much misunderstanding, some of it deliberate, and bitter denunciation, only to win out in the end.

Certainly there could be no more convincing testimony to the Frenchman’s artistic importance than the comprehensive exhibition at Weyhe’s. True, some of his later things make greater concessions to the ordinary vision than his earlier ones; but the sweetness does not degenerate into mere sugariness, and the artist’s integrity is not compromised. Rather may it be said that another avenue of approach is laid open for those who still need to be persuaded into sharing this lively vision of things; by spelling out his mind in long-hand, Matisse may win a much larger audience for his earlier and more suggestive short-hand notations of the bright and engaging patterns of an unusually vivid world.



LENNA WITH A RABBIT WILLIAM J. GLACKENS
Kraushaar Galleries



LARGE NUDE (Lithograph)
Weyhe Gallery

HENRI MATISSE



ARAB GIRL (Drawing)
Weyhe Gallery

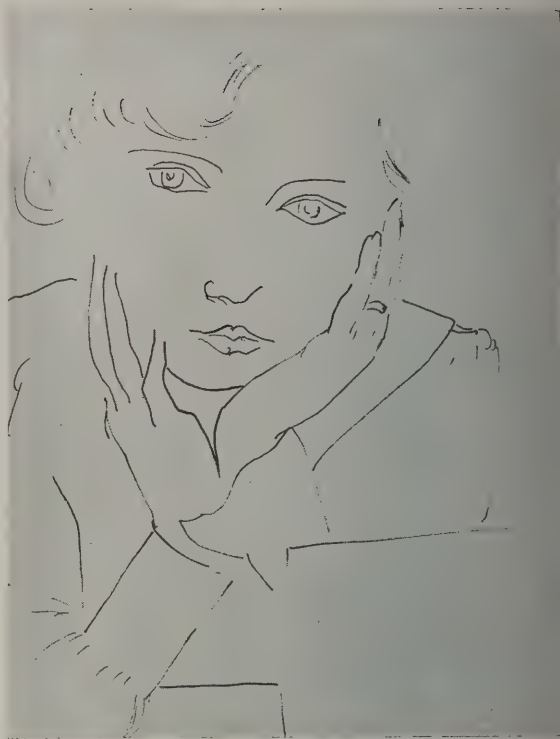
HENRI MATISSE

The Gravity of Canadé

In marked contrast to the exhilaration of the Matisse show was the succeeding one at Weyhe's, which was devoted to Vincent Canadé. This artist sees the world somberly, broodingly, and for the most part heavily. Indeed, the main obstacle to a whole-hearted acceptance of his art lies here—or rather, the obstacle lies not so much in the fact of the gloominess as in the over-frequent intention to be gloomy. This is not to imply insincerity, but it is to say that one observer feels a sense of strained joylessness which might often be relaxed to the advantage of the art. The back-yard view entitled *Brooklyn, Winter* is convincing without any admixture of purposed depression; and two or three exceedingly delicate pencil drawings of tree forms evince a markedly spontaneous responsiveness to pure beauty. But in many among the half-hundred



NUDE STUDY (Drawing)
Weyhe Gallery HENRI MATISSE



WOMAN'S HEAD (Drawing)
Weyhe Gallery HENRI MATISSE

canvases, the objects portrayed appear to have had melancholy thrust upon them by an extraneous will. Yet in a few instances where subject and mood coincide, and where the latter springs from a source deeper than a merely personal will—such as the two small landscapes, *Mountain Range* and *Stream*, and a couple of the portraits—the artist attains a solemnity which verges upon grandeur.

A Contrast

At the Grand Central Galleries during the past month was to be noted an interesting and, to the thoughtful minded, profitable study in contrasts—between the work of Lillian Westcott Hale and Nicolai Fechin. The latter performs surprising feats of prestidigitation in paint; if one happens to be in the mood to watch The Great Thurston snatch pigs and rabbits out of hats, one may very well take it out in examining this painter's work. He manipulates his pigment very dashingly, and the faces emerge suddenly and, at first glance, inexplicably from unrelated swirls of it. He has the skill of a juggler who contrives—but for the moment only—to conceal how it is done; once the means is perceived, the game of finding what is there and what is not begins to pall, and boredom



VALENCIENNES
LILIAN WESTCOTT HALE
Grand Central Galleries

follows. Mrs. Hale's work, on the other hand, though far less showy, is equally skilful and wears much better. With none of the glittering bravura of the Russian-American, with all of the famous New England restraint, her drawings are not only more satisfying in themselves as works of art, but also more convincing as expressions of temperament. They afford no parade of technical histrionics, but simply the quiet suggestion of personal references as genuine as they are refined. Working wholly within the limits of a traditional technique, and content not to litter up the place by any self-assertive explosion of it, Mrs. Hale manages with a truly feminine tact and artistry to present beauty stamped with the impress of her own personality.

Robert Spencer

The exhibit by Robert Spencer at the Rehn Galleries during the first part of April warmed the hearts of all who have, from the first, found pleasure in his work. For years his unmistakably per-

sonal manner has sounded a refreshing note in the various large exhibitions where it has been shown, but for a while of late there has appeared to be some likelihood of the artist declining into mere routine production of an established pattern. This one-man show effectively dissipates all fear for his immediate future, at any rate. Without any sudden abandonment of established habit, he has managed to refresh his vision and strengthen his constructive sense to a marked degree. There is true poetry in the unpretentious small canvases which collectively form something of a new development in his work—particularly in the *Woman Washing Herself* and in the *Bargemaster's Wife*. But the most notable instance of his progress is perhaps the large *Crowding City*, with its increased freedom of handling and solidity of design. Mr. Spencer has taken a new grip upon his technical equipment and upon his power of realization, thereby strengthening and consolidating his position in contemporary American painting. He is now sure of retaining and increasing his circle of admirers.



FROM OUR KITCHEN WINDOW
C. BERTRAM HARTMAN
Montross Galleries



EMMA AND ANNE (Drawing)
Keppel Galleries GEORGE BELLOW'S

A Bellows Memorial

It is not likely that there will ever again be assembled so complete a collection of the late George Bellows' black-and-whites as that shown during April at the galleries of Frederick Keppel and Company. Though it was not called a memorial exhibition, it was that in effect; and as such it afforded a unique opportunity to study his lithographs, and also his drawings in relation to his work in lithography, through the whole range of their accomplishment.

Perhaps even more vividly than the paintings do the lithographs reveal the essential Bellows. Of course, the more difficult medium in itself affords a more adequate, because a more comprehensive, test of the qualities of his mind. The necessity under which the painter works of meeting and mastering a more numerous and complex set of problems affords a broader and surer basis for judgment as to his mental and artistic stature. But in the case of Bellows the qualities which made him what he was are exemplified in his lithographs as well as in his paintings; and indeed, the characteristics which dominated in the paintings, which did most to win for them their place in our art, exist more purely, more apprehensibly, in the lithographs.

When Bellows best expressed himself, there was about his work a very big swing, a great gusto, a "punch." As it seems to me, Bellows was almost never fully at ease when working in color; a retro-

spect of his paintings suggest the thought that his freedom in oil increased in proportion as his color scheme approached to monochrome. And apparently his ease of handling became most marked when he turned to black-and-white. By a paradox very familiar to workers in every art, the very limitation of the means of expression brought greater freedom of utterance.

With his first essays in lithography Bellows confessed himself a lover of blacks—deep and velvety or luminous and tenuous. On the whole, his best work was done towards the beginning; increase of facility did not elevate him above the rank he took almost at once as the most vigorous recorder of important and until then neglected aspects of contemporary life. A comparison of the original drawings and the resulting lithographs of the latest period reveals the intrusion into the latter of a rather unpleasant shine in the handling of flesh and a certain amount of mechanical tightening-up in design. The main line in the drawing of *The Drunk* is lively and varied in itself, but in the lithograph its prominence in the pattern is insisted upon unduly at the expense of naturalistic expressiveness. The drawing of the Dempsey-Firpo bout is notably superior both in design and in texture to the lithographic version; but even the former does not equal the much earlier lithograph, *Stag*



THE PROUD LADY
Rehn Galleries ROBERT SPENCER



MISS ELEANOR URQUHART SIR HENRY RAEBURN
Knoedler Galleries



BLOSSOMS
New Gallery

C. ZANON
Courtesy of Mrs. Sterner

at Sharkey's, which in some ways marks the high-water-mark of Bellows' achievement in that medium.

From the first, also, Bellows was bent upon telling a story, and his continued affirmation in his work of the right of the artist to do that constitutes not the least among his many services in this transition period. Abhorrence of what has been mistakenly called the literary element in painting, while entirely understandable in relation to the trivialized anecdote in color which prevailed so long, has yet narrowed the appeal and thinned the blood of many a sincere painter. Narrative is just as legitimate in painting as in writing; its presence or its absence does not by itself determine the artistic quality of the work. A strained avoidance of it can lead one about as far astray as can excessive reliance upon it; and a wholehearted acceptance of it by certain natures has often proved a direct means to full artistic growth.

In the case of Bellows, certainly, his unaffected interest in telling a story spurred him on to splendid things artistically as well as increased the popular appreciation of his work. Even so, however, it was sometimes a disadvantage, as in the instance of the war-time lithographs. With the exception of the Edith Cavell, the entire group now seem as ill-judged in their appeal to the passion of hatred as anything produced in America's most hysterical war-

years. But taking Bellows' life-work in black-and-white as a whole, his relish for happenings, for dramatic circumstances, was legitimately developed by him into a strengthening rather than a weakening element of his art. The satirical tendency much in evidence at first was gradually absorbed into larger and broader interests; and before he died, Bellows had set down in vigorously realistic terms, not untouched by a certain naive romanticism, the reactions to the contemporary scene of a remarkably wide-ranging mind. His work in black-and-white constitutes a permanently valuable addition to American art.

A Newcomer From Europe

Mrs. Sterner has brought over a group of paintings in oil and in water-color by the young Italian, C. Zanon, and shown them at the New Gallery. They reveal a delightful decorative charm and a talent which is so far content not to force itself unduly. A good proportion of these pictures openly confess the inspiration of Chinese painting or of the Japanese print even in such a detail as the stylized monogram which is used for a signature; and the oils suffer through the medium being treated to shade too much like water-color. But there are enough indications of a genuinely individual development to mark the painter as one worth watching. In particular, some of the water-colors

which, without any sacrifice of decorative quality, come closer than the rest to a realistically individual characterization of their subject-matter, are admirable.

The Art of Raeburn

When once the primacy of any painter in his age is firmly established, the question of the exact positions of the others becomes of secondary interest; but the gradual readjustment still in progress between the various members of the eighteenth century British school of portraitists lends something of a sporting interest to the brilliant group of works by Raeburn just shown at Knoedler's. It is worthy of serious consideration whether this Scots painter is not, after all, the most admirable practitioner of his time, whether he has not a more impressive achievement to his credit than any of his English contemporaries, who during their lifetimes enjoyed greater fashionable acclaim and since their deaths have been more eagerly sought after by collectors. Of course, this question, however settled, can have no significance except as an expression of the artistic preferences of our own age; but it is possible that simply bringing it up for discussion is an indication

of an increase of intelligence and a tendency to prefer solidity and soundness to flashiness and superficiality.

At any rate, the brilliancy which Raeburn shares to a certain extent with his age is, by this exhibition, shown to have a more substantial constructive basis than that of Romney, Gainsborough, or Reynolds. There is more character, both to the portrait subjects and to the portraitist. Raeburn's women have their full measure of charm even when compared with the more famous graces of the London-painted belles; but it is in his portraits of men especially that Raeburn shows his own virility. The men of his contemporaries are almost all a little foppish; by the interposition of the painter's own nature they are seen foppishly even when not foppish themselves. Only Sir Joshua occasionally rose above this habit of mind, and the male portraits of the others are often in effect only portraits of slightly less feminine women. In marked contrast Raeburn's men are one and all a man's men, seen with a truthfulness and a forthrightness undiluted by the fashionable sugariness of the moment. Raeburn could be dull, as he is in one or two of the present examples, but he could not be insipid.

BOOKS RECEIVED

CATALOGUE OF THE INDIAN COLLECTIONS. Part IV, by Ananda K. Coomaraswamp. Boston: Museum of Fine Arts, 1924. (\$3.75.)

ANGELICA KAUFFMANN. By Lady Victoria Manners and Dr. G. C. Williamson. New York: Brentano's, 1925. (\$17.50.)

EVERYDAY ART. By Ami Mali Hicks. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, 1925. (\$3.00.)

LANDSCAPE PAINTING. By Adrian Stokes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1925. (\$5.00.)

CONFESSIONS OF A DEALER. By Thomas Rohan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1925. (\$3.50.)

ADVERTISING AND BRITISH ART. By Walter Shaw Sparrow. London: John Lane, The Bodley Head. New York: Brentano's, 1924. (\$12.00.)

TRADITION AND JAZZ. By Fred Lewis Pattee. New York: The Century Company, 1925. (\$2.00.)

ADVENTURES OF A SCHOLAR TRAMP. By Glen H. Mullin. New York: The Century Company, 1925. (\$2.00.)

THE CREATIVE SPIRIT: An Inquiry into American Life. By Rollo Walter Brown. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1925. (\$2.50.)

WILLIAM BLAKE IN THIS WORLD. By Harold Bruce. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1925. (\$3.00.)

TROUBADOUR: An Autobiography. By Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925. (\$3.00.)

THE NEWER SPIRIT. By V. F. Calverton. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925. (\$2.50.)

THE BEARDSLEY PERIOD. By Osbert Burdett. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925. (\$2.50.)

THE BOOKPLATE ANNUAL for 1925. Edited by Alfred Fowler. Kansas City: Alfred Fowler, 1925. (\$5.00.)



THE DRUMMOND CHILDREN
Knoedler Galleries

SIR HENRY RAEBURN

BOOKS

MEDIAEVAL GARDENS: By SIR FRANK CRISP
(Edited by CATHERINE CHILDS PATTERSON).
2 volumes. New York, Brentano's. (\$35.00.)

THE ITALIAN GARDEN: By LUIGI DAMI.
(Translated by L. SCOPOLI). New York, Brentano's. (\$25.00.)

SPANISH GARDENS AND PATIOS: By MILDRED STAPLEY BYNE and ARTHUR BYNE. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company. New York, Architectural Record; 1924. (\$15.00.)

These three books represent what may be called the last word in scholarly research, for when one studies all that can be found on a subject of which there are few records and examines thoroughly something that scarcely exists and explores the history of things which have little history and that unimportant, it is to be hoped that no one will again go over the ground.

"Mediaeval Gardens" is a costly work in two volumes which contain, one imagines, reproductions of all the contemporary paintings, frescos, illuminations and wood cuts of any scene which can, by courtesy, be called a garden. It is an interesting collection of mediæval pictures in most of which plants and trees appear as accessories of the Passion or of the story of some saint. The value of a picture in which a fence of wattles surrounds the figure of the Virgin and Child as a garden document is questionable. Wattle fences of course are primitive and are found in many primitive societies.

Nor can we take seriously the deduction of the author that since few plants are represented in the flower beds, sparse planting was the rule. It is to take the matter too seriously to take it so, for anyone knows that plants do not grow that way. We know, too, that the mediæval artist was not representative or naturalistic and drew one plant because it was less confusing than a bed of many plants and his object was to convey information to the illiterate as easily as possible. The author also dwells upon the immemorial custom of raising beds above the surrounding walks. It is fair to consider this, like the wattles, as only primitive.

It is a just inference from the facts which have come down to us that gardens as we know them did not exist in mediæval times and that the design and planting of mediæval courtyards must remain a subject on which intuition and desire are as valid reasons as research for forming our beliefs. Cer-

tainly Fra Angelico's "Betrayal" cannot be considered a document in the history of gardening.

"The Italian Garden" is a collection of reproductions of old plans and perspectives and modern photographs of well known Italian gardens. It is interesting to the minute archeologist but tells little in addition to what is already known to the designer or lover of gardens.

"Spanish Gardens and Patios" is a disappointment aside from its carelessly written text, in that it proves the rarity and comparative insignificance of gardens in Spain. The gardens of the Alcazar, the Alhambra or the Generalife are well known and beautiful. They are interestingly shown in photographs and there are valuable plans and details. The other gardens are not important, or they are so restricted in their possibilities by the arid climate that they have little to offer us in suggestion or example.

CHARLES DOWNING LAY.

ORNAMENT IN APPLIED ART. New York: E. WEYHE, 1924. (\$50.00.)

The gentleman might have been the model for a Rollin Kirby caricature of Capital or The Trusts. It was amid the mosaics of the narthex of St. Mark's in Venice. What I overheard him say to his similar but architecturally bent child was: "Son, is it not remarkable that they could have done such beautiful work so long ago?"

It is disturbing to complacency to realize that they do such beautiful work today. One lives along nicely enough with one's putty-colored rug, "Agate" kitchen ware, "repeat" cretonnes, pristine superheterodyne dials, leather office easy-chairs and other undecorated objects. One turns to "genuine antiques" or replicas of museum pieces for that missing something or other. There is the joy of utility in what we make for use in the Age of Industry—but beauty seems to be reputed and antique. Here, however, is this startling thought. Beauty can be modern. Page after page—the greater part of this book indeed—beautifully reproduced color plate after color plate is labeled "Present Time"! In Oceania, Haiman, the Aru Islands, Tibet, the Cameroons, Morocco, Lithuania, Yeman, Abyssinia, Siam, Punjab and a great many easy ones such as Ukraine, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, China, Japan or Russia—indeed, it seems, in the major part of this terrestrial sphere there are humans creating beauty today. In all these places, it would seem,

the useful object can be and is a beautiful object.

All this vast portion of the populated lands is evidently yet in the backward days of not making things as we make them! We make potteries, glass ware, textiles and so do these others—but with what a difference! It is almost uncanny, their doing such beautiful things today. Antique dealers had better take heed and turn importers.

This collection of so-called primitive works of art, then, rubs into consciousness the realization that wherever on this earth the machine civilization lords, the joy of patterning is lost and traditional subjects die. Ornament must become an entirely new thing growing out of new culture traditions of this day; we seem cut off from the pictorial past and will have to evolve new symbols of new ideals. To one in this day and age, fed up with advertising "art," drugged with neo-Puritanism and shot full of the idea that "you can't live with" this, that and the other virulent design—this book is a mad revel of creativeness in color, pattern, line and form—and what a relief!

That the scientists, collectors, photographers, painters and printers of this volume have cooperated to make it a very perfect book of ornament will make it more of a pleasure to those who are happy playing with beautiful things and more concisely useful to those who are fortunate enough to work with it. This volume is of examples in European museums and private collections and there could well be another published of similar work assembled in the Americas, for this continent now rivals the others in its artistic possessions.

HERBERT LIPPMANN.

ETCHERS AND ETCHING. By JOSEPH PENNELL, N.A. (Second Edition). New York: The Macmillan Company, 1924. (\$12.50.)

Mr. Pennell calls his book "Etchers and Etching by Joseph Pennell," and of course, as he wrote it, he is at liberty to call it anything he likes, but it really is only an account of "The Prides and Prejudices of Joseph Pennell"—an intimate literary portrait of the speech and mind and manners of its maker. In the days of his youth, had he enjoyed the benefits of an Oxford education he might have called it "An Apology"; and had it been written two hundred years ago, the elegant might have called it a "Counterfeit Presentment." In time it will take its place among neither the historical works nor the technical treatises but with the other comic character sketches, and in the

libraries, because of its size, upon one of the lower shelves.

At first one was rebuffed by the way in which the author used words (as Jonathan Swift said, by "that quality of his voluminous writings which the poverty of the English language compels me to call his style"); and then one was puzzled to find out what the subject matter of the book really was, lying as it did like the thin ham in a boarding house sandwich between the alternating pages of blank white paper. (Mr. Pennell expresses such contempt for those authors who "pad" their books!) But after a while it appeared that Mr. Pennell was only talking about himself apropos etchers and etching, and as soon as that was realized the true end and aim of the book became apparent—to prove that there have been only two really great etchers, Mr. Whistler and another that modesty prevents Mr. Pennell from mentioning. One can't help wondering to oneself: "Why drag in Velasquez?"

Priding himself upon his originality and all that sort of thing, Mr. Pennell has reversed the order of its two nouns and taken Hamerton's title for his own; he has taken Hamerton's text and where Hamerton praised he has damned, and vice versa. Where Hamerton laboriously wrote the flaccid cultivated prose of his period, Mr. Pennell even more laboriously writes the bombastic jargon of another. And thus Mr. Pennell's book is one of the intellectual curiosities of the time. Proud of his taste and knowledge, he has forgotten that the years have flown by and that in 1925 the attitude of the rebel of 1884 is seen not as originality but merely as the more or less mechanical reverse of something long since outmoded and forgotten. One might have thought that, for all his aversion to it, Mr. Pennell would have taken some notice of some of the water that has gone under the bridges since he got his first and his last lessons in etching and artistic comprehension. The issue today is not what it was in Chelsea forty years ago; the prints of that time, like the ideals of that time, are no longer fought about and are very seldom thought of. The great rumpuses between the mighty men of the eighties about etching were only a symptom of the public's and the artists' ignorance of etching, unless it be considered that they were not impossibly a means of advertising one's wares. Today Whistler and Haden and Hamerton and Oscar Wilde and Ruskin are all very dead; and the greater part of the things they stood for are too—especially those that Whistler stood for. Yet Mr. Pennell is still busy monotonously thumping his old broken tomtom and uttering the war cries of his youth—a com-



CAPTAIN BIRRELL
Knoedler Galleries

SIR HENRY RAEBURN

mon scold, indulging in vilification as unpleasant as it is acrid, stale, and noisy.

So much for Mr. Pennell's general attitude; now to come down seriously to an examination of his authority to speak about the etcher's craft, a thing the more necessary in view of his repeated condemnations of every one else who has ever expressed an idea or an opinion on the subject. He tells us that Dürer's well known print of the Cannon is an engraving, that it is an etching, that it is an etching made with an engraving tool. Speaking of Goya he remarks that in the British Museum there is "a drawing called, or so I have called it, *The Garrotted*; it may be a print, an etching of the same subject, or a lithographic transfer worked upon." Neither of these two lists of statements is the result of carelessness, as each of them has been modified in this second edition, improved and added to; but they prove conclusively that this great authority is unable to tell the difference between an etching and an engraving, or that between an etching and a lithograph.

Mr. Pennell raises a great hubbub about matters artistic as well as matters technical; and oddly, curiously, perversely, quite naturally, he is just as convincing about it. Speaking of Rembrandt's etchings of religious subjects, he dismisses them as "mostly machines and pot boilers" and sums them up by saying that "in the sense of real etching, they are not etchings." But he does find that Rembrandt's "*Hog and Shell* are most interesting." And then he seeks to gather strength for his argument by citing with approval the Rembrandtian labors of those two great authorities, Dr. John C. Van Dyke and Dr. Hans Wolfgang Singer. He calls Meryon's *Abside* "a stupid rendering of a magnificent subject, meanly seen, poorly drawn, badly painted," and yet he finds Felix Buhot brilliant, "his studies of Paris and London were an inspiration to many moderns. He it was who first showed that there was picturesque material for etching in a cab stand." But the author's restraint and balance are perhaps seen most typically in the following carefully measured statement about Whistler's dry point of *Weary*: "nothing so beautiful, so weary, so true has been done in ancient or modern art." Of Whistler's *Beggars* he remarks "the lines themselves are wonderful, not meaningless like Rembrandt's endless hatchings." Mr. Pennell would doubtless be surprised to be called a purist, an academician and a pedant—but he is all of those things, and a few more into the bargain. Incidentally, he loathes etching.

We don't wonder that Whistler prayed to be de-

livered from his friends, for today long after the event we do too.

WILLIAM M. IVINS, JR.

A HISTORY OF SCULPTURE: By GEORGE HENRY CHASE and CHANDLER RATHFON POST. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1924. (\$4.75.)

This is the second of a series of books designed for use in higher institutions of learning as well as for the general reader, and representing to a large extent the work of members of the faculty of Harvard. A history of architecture appeared several years ago, and a volume on painting is now in preparation. The general editorship of the series is in the hands of Professor Chase, who contributes the section on ancient sculpture in the present volume, the bulk of the book being the work of Professor Post.

Under such auspices, the book could not fall short in the scholarly virtues, and indeed within its limits it is written with admirable thoroughness and accuracy. There is probably no general history of sculpture which presents in the same compass so many of the latest results in archeology and historical research; and on the other hand it includes the most recent development, sections being devoted to such men as Archipenko and Mestrovic.

The attitude throughout, of course, is conservative. This becomes apparent when one examines the scope of the book. No space is given to the sculpture of such primitive peoples as the African negroes, the South Sea Islanders, or the Alaskan Indians. The immensely vital and mature art of ancient Peru, which has so many parallels with that of Egypt, is not mentioned; and the Orient, including India, China, and Japan, is accorded only twenty pages. In view of the large amount of space devoted to decidedly minor eighteenth and nineteenth century Europeans, this seems out of all proportion.

The same lack of sympathy with primitive and exotic art is shown in the treatment of sculpture previous to the "great age" in Greece. It is strange to see Professor Chase finding fault with Assyrian sculptures because of their inaccuracy, or to hear him say of early Greek work that it reveals "an art in its infancy, but already giving promise of better things." To approach primitive art from this angle would seem to be unduly limiting one's viewpoint, particularly in the case of sculpture, in which some of the greatest achievements have been among primitive peoples.

In the discussion of more civilized work this naturalistic bent seems less out of place, and the

scholarship of the authors has a better chance to function. The treatment is refreshingly free from subjective theorizing, and is admirably concise. There is perhaps an excessive tendency to amass facts, to catalogue, and to label with such tags as "classic" and "baroque." The book moves at a somewhat pedestrian gait; great and small are treated in much the same fashion, and when a Donatello or a Michelangelo appears he merely receives a more extended notice than a Puget or a Schlüter. This tendency to encyclopedic treatment is particularly noticeable in the sections devoted to the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, where much space is given to work which may be "representative" but which is certainly dull. One could wish for more frequent flashes of insight and satire. Certainly any account of nineteenth century British sculpture is inadequate without humor.

In spite of its superiority to the average textbook in its field, the book retains many of the forbidding features of its species. Not the least of these is the way in which the illustrations are placed in the text, so that one is forced to read all around them. In many cases they are also entirely too small, so that the more intricate and monumental pieces are practically meaningless. This seems a pity, for the illustrations are excellently chosen and the reproduction is mechanically perfect. It would seem better to have had fewer cuts and made them all full-page. It can be seen that whatever faults the book may have are the faults of the textbook and the academic viewpoint in general. Within very definite limitations it takes its rank as one of the most capable books in its field.

LLOYD GOODRICH.



LANDSCAPE (Wash Drawing)

ANDRE DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC

REVERBERATIONS: THE ARTS vs. THE NATIONAL ACADEMY

The strong stand taken by THE ARTS editorially in the April issue against the "National" Academy's proposed campaign for a fund of six million dollars has met with the most decided approval and encouragement from all quarters. We print herewith a few specimens of the vigorous protests received in this office. Only one letter supports the Academy's scheme, and that is anonymous.

In an editorial headed "Century of the Academy," Frederick James Gregg, in the *New York Telegram*, after pointing out the fallacy of the Academy's use of the word "national," continues in this vein:

"If you say 'academic,' what do you mean? You define a state of mind which involves distrust of what the best artists of the period are trying to express. Those who hate the Post-Impressionists are but the successors of those who hated the Impressionists. And so it will be always.

"It would be possible to make an imposing list of American painters and sculptors of eminence who never belonged to the Academy. Perhaps a more significant roll would contain the names of those artists who, though members, had despaired of the institution and stopped sending to its exhibitions.

"The Academy, however, serves one useful purpose. It affords a standing demonstration of the eternal fact that no work of genius or even high talent ever resulted from the combined intelligence of a crowd."

In the *New York Evening Sun* for April 11th, Mr. Henry McBride, referring to THE ARTS editorial, comments in part: ". . . It takes no especial courage to oppose the Academy, for the intelligent members of the community have been disapproving of it these dozen years past, but it does take courage to oppose a 'drive.' We have made a fetich of these drives, and most people meekly submit as each new one is announced and prepare to be bullied into subscribing. After Mr. Watson's frankness this latest drive is going to be difficult." Mr. McBride thereupon quotes from THE ARTS editorial to the extent of half a column.

The critic of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, Helen Appleton Read, on her page for April 19th, devotes much space to the question raised by the attempt of the Academy to corral its six millions, basing her remarks upon the editorial in the last issue of THE

ARTS. The following paragraph will suffice to show the position of this critic:

"Six million dollars in the hands of an organization which has stood for the strongly biased censorship in its own exhibitions would result in nationwide censorship. Academy exhibitions would travel from coast to coast, the annual exhibitions of smaller cities would be governed entirely by Academy standards. The public would believe that the Academy, what with new schools and buildings and lots of money, was the real and only representative body of American art as doubtless it should be, and the growing understanding that art existed outside of the Academy circles would be stunted.

"Personally I feel that the demand is a big piece of publicity for their centennial which opens in Washington next fall, and that the chances of getting their six millions are slim. . . ."

In addition to newspaper comment the editorial in last month's number has aroused marked and cordial approval in the form of letters from individual artists. As an example of such approval, we give part of a letter from Mr. Charles Burchfield. Writing of the editorial in question, he says that it "expresses a sentiment to which I, of course, wholeheartedly subscribe. There never has been, is not and never can be, any group of men anywhere so all-knowing that they have a right to censor an exhibition of art. That which is bad art will ultimately censor itself, and anyhow, if the public wants bad art, they have a right to it. I have no personal quarrel with juries, for I have never been turned down by one, but I do not believe in them on principle—I would be just as bad as anyone on a jury should I let my likes and dislikes govern my choices. I entered the Independent Show this year, not because other avenues are closed to me, but because I believed in their principle and believe that all artists who believe in 'free art expression' should send their best to such shows.

"You have defined the National Academy and its place in American art endeavor perfectly. It is a narrow clique of reactionaries and its exhibitions are not as important as the first one-man show of some new unknown in a side gallery in New York. I am sure that all American artists who believe in free and 'wide-open' art will agree with me and stand back of you."

THE ARTS

FOUNDED BY HAMILTON EASTER FIELD

FORBES WATSON, *Editor*

WILLIAM A. ROBB, *Manager*

VIRGIL BARKER, *Associate Editor*

Cover Design: Portrait Head

By Cecil Howard

Whitney Studio Club, Anderson Galleries

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THE TRIBUTE MONEY (Detail)
Church of the Carmine, Florence

MASACCIO

THE ARTS

VOLUME VII

JUNE, 1925

NUMBER 6

Reprinted by permission of The New York World

ARTISTS discuss the lack of response on the part of the layman to the work which they themselves are doing. The discussions vary with the character of the artist, and the most vituperative condemnation of the public is likely to come from the artist whose work is farthest removed from life.

During the past decade, we have been going through a period in which theories of art have absorbed the minds of many artists, and it seems now as if, in graduating from that period, we were beginning to reap the fruits of experiment. Is it not a little unreasonable for the particular type of artist, in whose work experiment predominates over interest in life, to demand from the public the same response that is given to art which is not born of theories, but is created out of the warmth of the artists' experience of life?

The audience which the artist eventually wins, feels an enthusiasm for his work to the extent that the work itself vibrates with life. The painter who is cold and does not realize that theories and methods are, after all, merely adjuncts, will receive the cold response that he deserves. The reason why Rembrandt, Rubens, El Greco and Goya hold people is not solely because of international fame; it is because in their work burns the flame of a deep passion for life. Ingres is often spoken of as classic, the inference being that his was a cool temperament. But the artist's warmth has many ways of revealing itself, and Ingres' deep realization of the beauty of men and women, because it is expressed with classical purity, is not any less thrilling.

Nobody really cares how well an artist paints a landscape, from the point of view of technical achievement, if within him there is no deep feeling for the landscape. The beauty of an elm tree, the light playing through the leaves, the infinite variety of the forms of branches and foliage—these must be a passion with the artist before he has the right to criticize the layman for a lack of response to his painting of them.

Henri Rousseau is preached about foggily by the dull heavyweights of language and lightweights of thought as a modern primitive, or as a naive being, and the innocence of his painting is compared, to its own great advantage, with the sophistications of the academic manufacturers who win prizes and material prosperity while poor Rousseau had to spend his days as a custom house worker. Yet, it is not the innocence of Rousseau or the sophistication of the manufacturers that really is the point. It all goes back to warmth within the man. Rousseau cared enormously about the forms, for example, to be found in tropical foliage. How much he cared is the chief thing that matters, and similarly, the reason why the academic manufacturers leave us cold is because they themselves are cold. They care about "pushing paint." Their art is not forced out of them by the thrill that life gives them. It is a little game completely removed from life that they play in a place called a studio, and the layman, in failing to be removed by it, proves his good sense and sincerity.

Cleverly organized official groups, by giving prizes to the smartest paint pushers, can build up for them an artificial reputation that may last a life time or even two life times, but they can only put off the day of retribution. The greatest wizard with a paint brush eventually will be forgotten, unless the fundamental reason for his painting at all is that he simply could not help it. What is true of the obvious academic manufacturers is just as true of the sincere young man who follows the modern cause with all the self-righteousness of teacher's favorite pupil in the Sunday School.

As long as he overlooks life and concerns himself wholly with rhythm, organization, plasticity and all the rest of the fading argot of the passing modernistic cause, he may be learning something that will be useful to him when he begins to tell the world what he

thinks about things. But while he is entirely occupied with theories he is not likely to create a work of art for which he can rightfully demand from the public excited applause. Too often just this sort of painting, reflecting no feeling for life, has been applauded beyond its merits, but it will die like the academic manufacturers' paint pushing. Only those modern pictures will live which have in them as their real reason for being the throb of life. In short, art cannot be born without emotion.

Theories and methods may be necessary to create the means through which the artist conveys his idea. The idea must ever dominate, and as long as theory dominates, the public has the right to be unreceptive. Of course there is another side to the argument, and heaven spare us from all that passionate painting and sculpture which deliberately asks to be forgiven for its lack of construction because the artist was too overcome with emotion to think. This sort of stuff is even worse than cold and neutral perfection. At least the lukewarm worker, who cares enough about craftsmanship to do the thing pretty well, has something in his favor. And he cannot be condemned if nature failed to give him emotional power.

The worst make believe is that slap-dash incoherent pretender who hangs his passions on his sleeve and expects to bowl the public over by the fierceness and impetuosity with which he slaps paint about. If the warmth of an artist is not intense enough and lasting enough to permit him to linger over and think about his work, it is so ephemeral that it hardly deserves to be called warmth. This question of warmth within the artist can easily be misunderstood, for it may be reflected in his art in such a way that on the surface the artist does not appear to have emotional power. El Greco is not the only profoundly emotional painter that the world has produced. In the controlled forms and steel-like precision of a profile portrait by Piero del la Francesca, there is a clear expression of intense emotion.

In either case, in the firmness of a Piero del la Francesca, or the flamelike movement of a Greco, the reason why the art of men who had such diametrically opposed visions of life subjugates the imagination of the people is because each in his own way managed to enrich the life of his audience by bringing to them, through his art, a sense of the deep warmth of his own experience of life.

FORBES WATSON.



HANDCOLORED WOODCUT FROM THE PASSIONAL PRINTED AT NURMBERG BY ANTHONY KOBURGER IN 1488

Courtesy of Neumann's Print Room



HAND COLORED WOODCUT FROM THE PASSIONAL PRINTED AT NURMBERG BY ANTHONY KOBURGER IN 1488

Courtesy of Neumann's Print Room

A LETTER FROM DUNCAN PHILLIPS

Phillips Memorial Gallery
Washington, D. C.

Gallery: 1600 Twenty-first Street.
Office: 1218 Connecticut Avenue.

April 29, 1925.

Mr. Forbes Watson,
Editor, *THE ARTS*,
19 East 59th Street, New York.

Dear Mr. Watson:

I have been intending for some time to write you a letter of congratulation on your splendidly courageous editorial in the April number of *THE ARTS*. It is what I hoped you would do when I first read your preliminary remarks to the article on Glackens in *THE ARTS* for April, 1923.

The old Academy is evidently making what looks like a "last stand." There is something pathetic about it. I doubt if at any time in its history this tenacious Institution has felt less confident of its power over art and the artists. The Academy exhibitions reveal unmistakably that the prestige of the name with the public no longer can be depended upon for boosting attendance and sales. Among the exhibitors there are only a few of the older men who still send paintings out of what I

believe to be a mistaken sense of loyalty. The critics are either merciless or merciful, according to their type, and the wisest collectors know that an Academy show will offer nothing worthy of their consideration. The only comfort that the Academy can find in this sad plight is that at least the painters do not resign. In fact they display their initials N. A. or even A. N. A. as if they meant honor and fame. It is always amazing to me that painters join the Academy and feel any pride whatever in their membership when they know if they have read the lives of the great artists that these men of genius were invariably rejected again and again and were either proud in the end to remain outside or cynical and indifferent when the institution opened its forbidding doors to them. The prominent and powerful Academicians of every age are soon swallowed up in oblivion in spite of all their official badges. And yet painters and sculptors join because apparently joining is as natural a human act as swimming with rather than against the current. When the real artists have estimated the Academy for what it is worth and have had their fill of politics and intrigue and dogmatism and commercialism, they protest out loud and are prompted to take resolute action. What is it they do? They secede of course, in little self-righteous,

self-important groups, and they form a new and more æsthetically exclusive club of their own. For a while this New Society gives an impression of vitality and substantial achievement. The "best men" are in it. But the most active members are the natural politicians who are bored by their own inaptitude as artists and are attracted to politics as a diversion and as an expedient. In ever so short a time there is little difference between the old Academy and its offspring. Witness the seceding Salons in Paris and their continued existence, side by side, as like as two peas in a pod. Or witness the Society of American Artists—its growing vacillation and weakness and its inevitable return to the Academic fold. I rejoiced in what you wrote about the futility and folly of the Small Clubs formed in protest against the Big Club—the cliques united against the artists outside their gang, and grossly exaggerating the importance of their little circle. I know of several political rings in the art-world quite as dogmatic as the National Academy. But at least they do not aspire to official badges and a bureaucracy for art. Oh horror of horrors! At least they do not claim to be national and set out to cajole the American people into giving them endowment for their repressive policies and their reactionary principles. More power to you in fighting this desperate move of politicians who dishonor the painters' profession! More power to you if you mean to fight the jury system as it now exists and the giving of medals to members for good behavior and the domination of museums. Please let me enlist for such a fight. But first of all I must express my own convictions which may or may not coincide with yours in detail.

(1) I do not believe that big unlimited exhibitions, like the Independents, are anything but interesting and instructive and amusing and tiresome, like any other Circus or Burlesque or Country Fair. If art means anything it means selection and not promiscuous admission with encouragement to all sorts of mediocrity and madness, ignorance and sham. (2) I do not believe that big exhibitions are good for art. They result inevitably in a competition between those who can make the biggest noise, or deliver the most terrific "punch." We have all heard the saying "that's a wallop"—or "that's a knock out" uttered with exclamations of admiring envy by painters who mean to go and do likewise. Even the Academicians are doing it with big striking posters and colored photographs enlarged to mammoth proportions and illuminated with dazzling lights. In the old days a famous salon picture meant one which covered a huge wall with some archæological reconstruction or some illustrative

episode. Painters of a modernist persuasion now attract attention to themselves by trying to beat Matisse at his own startling game. There is no limit to that sort of thing and in the hands of daubers, the results are excruciating. Big exhibitions then are a delusion and a snare. It is impossible to see the subtle and sensitive qualities of the true artists, whose harmonies have been massacred to the noise of saxophones to make an Independent holiday. (3) However we must have big exhibitions in order to give everyone a chance. Then there must be, as at present, invitations of works which are known to add something worth while, and competitions between the hitherto unknown works of the new or unrecognized artists, with experts to act as the judges. *But*—and here is the crux of my whole argument—*the judges must not be painters!* They must be disinterested outsiders who are capable of really judging pictures on their merits without any irrelevant influences. Do I need to explain to you what I mean by irrelevant influences? I hardly think so. You know better than I the cross currents of personal likes and dislikes, the loyalties to cliques, the necessary but stupid compromises between clashing factions, the complete neglect of great artists who belong to no group and are therefore on none of the lists out of which the invited list for big exhibitions are made up. You know the wire pulling for mutual advantage, the intolerance of non-conformity and the punishments for those who scorn to be "joiners" either of the big or the little clubs. Now true artists are seldom interested in passing upon the work of other artists. They realize that injustice is done by the present system of limited invitations to the "regular fellows" and careless snap judgments on the works by unknown hands which are submitted. Occasionally they raise their voices in protest against the opinion of the majority but they are always outnumbered on any Jury, either by those who are politically minded or merely easy going and too contented with their own established position to endanger it by any refusal to "go along with the bunch" for the sake of those less fortunate. Besides the best painters seldom make the best critics for the sufficient reason that a certain amount of absorption in their own point of view and their own separate purpose is the very secret of their success in expressing what is in them. They are therefore more or less indifferent to the work of others, but unfortunately, though naturally, not so indifferent to considerations of personal expediency which require diplomatic exchange of favors, an "esprit de corps," a regularity in regard to political matters inappropriate to the artist's mind. These painters

should continue to teach and to write more extensively than they do on the technique of their art. But the work of estimating the æsthetic values of other artists' achievements, especially in the selection of pictures for exhibition and for purchase by public galleries, should be left to the *trained disinterestedness* of critics of catholic taste who are sufficiently *detached* to make their opinions at least approximate to the judgments of posterity.

I realize that critics of this type are rare but their number will grow. Let the work be entrusted to them and let the artists be liberated for their own glorious destined work of creation and several interesting results will follow as the day the night. (1) The politically minded painters will make themselves useful in some other occupation, no longer finding art congenial. (2) With their going, the standards of exhibitions will go up with amazing suddenness. Painters are more likely to make concessions to the public taste in order to sell when they are in charge of sales than they would if an enlightened jury of laymen encouraged them to be truly artistic by rejecting all work of an indolently conventional and commercial type. (3) The higher standards of the exhibitions and the improved taste of the public which only comes through familiarity with the best, would soon create a demand for trained critics of broad catholicity and open mindedness, and as a result, the colleges and even the schools would soon offer, as part of every course of study, thorough training in the theory and philosophy of art, in the elementary principles of design and in the artist's point of view.

Such courses are already a success at Harvard and at Princeton and there is a movement to give Yale an art department of equal importance. But the art courses must become as much a part of any college and high school education as literature is to-day. Just as soon as we have the courses there will emerge many men of our type, yours and mine, conscious for the first time of their powers, ready and eager to take up the work of interpreting the artists to the public. A new profession will come into being and not only will Schools, Colleges, Publishers, Periodicals, and Museums pay good salaries to such trained specialists but, as dealers, they will command a new respect and be enabled to give small and truly artistic exhibitions. The museums would add to their staffs men commissioned to keep in touch with the younger as well as with the more famous artists—to search for and to develop talent and to encourage it by invitations to the big exhibitions. Thus would pass away the Juries and the political organizations which do so much harm. I am thrilled to think what this

would mean in the improved standards of taste in every home, the really qualified dealers, the really competent newspaper critics, the cultured scholarly men who would have trained themselves for one place or another of educational museum work, including the selection of contemporary pictures for the current exhibitions. Then and only then will the old order change and great artists receive support and understanding during their own lives instead of being made the victims of the shut-minded censors and the political bullies of their own profession. We must at least aspire to another Renaissance—another age of great patrons—of an enlightened public—of artists liberated by patrons and public and most of all by trained critics from the need of being manufacturers and self advertisers of a copyrighted article done after a formula, and of sentimental, standardized, smart, sensational pictures instead of fine ones.

I started this as a letter and I see it turning into a controversial article which so truly represents my convictions that I would not hesitate to offer it to you or to any editor for publication. If you care to publish it, just as it comes from my pen, without refinements of language and the after-thoughts of diplomacy, you have my permission. I have simply wanted to stress once more the point to which you gave such fine expression in your editorials that it is useless to fight the Academy by founding New Societies which in turn will become academic no less. But I wanted also to add an insistent suggestion that if we really wish to purify the stream of living art by keeping the current clear of the mud stirred up from the bottom, we must encourage artists to be artists, and to be artists and nothing else—not quarreling salesmen or lobbyists or demagogues.

A young painter has told me about the idea of getting up a really representative display of American painting in Washington to follow the one-sided and ultra conservative exhibition of the Academy with its unwarranted pretense of being a national institution. The idea is a good one but I doubt whether it could be arranged at the Corcoran Gallery because of the fact that next year this Museum holds its Biennial Exhibition and would probably refuse to remove its permanent collection to make way for a third big show. And the Corcoran is the only place in Washington where the plan could be carried out with a proper amount of space and adequate lighting. I want to hear more about your ideas as to how the pictures would be selected. If various leaders of the painters, representing different factions, should be asked to draw up the list of their friends and favorites, I can see

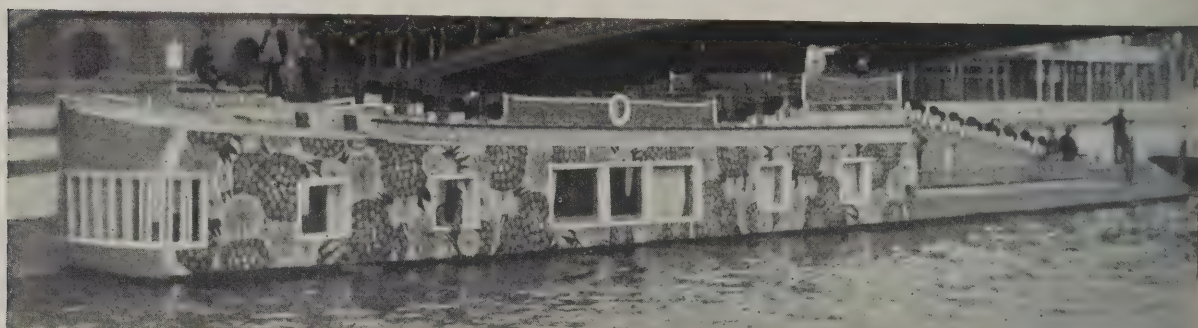
that a sort of a Tammany parade would result. And who would think of the great men who dwell in the ivory towers, in remote retreats, or perhaps are lost in the crowd, as the visionary Ryder submerged himself in New York City while the academicians laughed at his crude technique? Whenever such a show is undertaken, I hope it will be as a constructive criticism of both the Academy at one extreme, and the Independents at the other—that it will say in effect “a plague on all your schools and movements. There are only the real artists and the pretenders.” So put me on record if you will in favor of a Jury of laymen, as disinterested and as far away from studios as possible, and yet of course as competent to understand and interpret the artists’ point of view as our inadequate training at the present time for such vital educational work permits. If there is to be a counter-agitation against the Academy’s campaign it should be waged along these lines, and the endowment should be for the training of critics and for the artistic education of our enlarged electorate, the great plastic mass commonly known as “the people” out of which a better world for the artists and a more beautiful world for all of us can be moulded.

Sincerely yours,

DUNCAN PHILLIPS.

P. S. While I deplore the well laid plans of the Academy to control public opinion through nationwide propaganda yet I believe that it would be well if those of us outside the profession who wish to strike a blow for living art would seize whatever opportunities present themselves to counteract the Academy’s influence. I am sorry, therefore, that you made your uncomplimentary reference to the American Federation of Arts. I have been for

many years a director of this organization and I know that it is doing splendid educational work with its traveling exhibitions. I realize that the standard of the works sent on tours of the states is not a high one but this is because the more progressive painters have not supported the movement as the alert and wily Academicians have done. The making of exhibition units representative of all that is best in every phase of American art for the benefit of the outlying sections of our country would be extremely valuable in stimulating national rather than provincial interests in things artistic, and also in stirring local creative efforts. The Federation’s efficient machinery for this purpose should be used by any and every artist and patron of art who really wishes to give the people a more comprehensive view of the many and diversified products of æsthetic expression. Although the exhibition committee of the Federation of Arts is now under the control of a typical official painter instead of a disinterested and open-minded critic, yet I feel that we progressives have only ourselves to blame for allowing the Academy to seize this opportunity to increase its power. The officers of the Federation, especially its indefatigable and by no means intolerant Secretary, would welcome contributions from artists of liberal tendency to the traveling exhibitions, and the official painter would not be re-elected chairman of the exhibition committee year after year if some progressive minded judge of pictures would come forward and offer himself for service in the same capacity. I state this on the authority of some one in close touch with the Federation. All we need to do then to show progressive art throughout the country, as well as in Washington, is to indicate our willingness to cooperate with the Federation instead of depreciating its important work.—D. P.



A BARGE FOR PAUL POIRET
Exposition of Decorative Arts, Paris

PAINTED BY RAOUL DUFY

LETTING IN LIGHT IN REPLY TO "THE NORTH WINDOW"

MISS LEILA MECHLIN,
Art Critic, Washington *Evening Star*,
Washington, D. C.

Dear MISS MECHLIN:

In "The North Window," in the Washington *Evening Star*, May 7th, 1925, you make several statements to which I should like to call your attention.

A well reasoned defense of the academic system of censorship, to which I judge you yourself are devoted, since you praise this system, can be rejected as the expression of a sincere belief even by a person like myself who distrusts censorship in art and believes that history has proved it to be a demoralizing influence. But a series of statements which do not accord with the facts, and an effort to escape arguments by meeting them with such exclamations as "How absurd!" "Ridiculous!" and so forth, is not calculated to inspire in the reader of your column the belief that you are very profound. Referring to the National Academy's "program of expansion," which includes the raising of a fund of six million dollars, you say:

"As a result, the lawless outsiders are up in arms."

The inference is, of course, that all of those who do not believe in putting into the hands of a private institution masquerading as a "national" institution, an enormous sum of money to be controlled by the system of art censorship to which the Academy is admittedly dedicated, are lawless outsiders.

In the June issue of *The Dial*, on pages 527 and 528, you will find the following statements by the distinguished art critic of *The Dial* and the New York *Sun*, Mr. Henry McBride:

"There has been very little comment in *The Dial* upon the activities of the National Academy of Design and no evidence upon the part of the readers of *The Dial* that this sin of omission has been greatly deplored. In fact, the interest in the Academy is not intense. There has been a tendency to regard the aged officers of the aged institution as harmless, and they have been permitted to amuse themselves after their fashion without interference. One of their latest moves, however, does constitute a danger to society at large, and Mr. Brainerd Watson of THE ARTS is to be congratulated

upon the force and courage with which he combats it. It seems that in honor of its one hundredth birthday the Academy has decided upon a 'drive' for \$6,000,000 with which to make itself more important than it has hitherto been. Since the war, and because of the war tradition, all 'drives' have been immune from criticism, and however unsympathetic our citizens may be to the particular cause that is being pushed, they all prepare, each time, to contribute 'until it hurts'. In view of this, Mr. Watson deserves all the more credit for nailing this new assault upon the public innocence. The principal points Mr. Watson makes, and it seems to me they cannot be too widely published and considered, are these . . ." Mr. McBride then quotes from my article in THE ARTS and concludes as follows:

"When one thinks for a minute of the immense impetus that could be given American life by merely spending the income of \$6,000,000 in the purchase of contemporary American art, the absurdity becomes apparent of handing such a sum of money over to a set of fossils who cannot recognize art when they see it, and who would probably blow most of it in on needless buildings and paraphernalia."

In the May issue of THE ARTS was printed a quotation from the New York *Telegram* by Frederick James Gregg, which stated among other things, "If you say 'academic,' what do you mean? You define a state of mind which involves distrust of what the best artists of the period are trying to express."

Helen Appleton Read, critic of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, on her Sunday page, said:

"Six million dollars in the hands of an organization which has stood for the strongly biased censorship in its own exhibitions would result in nationwide censorship."

Charles Burchfield, the artist, in a letter to THE ARTS, wrote:

"There never has been, is not and never can be any group of men anywhere so all-knowing that they have the right to censor an exhibition of art."

Duncan Phillips, in a letter published in this issue of THE ARTS, writes:

"The old Academy is evidently making what

looks like a last stand. There is something pathetic about it. I doubt if at any time in its history this tenacious institution has felt less confident of its power over art and the artists."

Charles Hovey Pepper, recently Chairman of the Exhibition Committee of the Boston Arts Club, in a letter to THE ARTS, says:

"You are doing a great work in exposing the efforts of a group of men who want to standardize their own work and dictate to the country what shall and shall not be accepted as art."

THE ARTS has received communications from officers in various museums which are opposed to the Academy's efforts to control their exhibitions, and from artists and critics in all parts of the country. Such is the character of the group of people that you call "lawless outsiders."

Your statement that THE ARTS is "an exponent of the modernist movement" can be disproved by you if you will take the trouble to examine the magazine and know its editorial aims. In the May issue, for example, the leading article is devoted to primitive art, and of the fifty odd reproductions not three could be fairly termed modernistic. An unbiased examination of THE ARTS since my direction of it, will convince you that this magazine is neither modernistic nor "ancientistic." It is devoted to the vital art of all periods.

You make the statement, referring to me, that "Furthermore, he makes out the National Academy of Design to be a fearsome monster, controlling, through intimidation, the destinies of art." May I ask you, Miss Mechlin, what words or expressions there are in my article that justify you in making this statement? At no time have I ever suggested that the Academy of Design was "a fearsome monster," and I think, if you will re-read my article in a slightly more impartial mood, you will discover that there is no language justifying your statement.

I agree with you that Mr. Edwin Howland

Blashfield, the President of the National Academy of Design, is "a most gallant and courtly gentleman," but I am completely at a loss to know what this fact has to do with art.

A little further in your article you state that I designate Mr. Sargent as one who devoted his *later years* to glittering worldly success. The exact words which I used are, "Quite frankly *in his youth*" Sargent gave up association with serious artists and went after the Duchesses." This is merely a statement of historical fact, and there is a difference between "*in his youth*" and "*later years*."

"How strange it is," you say, "that the revolutionists are always the more intolerant. Feeling themselves outside by their own will, they make assault, and declaring themselves persecuted become the persecutors." And then you have recourse to that threadbare sentimentalism, "The cry of the bolshevist in art is not dissimilar to that of the bolshevist in politics or in government. It is against all order, all standards; it frankly encourages and applauds vulgarity, and it is so loud and so bold that it often deceives the uninformed who by its volume and violence are led to suppose that the adherents are numerous, the occasion called for. Neither is the case."

This is one way of confronting the facts of history. If you are acquainted with the history of the academic system of censorship which you say that the Corcoran Gallery uses, you will know that practically every great master for the past one hundred years has been against it. Courbet, Manet, Degas, Renoir, Cézanne—are these the men whom, together with the other great artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, you classify as "bolshevists?" Were you serious in all that clap-trap about bolshevists?

Since you misquote me and misinterpret my article, may I ask you to print this letter as a correction?

Sincerely yours,

FORBES WATSON.

ALL ABOUT DRAWING

By A. PHILIP McMAHON

HAVE you ever wanted a book on an important subject, a book that answered all your questions, and suggested interesting ideas besides? About drawing, for example.

It had always seemed to me that a competent book, without a word of feeble æsthetics but telling the story purely as fact, would be extremely valuable. Drawing is a subject of infinite resource and ineffable difficulty, and when the true impressionists reached the conclusion that drawing was an inconsiderable accessory, the fate of that movement was sealed. Even the cave men were interested in drawing.

A really complete book about drawing was what I had long wanted, and at last I have found it. It has provided an answer to such questions as these:

What materials did the great men use? Not only the active agent, but the passive medium or surface? How did Rembrandt learn to draw, and Velázquez and Goya? Did they hold sketch-classes at night in Michelangelo's day, and if so, how did they ever manage without Edison? How did Correggio and Tiepolo ever get a model to hold the pose for the absolutely accurate but fantasticallyreshortened angels with which they adorned thedral domes? How did Holbein work when he made the Windsor portrait drawings? And in studying old drawings, what are the differences between an authentic original drawing and a school copy or a simple fake?

To run down the facts to their last hiding places and arrange them systematically, to analyze patiently the thousands of drawings in celebrated European collections, would require years. To organize the materials would in itself be no small task, especially if attention were paid only to facts; for meting out praise or blame, merely personal reactions, would be relatively easy.

But the job has been done. Joseph Meder, of Vienna, spent thirty years doing it, and we ought to pause in admiration at the scope and thoroughness of what he has accomplished, and feel very grateful, too. The book is called, "Die Handzeichnung, ihre Technik und Entwicklung." It consists of 734 pages printed on good paper, containing 33 half-tones and color-plates. Some of the tipped-in reproductions are almost facsimiles. They recall the exhibition at Weyhe's a few years ago,

where both originals and facsimiles were displayed, for behind glass only a few experts could tell the difference. But the artists who drew the originals would probably be as quickly misled as Corot often was.

"Die Handzeichnung" is no trifle to be skimmed through in an evening; nor can it be read in the subway, because sixteen pounds of erudition insist upon attentive leisure.

The first two hundred pages deal with the materials used in drawing. Here are found the historical data on materials—when, where, and how they were employed—that must put some curators in an awkward dilemma. They can either ignore the book completely or revise a great many attributions. In his introduction, Meder points out that sepia was first used in the eighteenth century, and that not every brown wash is sepia, so that to speak of a sepia drawing by Gozzoli, as one catalogue does, is plain error.

But before he becomes involved in the purely historical facts, he first writes about drawing as a means of expression in art. Here, as elsewhere in his long work, there is no redundancy or repetition, but a fine conciseness, a scholarly exactness, with chapter and verse for every statement, marshalled in its logical order. He mentions the significance of drawings from this point of view; that the work and merit of an artist cannot be fairly judged without knowledge the technical procedure of his day, and that an artist's drawings often tell us more about his mind and intentions, his actual evolution, than the museum's varnished prize.

He also indicates a fascinating line of study when we compare the copy by one master from another's original, as when Elsheimer copies Lucas van Leyden, or Rembrandt translates Giovanni Bellini. "Die Handzeichnung" reproduces Dürer's copy of a Mantegna engraving, the Bacchanalian Group with Silenus, and much may be learned from these pages.

In a later paragraph he speaks of the possibility of a complete composition, including the drawing, suddenly presenting itself spontaneously to the mind of an artist, but he inclines to agree with Tintoretto whom he quotes: "Beautiful colors can be bought at the shops on the Rialto, but drawing can be brought forth from the shrine of the spirit only with great effort and long night watches."

When he talks about the tools for drawing, he begins with simple pen drawing—reed or quill, of course—and shows that this was the really normal and standard method. Because Andrea del Sarto and some others left no examples in this medium would hardly indicate, therefore, that they never used it. Meder treats of solid grounds and fugitive grounds as affecting old drawings, and every page is filled with exact citations, referring to specific examples of the masters, grouped in schools in chronological sequence. He points out the differences between the reed pen and the quill, showing a Rembrandt drawing in which both were employed. Washes, of the ordinary brown ink as well as unusual colors, find adequate treatment here, also.

What was this ordinary ink? Comprehensively, Meder attacks and disposes of that kind of ink, and Chinese ink, bister, sepia as well.

Facing page 72 is a facsimile of a Raphael drawing in the Albertina where the first sketch with a lead point has been partly followed with ink. This reproduction conveys an impression that is aroused often throughout the book; there is a vitality and energetic interest in these drawings that is amazing when one recalls the insipid painting that sometimes resulted from them. The Raphael illustration occurs in pages devoted to the various metallic points, such as lead, silver, graphite and iron, the historical evolution of which are exactly traced. Then come charcoal, crayon, chalk, sanguine, and other media whose possibilities are shown by characteristic specimens.

Drawing, we note, includes a great deal as Meder sees it, for this is not the end. He goes bravely on to outline the history and development of drawing with the brush. After that, twenty pages about the books and sheets on which the masters drew. Then, a chapter on various aids to drawing, such as books of samples, reproducing some delightful pages from Villard de Honnecourt, where the geometrical basis, even in mediæval illumination, is convincingly demonstrated.

But all this discussion of the materials is merely introductory, these two hundred pages simply tell us what the masters held in their hands, before we see what they did with it in the remaining five hundred pages. Even without the ability to read German, these pages are full of instruction and delight, for the illustrations alone are worth volumes of criticism. The text is here devoted to three topics: the training of the artist; the representation of bulk and space; and finally, collections and collectors.

An engraving in the first of these parts shows Baccio Bandinelli, his assistants and pupils gathered around a table at night, busily drawing from bronze statuettes. Some are holding the model in one hand while they draw with the other, but a few prefer to grasp the tablet itself. All this under the light of a single candle planted in the middle of the table. The rigid training of an apprentice and the methods of instruction given in the academies of the Renaissance are all described in this section. Ghiberti, for example, made his students work on these subjects: grammar, geometry, philosophy, medicine, astrology, perspective, history, anatomy and the theory of drawing. The courses recommended by Alberti and other great figures of the Renaissance are equally interesting.

Geometry and perspective were fundamental, and soon after them came the study of proportions. Various ideal figures, surviving from Dürer's time and schools in Florence or Rome, are shown. We find that comparisons between the human profile or figure and the orders of classical architecture did not begin with "Bridgman's Life Drawing" but were already familiar thoughts in the sixteenth century.

The thorough-going manner in which anatomy was studied is illustrated by an anecdote regarding Bartolommeo Torri, a pupil of Giulio Clovio and G. A. Lappoli. This earnest student kept the objects of his interest concealed under his bed too long, and when the master finally discovered the cause of all the unpleasantness in the house, student and study went into the street together.

An interesting page reproduces a drawing by Gabriel de Saint-Aubin, showing the life class at the *Académie royale de Peinture*, when visited by King Christian VII. of Denmark in 1768. The artists occupy three rows in an amphitheatre, while two models hold the pose for Cain and Abel in the center, the scene being illuminated by a huge oil lamp suspended in the middle of the room.

It was agreed by Cennini, Alberti, Leonardo, Vasari, Bernardino Campi and all the rest that the way to learn was first to copy the drawings of good masters, then to draw from the round, and finally from nature. This practice of continual drawing from the masters' engravings or etchings is not, I believe, usually given the importance it deserves in recording the development of individual artists before the nineteenth century. Goya asserted that he had only three masters: Velásquez, Rembrandt, and Nature. But Valerian von Loga proves it was hardly possible for him ever to have seen more than one painting by Rembrandt. While he neglected to

mention his years of study under Luzán and Mengs, he did acknowledge his indebtedness to Rembrandt, and what he studied so closely must have been Rembrandt's etchings!

How the old masters studied drapery, animals, and landscape are minutely described and illustrated. Particular attention is paid to methods of portraiture. A woodcut by Dürer is shown which depicts a machine for drawing on a pane of glass behind which the subject is seated, while the artist squints with one eye through an eye-piece, fixed at a proper level, to guarantee an accurate outline. And on the page facing is a sketch of "The Lady Ratclif" by Holbein the Younger, done in that very way.

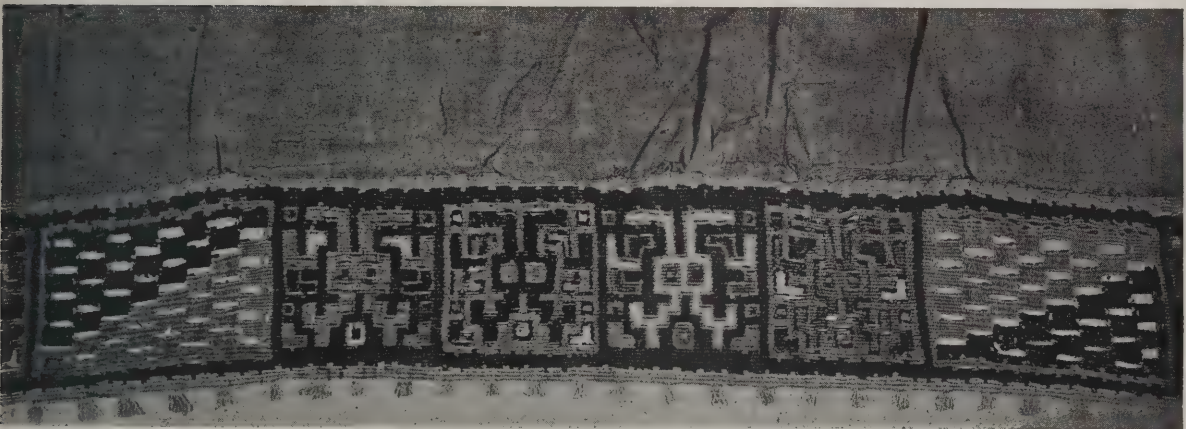
Those who imagine that the study of how to represent the illusion of three dimensions on a flat surface began within the last twenty-five years would do well to look at the third part of Meder's book. On page 564 is one of Mantegna's heads all blocked out in its cubic masses and flat planes, indicating that the well known plaster cast used to demonstrate the masses of the head in classes for

beginners—a process so irritating to the impatient—has a very respectable ancestry.

On page 573 there is a drawing by Stefano della Bella of the back of a male nude, all done in values secured by hatchings with no contour at all. A long while before Zorn and Besnard.

Drawings by Erhard Schön and Holbein the Younger show studies searching for form by blocking out the complete perspective of figures built in cubic masses and arranged in groups. In fact, there is not an uninteresting or unimportant page in the entire work.

Meder's book, published in Vienna by Anton Schroll & Company, has appeared in a country whose present and future prospects of prosperity do not compare with our own. Yet here is a book, a complete and satisfying treatment of a profoundly significant subject, offered in a form and at a price which has not been duplicated elsewhere. This circumstance suggests a number of pertinent and somewhat embarrassing questions, of which I shall mention but one: Why doesn't somebody really competent do the same thing for oil painting?



BROWN COTTON SHIRT WITH BORDER OF WOVEN WOOL Peru
Collection of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts



AN EXAMPLE OF DOUBLE WEAVING

Peru

Collection of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts



COCA-LEAF BAG WITH FIGURE OF A MAN

Peru

Collection of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

TEXTILES FROM PERU

By F. N. HOLLINGSWORTH

SOME ancient Peruvian textiles recently acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts throw an interesting light upon the craftsmanship of the ancient American race. In the collection are some of the earliest known types—richly embroidered cloths found in the Nasca valley, from what archæologists call the Proto-Nasca period. This period antedates the Incas who were conquerors of an earlier and finer civilization, which was the successor of a still older and more splendid culture. This latter has been given the name of Tiahuanaco, from the ancient city of Tiahuanaco, in the mountains southeast of Lake Titicaca.

These textiles were found in ancient graves, in a region that is much like the Valley of Kings, in Egypt, where so many relics of ancient Egyptian civilization have been unearthed—a dry, almost desert region, where buried things would be preserved for centuries. But for the climate of this desert region, the textiles buried in the graves would have long since crumbled to dust. In all there are some fifty-eight pieces in this acquisition, of woven, embroidered and dyed textiles, illustrating to a re-

markable degree the technical skill and high artistic sense of the people who made them.

Among the finest pieces in this collection is a shirt of brown cotton, decorated about the bottom with a border of tapestry woven with wool, which evidently had never been worn, and was in an almost perfect state of preservation. The slits which accent the design and give an almost lace-like quality to the border, are characteristic of the many refinements of the art of weaving developed by these ancient Peruvians. The colors are delicately balanced in neutralized violet, yellow, blue-green and pinkish red. The figure in the design appears to be a highly conventionalized animal form.

Tapestry weaving in Peru was a highly developed art, as may be seen by the illustration of a coca-leaf bag, and a garment in which fishes' heads surrounding a fret is woven with tapestry super-imposed on a closely woven cotton cloth. Double weaving, something like the hand-woven coverlets made in this country in the early part of the last century was practiced, as also was embroidery on gauze, something like Italian buratto.

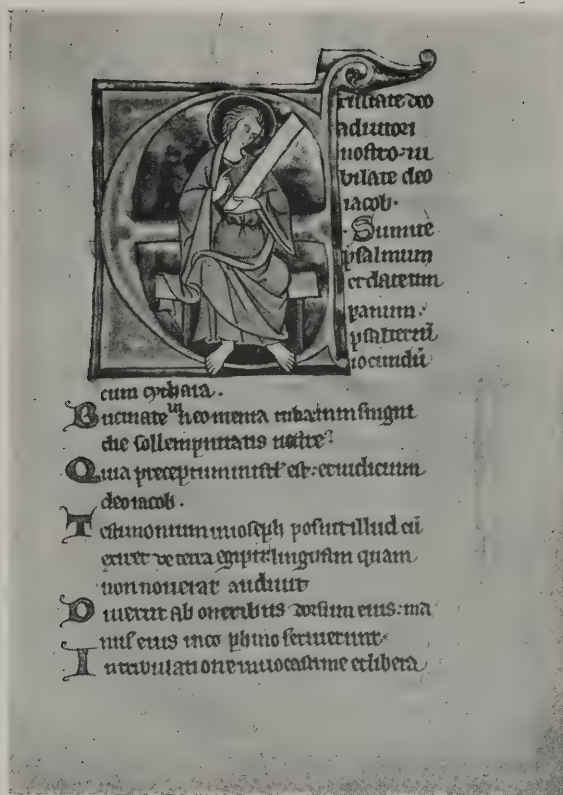


FIG. 1: PSALTER INITIAL

Flemish

C. 1200

THE ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS OF THE PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY

By C. R. MOREY

THE Gothic initials, when they appear, are rugged and thorny, and they maintain this character far into the thirteenth century. One or the other (or both) of two features is always present—the “bar” that sticks out from the body of the letter, usually toward the bottom of the page, and the dragon that somehow or other insinuates himself into the design. The beginning of the “bar” may be seen in Fig. 1, which illustrates an initial in the earliest of the Morgan manuscripts of the Gothic period, a Psalter of about 1200. In Fig. 2 we see the initial in the more developed form of the middle of the thirteenth century, with the decorated borders beginning to relieve the expanse of the gold background of the letter, and the historiation enlarged into two scenes from the life

of David. The “bar” has here grown longer and extended itself across the top and bottom of the page, but it still has something of the rugged character of early Gothic. The Franco-Flemish Psalter of Fig. 3 shows us the ubiquitous Gothic dragon, and the entry into the decoration of the menagerie of Gothic naturalism—the birds and animals and grotesques that perch upon the sprays of the initial as they cling to corbel and balustrade on the cathedral, reflecting that pantheistic delight in mere nature that began to worry the theologians in the thirteenth century.

The Psalter from which Fig. 3 is taken has a history dating back to the fourteenth century, when the use of it “quoad vixerit” was granted to a nun of the diocese of Arras by her cousin the bishop

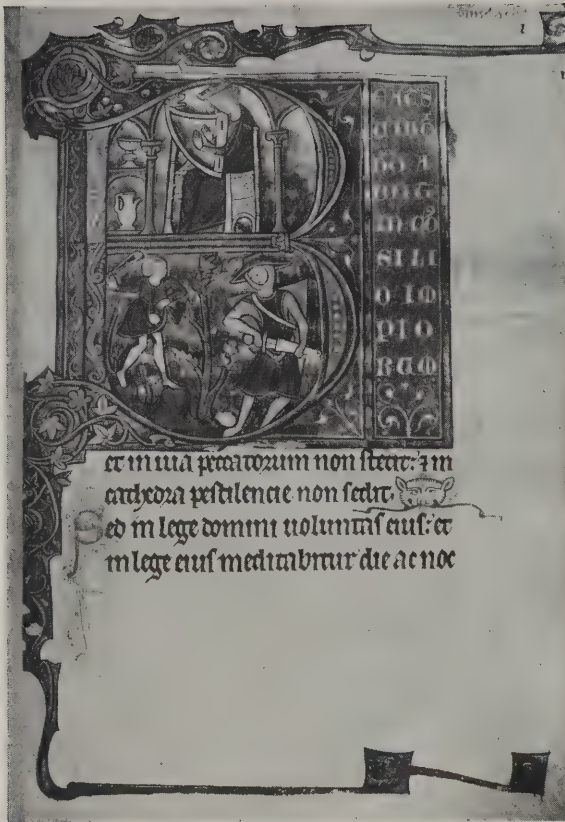


FIG. 2: INITIAL OF THE FIRST PSALM
C. 1250
North-eastern French Psalter

of Cambrai. A note in the manuscript tells us that before this it belonged to St. Louis, king of France. The Flemish connections suggested by Arras and Cambrai are borne out by the Flemish looking panels in the miniatures of its Calendar, and certain peculiarities of ornament and iconography that have been noted by James as common in the manuscripts of Flanders or the border provinces of France—the illuminated frame, for instance, on three sides of every page, and the woman holding a candle who serves as a symbol for the feast of Candlemas in February.

Gothic art is the expression of Latin Christianity in human terms, and was thus fraught from the start with a dual purpose, in its human interest on the one hand, and its profound religious feeling on the other. Moreover, the thirteenth century, and even the end of the twelfth, witnesses the decline of the monastic schools and the passing of art into the hands of laymen. Thenceforward the churchman might dictate the content, but it was the lay craftsman who supplied the style; and the

result is a winning human appeal that greets the eye from every thirteenth and fourteenth century page. The Harrowing of Hell in Fig. 3 has the naive seriousness of a child's version of a sermon. The types which in Romanesque art were old by preference, become in Gothic hands younger and younger as the art is humanized more and more by the *dolce stil nuovo*, until even the Persons of the Trinity take on the gestures, features and proportions of infancy (Fig. 8).

Such treatment of holy themes implies no lack of faith, but quite the contrary. Gothic art is a collective art, realizing its full significance only in ensembles, and the Gothic craftsman seldom felt himself more than a cog in a creative machinery. His piety was satisfied with the completion of the task assigned him, which was the making of the symbol and the scene, and the setting of it in its proper place. His was but the part of a single player in the orchestration of the divine theme. Hence the freedom and playfulness with which he embroidered his task, once its essentials were accomplished, and hence also that constant leaning on



FIG. 3: THE RESURRECTION AND THE HARROWING OF HELL
Franco-Flemish Psalter
C. 1250-1275



FIG. 4: PAGE FROM A MORALIZED BIBLE
Parisian

13th Century

architectural settings which one finds in the minor arts of the thirteenth century, as if the craftsman felt the need of attaching his theme to the cathedral as the explanatory and justifying *summa* of his and every other artist's work.

Thus we see David playing his harp in Fig. 2 within the arcades of a Gothic cloister, and a portion of a trefoil arch enframing the Harrowing of Hell in Fig. 3. The same reason explains the gradual substitution, in the thirteenth century, of the diapered for the gold background, in imitation of the interior decoration of the cathedral walls. In some miniatures the frame is conceived as a little church, and in one final category the connection with monumental art is carried to the extent of making the miniature of the page reproduce the cathedral windows.

This last type of illuminated manuscript is illustrated by the Moralized Bibles, in which passages of Scripture are paralleled with their symbolic applications, and miniatures are painted alongside of these texts in order to embody both the Scriptural passage and its symbolic interpretation. The most famous of these Bibles was a huge affair of four volumes, which became separated in the sixteenth century so that now two of the volumes are in the British Museum, another in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and the fourth in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. The Morgan Library possesses eight leaves from the Book of Revelations which once belonged to a similar three-volume Bible of the Chapter Library of Toledo, and one of these is reproduced in Fig. 4. The manner in which the scribe proceeds may be seen by the passages that accompany the medallions of the upper right hand column: first the passage from Revelation, *Et ostendit michi flumen aque vive splendidum tamquam cristallum procedens de sede Dei et agni in medio platee eius* (Rev. xxii, 1): "And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. And in the midst of the street of it . . ." Then comes the symbolic exegesis: *Per flumen aque vive significat gaudium quod numquam cessabit quod per aquam baptismi acquiritur gloria celestis gaudii*: "By the river of water of life he means the joy that will never cease since by the water of baptism the glory of heavenly joy is won." Of the miniatures that accompany the texts, the upper shows John's vision of the river and the throne of God, while the lower depicts the rite of baptism, blessed by the figures of Christ and the Virgin above. The roundels that inclose these miniatures are set in vertical rows after the manner of contemporary

glass, and have between them as well the mosaic diaper with which the window-makers often filled the spandrels of their medallion windows.

The Moralized Bibles were a product of that activity in the production of Bible texts which was stimulated in Paris by the revision of the Vulgate undertaken at the University. The style of these Parisian craftsmen spread all over Europe, and we have already seen how Dante identifies "alluminare" with Parisian art. The French capital was then, even as much as now, the *arbitratrix elegantiarum* for Europe; and the French High Gothic style in illumination particularly was so closely imitated elsewhere that it is sometimes impossible, for instance, to distinguish good English work from French in the thirteenth century. We see the German miniaturists endeavoring to Gallicize their stiff Romanesque traditions in the Risen Christ of Fig. 5, which some early possessor of the book mistook for the Harrowing of Hell—"Das ist unser herru urstende da er die helle brach." The same French style is visible in the most gorgeous of the Morgan manuscripts of the thirteenth century, the well-known "Windmill Psalter" (Fig. 6), albeit here the waywardness of insular work appears in the unexpected descent of the angel who holds the cartello completing the first line of the Psalter: "Beatus ille qui non abiit in consilio impiorum," and the sudden protrusions of the sprays of the foliate arabesque. This angel is first cousin to the famous sculptured ones in the choir at Lincoln, and there is something vigorously English in the emphatic gestures and postures of Solomon and his auditors. Below is the characteristic footnote of the Gothic craftsman—a cock pheasant standing on a leafy stump. The windmill from which the book takes its name appears casually in the upper part of the design; it undoubtedly has reference to the ownership of the manuscript, but has not yet revealed its secret.

The rugged "bar" of the thirteenth century grows thinner as the century wears to its close, and shoots out sprays of ivy leaves (Fig. 7) that presently, when the fourteenth century has reached its second quarter, have formed a border all around the page. The typical fourteenth century aspect of a Gothic page is seen in Fig. 8, a Franciscan breviary of about 1350. This page reflects a well-known Parisian manner, the fashion for which was set by the famous illuminator Jean Pucelle. "Pucelle" in the fourteenth century was the same as "demoiselle," and seems to have carried with it the modern collateral meaning of that word to denote a dragon-fly, for it is thus that Pucelle signed



FIG. 5: THE RISEN CHRIST
German Liturgical Psalter

13th Century

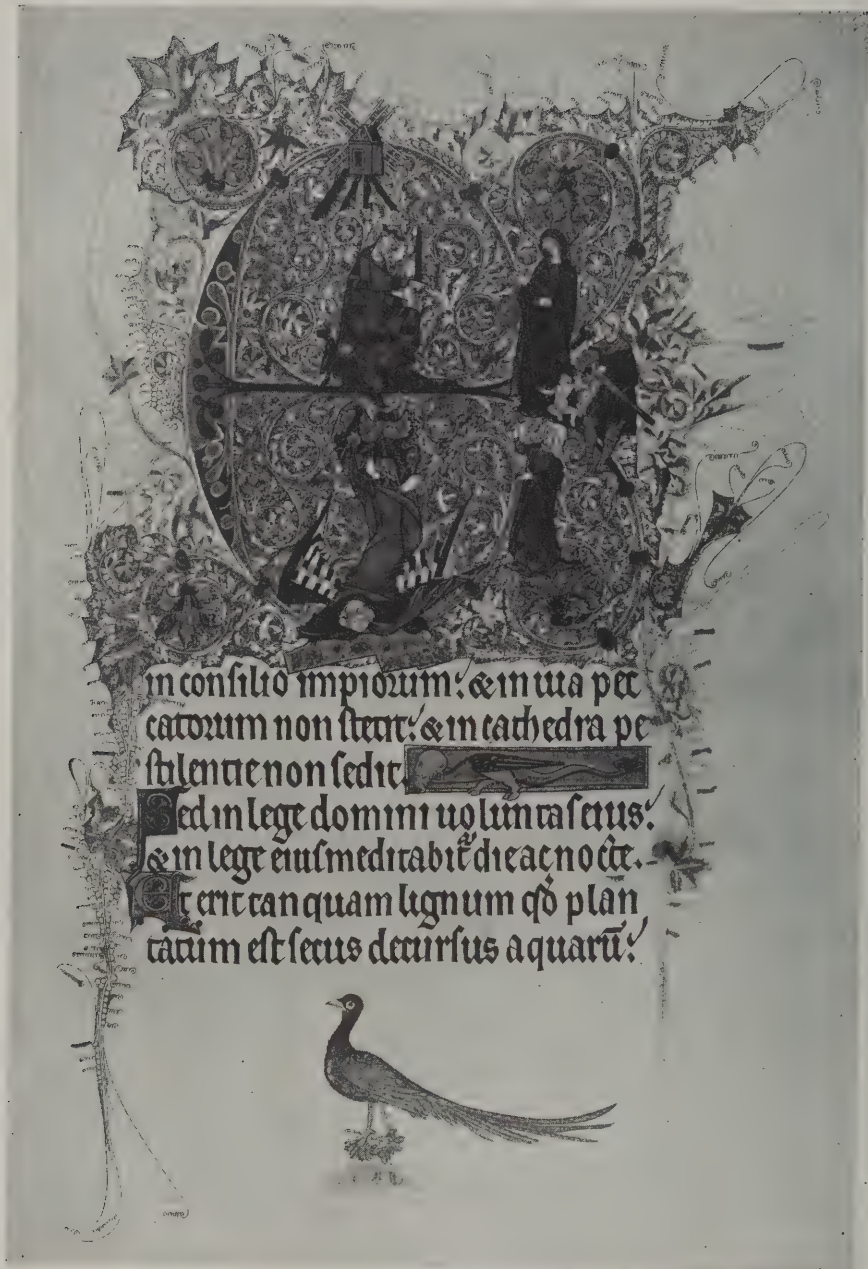


FIG. 6: THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON
English "Windmill" Psalter

C. 1300

the manuscripts that issued from his atelier, by inserting a dragon-fly in the upper left hand margin of one of the more prominent illuminated pages. The Morgan breviary has no dragon-fly, but it is illuminated after the Pucelle fashion, with ivy sprays issuing from a thorny arabesque from the lower corners of the border, and growing out of bands at the top and sides. There is also on the page the contrast of grave and gay that Pucelle loved; the Trinity in the panel which the fourteenth century has added to the initial, and on the border below a grotesque duet between a fiddler and a dragon with a trumpet nose.

French style even invaded to some extent in the thirteenth century, the Latin strongholds of Italy and Spain. In Italy it seems to have been imitated particularly in the university centers, as at Bologna, while in Spain it was concentrated in that most Gallic portion of the peninsula, the old country of Barcelona, or Catalonia. But Latin style died hard in Spain, and it may be met with in its most childish form far down the Middle Ages. Morgan 429, a copy of the commentary on the Apocalypse by Beatus (Fig. 9), reproduces in its battle scenes the armour and the equipment of the thirteenth century to which it belongs, but the facial types, postures and structure of the figures in the lowest register of the miniature are still survivals of the debased antique—and this at a time when Gothic art in France was constructing its proudest monuments.

So also in Italy, for the most part, the antique tradition withstood the Gothic fashion, but here in a positive sense, and to ends of beauty that were beyond the power of the French craftsmen. The whole difference between Italian work in the period preceding the Renaissance and the northern art of the same period lies just in that distinction which divides the artist from the craftsman, and also in the tendency of Italy always to react to stimuli in a manner approaching the antique. The forms which in the French Gothic miniatures of the late thirteenth and the fourteenth centuries become childish and mannered, despite their grace and decorative beauty, acquire a plastic form and significance in the hands of the Italian painters. Giotto and his followers changed the course of art in many things, but they did nothing so extraordinary as their transformation of the forms and formulae of the French decadent Gothic style. These they accepted, and invested with bulk and new significance. The attitude of the Saviour in Fig. 10 is a French formula, dignified by classic reticence; His robes fall in old Gothic cascades, but

are filled out with antique form. The differentiation of French and Italian work was completed by the native Byzantine traditions of painting; the landscape in the miniature just mentioned, which serves as background for the *Noli Me Tangere*, has the sharp cut rocks with strongly lighted surfaces that were traditional in East Christian mosaics.

The French ivy border found little vogue in Italy, where instead the old leaf forms of the antique acanthus, used for centuries in the borders of Byzantine miniatures, were enlarged and naturalized. These Italian borders of the fourteenth century (Fig. 11) are painted in lighter tones than those used in the French illuminations of the period, which rather tend to imitate the deep blues and ruby-glass of the cathedral windows. Italian blues and pinks are pale, and the edges of the

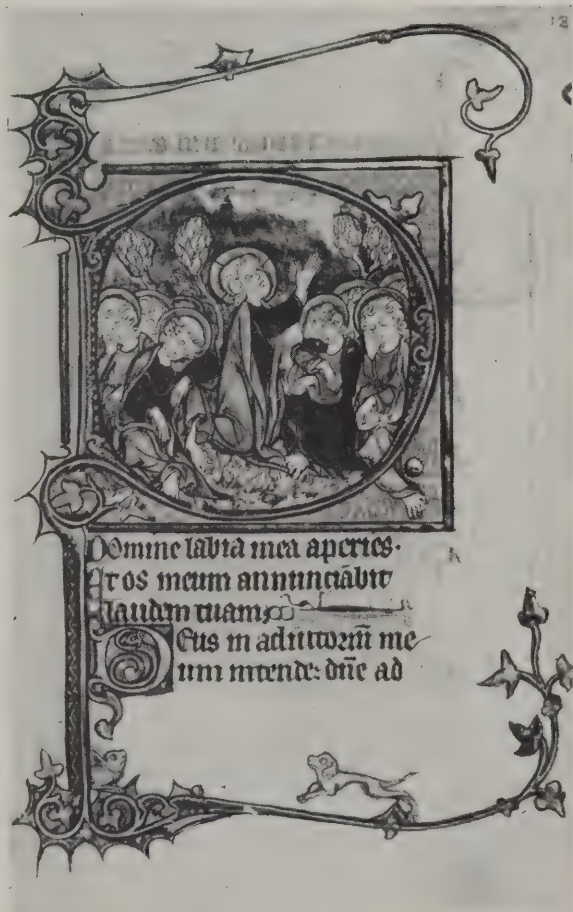


FIG. 7: GETHSEMANE:
MINIATURE FORMATINS OF
THE CROSS
Early 14th Century
French Book of Hours

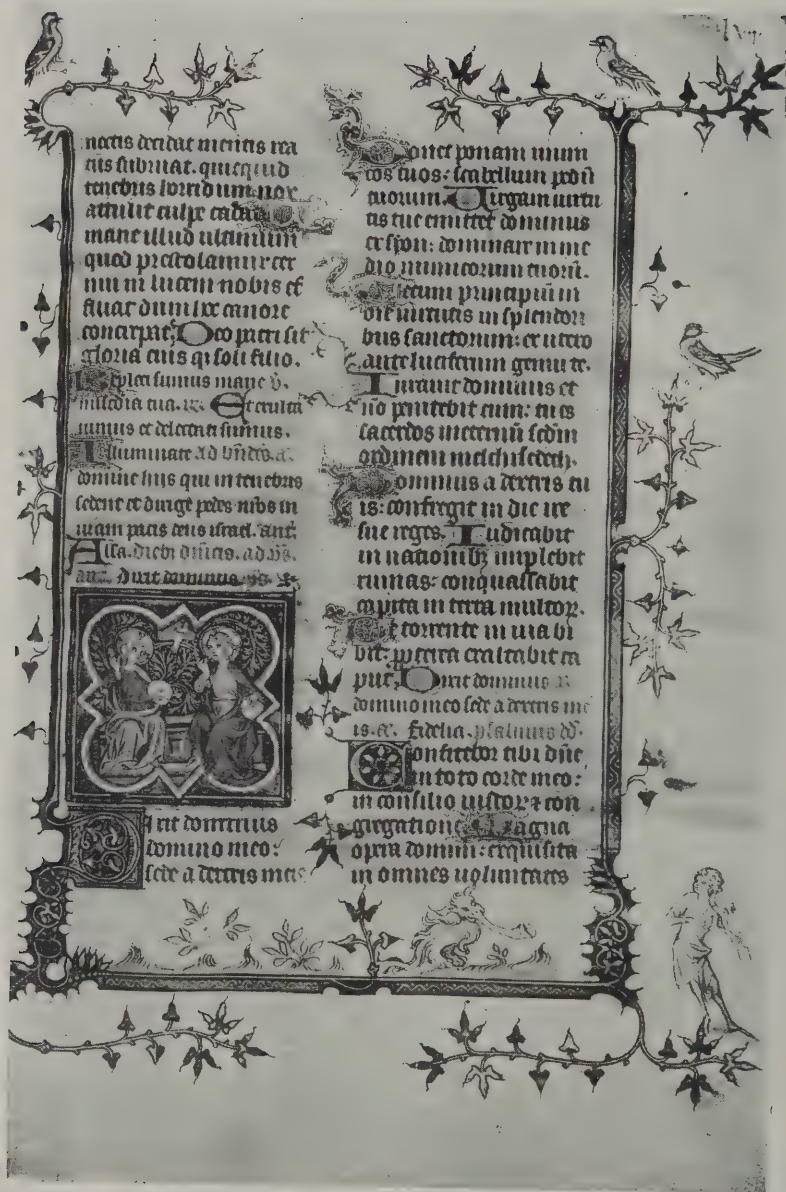


FIG. 8: FRANCISCAN ILLUMINATED
 BREVIARY, STYLE OF PUCELLE

Parisian

Middle of 14th Century



FIG. 9: COMMENTARY ON THE APOCALYPSE
BY BEATUS
Spanish

13th Century



FIG. 10: NOLI ME TANGERE
ATELIER OF PACINO DI BONAGUIDA
Florentine Manuscript *Early 14th Century*



FIG. 11: SAINT PAUL
Florentine Miniature

14th Century

leaves turn upward to show these two contrasting colours on their surfaces, while the French ivy-leaf lies flat on the page. More Byzantine tradition is seen in this miniature in the type given the apostle, and the elaborate tooling of his nimbus. On the other hand, a miniature from a manuscript of Jerome's *Vitæ Patrum* (Fig. 12) gives us a curious combination of the other two elements in the Italian proto-Renaissance—the Gothic dress and gesture of the anchorite who resists the enticements of Satan, and the antique oblong shape and three-handed border of the illustration to the text, which are features current in Latin illumination from the time of the Vatican Vergil in the IV century.

The fourteenth century in France witnessed the high-water mark of manuscript illumination. It was then and there that the greatest masters of the

craft were working, and that the closest harmony existed between the book that was the object of the decoration, and this decoration itself. Illumination and text are at this time most harmoniously united. But the very fact that Gothic art was at this point concentrating its best effort on little things like books shows the inner decay of the style, and its inadequacy is an expression of the deep religious ferment which began in Europe after 1350. The clinging of the Gothic illuminator to the architectural setting (Fig. 13) has been mentioned before as symptomatic of his search for something that would give deeper and broader significance to his charming idylls. The failure of French inspiration at the end of the fourteenth century did not impair the faultless Parisian taste, but it opened the way for the shifting of the center



FIG. 12: TEMPTATION OF AN ANCHORITE:
VITAE PATRUM BY JEROME

14th Century
Italian

of gravity of Gothic art from France to Flanders. Already in the early fourteenth century one can sometimes see the Flemish artist ill at ease under the yoke of French elegance, and exhibiting here and there his pungent native realism. Note, for instance, emerging through the crudity of the Annunciation to the Shepherds in Fig. 13, the growing interest in landscape and the satiric characterization of the peasant type.

Contrast with this the Tiptoft Missal, executed in England in the same first quarter of the fourteenth century, and the relatively archaic quality of the insular work is evident. The page illustrated (Fig. 14) is the beginning of the Canon of the Mass, and the work of a much finer artist than the one who did the illumination for the Flemish Psalter just mentioned, however *retardataire* he may show himself in style. The T of the initial words of the Canon: "Te igitur clementissime Pater per Iesum Christum Fillum tuum Dominum nostrum supplices rogamus" is, as usual in Sacramentaries, the Crucified Christ, beside whom stand the mourning figures of the Virgin and St. John. To the decadent Gothic grace of the latter some virility is added by the vigorous brevity of English drawing. On the border to the right are the two Saints John, and in the left-hand border are the kneeling figures of the owners, Hawyse, daughter

of Robert de Tiptoft, and her husband, John Clevering, who died in 1332. These figures reproduce the aspect of fourteenth century windows in their situation beneath a trefoil canopy; and the symbolic mysticism of the High Gothic style is still with the artist, who places the miniature of the Elevation of the Host in the setting of a Gothic arcade, but neutralizes any depth of space with a plain gold background. Not for him are the new landscape settings which his Flemish contemporaries are beginning to use; nor does he give us, as a Fleming might, even at this early time, real portraits of Hawyse Tiptoft and her spouse.

The same gold background appears in a German Gospel-book of about 1400, testifying again to the reluctance with which Gothic art outside of Flanders yielded to the new realism (Fig. 15). In France itself the end of the fourteenth century witnesses the conventionalizing of the old ivy border, which expands into an arabesque of considerable width, and surrounds the page or miniature-panel with a pattern quite different in effect from the old irregular ivy sprays. The example of this change which is illustrated in Fig. 16 comes from a Missal of Chalons-sur-Marne; its miniature is a curious survival of a type, being evidently a copy after some Carolingian composition of the Tours school, which was fond of thus placing the

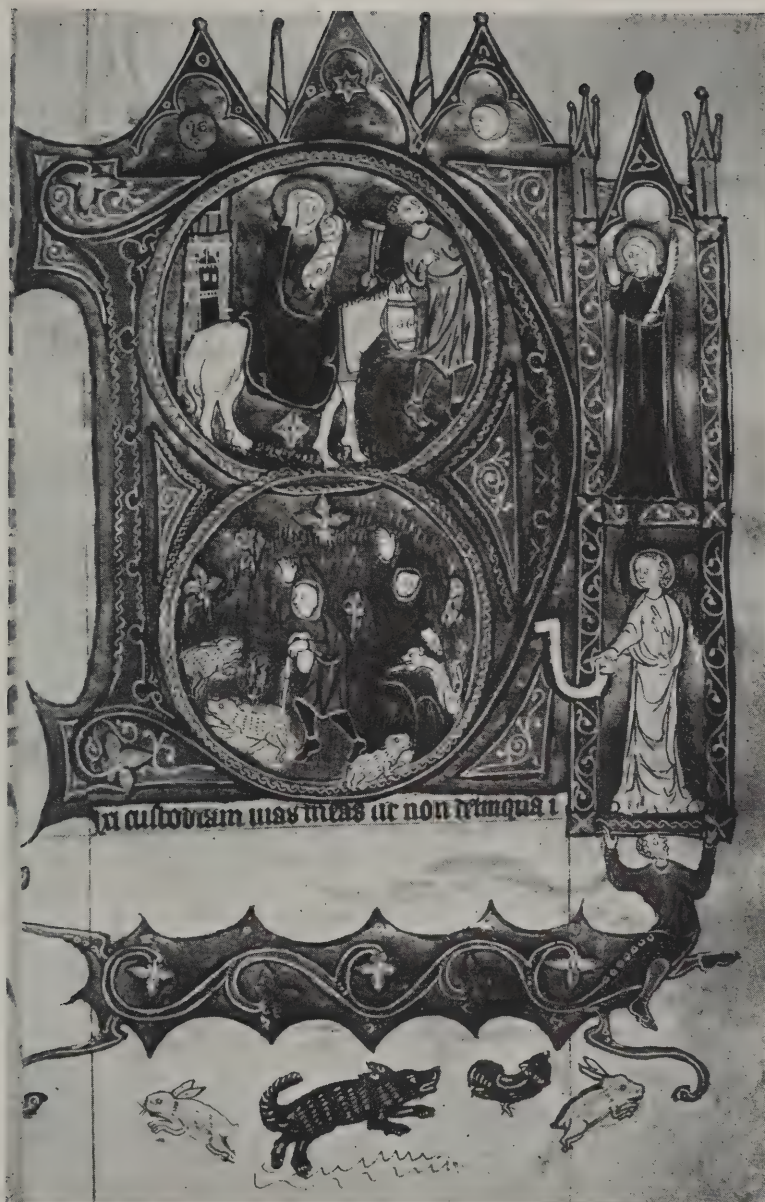


FIG. 13: THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT AND
THE ANGELIC ANNUNCIATION TO THE
SHEPHERDS
Flemish Psalter

Early 14th Century



FIG. 15: PENTECOST
German Gospel Book

C. 1400

Saviour in a central compartment with the four Evangelists in the corners.

French taste, still evident in the Missal of Chalons, was strong enough to give distinction and decorative charm to the rising tide of Flemish realism in the fifteenth century. The symptoms of the latter which timidly appear in the first half of the fourteenth century, multiply toward its end, and finally expand into that sudden revelation of the material world which was given to Northern Europe by the Van Eycks. In illumination the new naturalism is reflected first in a further transformation of the ivy-border, which now admits a wealth of various leaves and flowers and fruits in the midst of which the ivy leaves all but disappear. The sprays of acanthus that are also inserted bear witness to the Italian influence that was so strong a factor in the art of Northern Europe at the end of the fourteenth, and the first half of the fifteenth century. In the miniature reproduced in Fig. 17, the long oval given the face of the little angel who seems somewhat weary of his rôle of lectern to the crusty looking Evangelist, and the broken folds into which the drapery drops as it reaches the floor, are familiar features of the Van Eyck style. More characteristic still is the complete submergence of mystic content in the human episode, and in the

rendering of personality—so strong in the case of Matthew that the very spectacles on his nose seem to be instinct with meticulous pedantry.

Once more, by way of contrast, we may illustrate the backwardness of the art of the Gothic periphery, if so we may characterize the English and German phases that lay outside the main creative center of Northern France and Belgium. The initial T of the Canon of an English Missal of c. 1450 (Fig. 18) shows us the new development of the border in which the variety of the flora resembles in this at least the French and Flemish borders of the time. But none save an English artist would show such waywardness in its composition. In the Calvary below, added for the priest to kiss, is a landscape section betraying some reminiscence of the realism of the period. But in the main miniature, there is still the neutral background; and while the pathos of the fifteenth century has warped the body of the Lord, and increased the poignancy of His emaciation, the Virgin and St. John have still the young faces of High Gothic optimism, and their draperies fall in the graceful cascades that were invented by the fourteenth century illuminators of France.

The realism of the North had its counterpart in the Quattrocento in Italy, but here there hung



FIG. 16: CHRIST AND THE EVANGELISTS
French Missal (for the Cathedral of Chalons-sur-Marne) Second half of 14th Century



FIG. 17: SAINT MATTHEW AND HIS SYMBOL

French Manuscript

15th Century



FIG. 18: INITIAL "T" OF THE CANON OF THE MASS
English "Sheldon" Missal *Middle of 15th Century*



FIG. 20: PAGE FROM A PRAYER-BOOK 1487
Italian



FIG. 21: THE LORD SPEAKING TO ADAM AND
EVE

C. 1500

French "Offices of Mary"



FIG. 22: ILLUMINATED PAGE
Italian Prayer-book
Completed 1546

GIULIO CLOVIO

about it the glamour of resurrected Rome. At least such was the case with the manuscript illumination, since books were the pabulum of the humanists, and they loved to meet in the ancient texts their own imagined pictures of antiquity. In Fig. 19 we have the title page of Didymus of Alexandria's treatise on the Holy Spirit, with a preface by Jerome. The Cardinal Saint is seated at his study desk, beside which reclines his lion, and over the balustrade appears the distant view of the artist's native Florence, marked by the Duomo, the Campanile and San Giovanni. This artist was Attavante degli Attavanti, favourite illuminator of that great collector of books, Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, who kneels below to the left, over against his wife Beatrice of Aragon. The medalion containing Jerome and the Florentine vista is as naturalistic as a Ghirlandajo could make it; but enframing it we find the pseudo-classic paraphernalia of the Renaissance, in whose elaborate detail, we may be sure, this illuminator of the end of the fifteenth century took no less pride than in the verity of his portraits. Attavante was still an illuminator, for all his good painting and grandeur of scale. The mere imitator of the easel picture or the fresco is seen in the follower of Costa who painted the miniature of Fig. 20, for one of the Bentivogli of Bologna, in 1487.

"When gods arrive, the half-gods go." The intervention of the master painters spelt the doom of the craftsmen. If we turn again to the north we find the same imitation on the part of the illuminators of the greater masters of the easel, and we can see that they gradually forget how to paint the page in their effort after the picture. In a French Book of Hours of the end of the fifteenth century (Fig. 21), the Lord speaks to our first parents in a landscape that includes that Fountain of Life which persists so long in the Van Eyck tradition. The panel which was added to the figured initial during the fourteenth century has now grown to a full sized composition that occupies the whole page. The invention of printing had substituted the wood cut for the miniature proper in books of moderate price; and such works as these are done for patrons who desired, in the more expensive medium of illumination, something that is not illumination at all, but a mere reduction of contemporary painting. About this miniature, nevertheless, there lingers the grace and elegance of the old French taste, disciplining the materialism of the Flemish school with the quiet restraint of some follower of Fouquet. To taste the full flavour of this French *detente*, one should compare it with the grandiose theatri-

cality of the sixteenth century in Italy, as found in the miniatures by Giulio Clovio (Fig. 22) who reduces to page size the mighty Sistine figures of Michelangelo.

The old traditions still cling to the illumination of Flanders in the sixteenth century. A prayer-book that once belonged to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and dates in 1533, is archaic in confining the miniature to the panel above the initial, and retaining the architectural treatment of its frame (Fig. 23). The borders of the Flemish books of this late period have still the fruits and flowers of

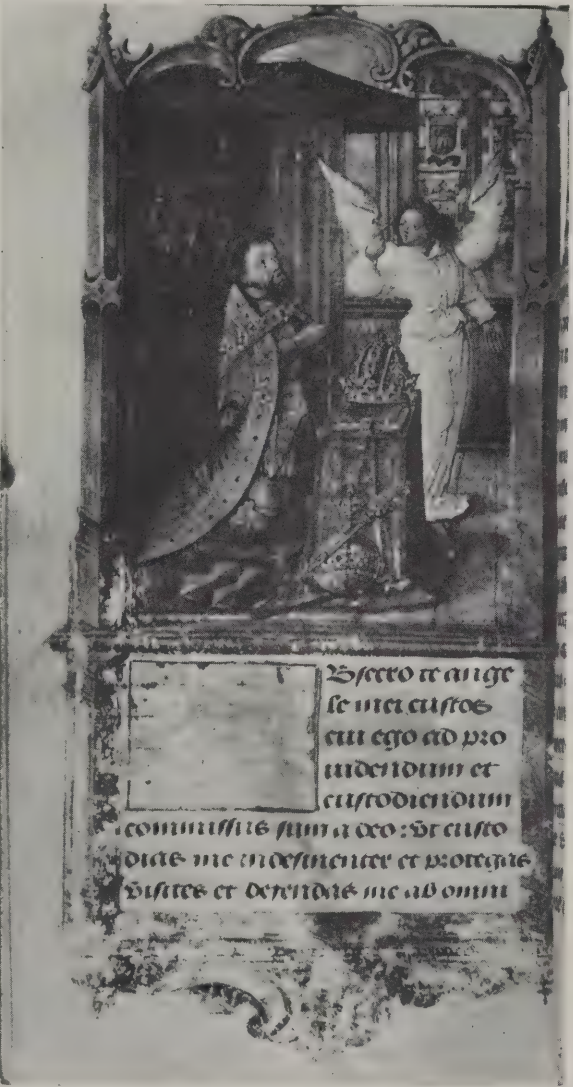


FIG. 23: THE EMPEROR CHARLES V AT PRAYER 1533
Flemish Book of Prayers and Hours (made for the Emperor)

the fifteenth century, but now they are raised and cast a shadow on the page which they once illuminated (Fig 24). The example cited is a Bruges work of 1520-1530; below the miniature of the adoring St. Bernard appears a relic of Gothic symbolism in the unicorn who has arrested his flight on encountering the virgin.

There is no further history of the art henceforth, since what is found hereafter is in the nature of revivals and archaistic imitations. The two peculiar products of the Middle Ages, the illuminated manuscript and the illuminated window, went out together in the sixteenth century. The window that transformed the light of day into the Light Divine, and the illuminated page that turned the text into the Living Word, could hardly survive the reversal of the process whereby the Renaissance made man more interesting than God. Nor could an art such as that reflected in the Windmill Psalter outlast

the distinction which the sixteenth century thought it had achieved, of beauty from truth. No Gothic artist questioned whether this or that was worth depicting or adorning; if it belonged to the world which God created it was something that had ultimate significance and charm. Ugly or fair, great or small, noble or mean—everything had its place in the Divine Scheme; and once that place was realized and marked, the Gothic art enshrined it in a poetry that is no more spontaneous and reverent when it enriched a cathedral than when it lighted up the pages of a book.

EDITORIAL NOTE: *The illustrations accompanying this article are from photographs by Mary Hopson, who also made those which were reproduced with Professor Morey's first article in the April issue. These two essays constitute a comprehensive survey of one of the most important collections of manuscripts not only in this country but in the world.*



FIG. 24: SAINT BERNARD
Flemish Manuscript

C. 1520-1530



SUNRISE (Etching)
Keppel Galleries

CHARLES FRANCOIS DAUBIGNY

NEW YORK EXHIBITIONS

By VIRGIL BARKER

THE exhibition of Architectural and Allied Arts, staged at the Grand Central Palace by the American Institute of Architects and the Architectural League of New York, was a grandiose and tumultuous affair. The catalogue listed over four thousand exhibits for two floors, and there were two more floors filled with elaborate and in some instances very costly booths installed by many commercial houses; half a dozen employees were putting numbers on the exhibits on the afternoon of the next to the last day. Crowds of people pushed through the halls and the walls were more crowded still. Paintings, photographs, and plans were piled rank on dizzy rank, but to step back to the dimness in an attempt to see them was only to stumble into some statue or other. Daylight or even adequate artificial light had a chance only on the upper floors among the commercial exhibitors, who had no fears for the soundness of their wares; all the high art was relegated to the semi-obscurity of the nether regions. An attempt to survey the whole on a single

tour produced a headache, a stiff neck, sore eyes, and two shoes painfully full of feet.

The statues were a very restless lot, and their restlessness was only accentuated by the tags that fluttered from the necks and outstretched arms from many of them. There were children bathing, goddesses hunting, angels musing, knights guarding, satyrs satyring and nymphs nymphing—models posing, posing, posing! No visitor could miss the gigantic academicized rival of Michel Angelo's *David*, but doubtless many failed to see, back in one of the rear halls, the bas-relief group of college athletes stripped naked for a race over the ice. This and the altar-enthroned steam radiator were the choicely humorous rewards of a very serious affair. Judged by their work on this occasion, the men and women who practise the profession of sculpture here and now are more or less skillful modellers rather than sculptors. Difficult contortions and pleasing silhouettes fall very far short of truly sculptural conceptions.



THE MACHINE SHOP
BUMPEI USUI
Salons of America, Anderson Galleries

Moreover, this exception went far towards explaining why, in this day and country, the phrase "decorative painting" has connotations of shallow-

ness and triviality. Whether the professionals or their patrons are responsible may be obscure, but it is depressingly obvious that our decorative painters in the main rely upon trite design, saccharine color, and conventional ideas. Even when they are so fortunate as to secure a commission of a scope greater than an over-mantle and even when they creditably turn to some characteristic phase of American life for their subject matter, their timidly traditional technical habits stifle and smother the spark of artistic life which might be called forth by such circumstances. Even when they begin to test out the possibilities of some new material, such as cement, they do not respond sufficiently to the character of the material itself but use it insensitively and try to make it look like oil pigment. On the whole, the screen-makers meet with most success nowadays in exploiting the means at their command—possibly because they are freer to play with their own conceptions in a field not fenced in by stodgy proprieties of the accepted and expected. But the charm and piquancy of successful screens cannot permanently compensate for the ab-



LANDSCAPE
Whitney Studio Club, Anderson Galleries

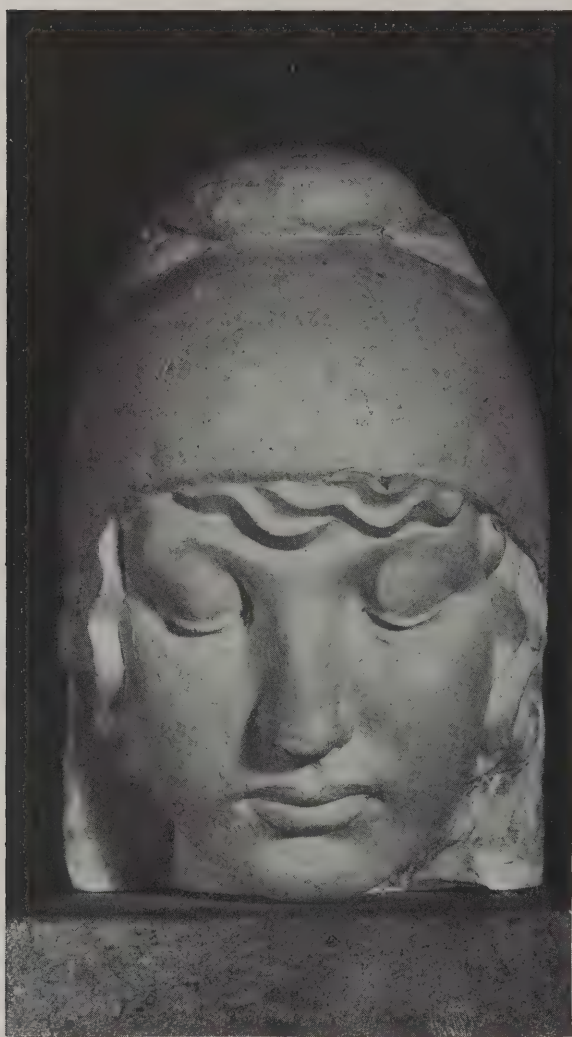
YASUO KUNIYOSHI



RETRIBUTION THOMAS H. BENTON
Exposition of Architectural and Allied Arts, Grand Central Palace

scene of successful decorations on a grand scale which have a vital relation to the time-spirit

It must be placed to Mr. Benton's credit that he for one is an explorer in the field of decorations. The series of five panels depicting scenes from American history collectively formed the most notable exhibit of the entire exposition. Four of them were reproduced in *THE ARTS* for June, 1924, in connection with Mr. Benton's own article on "Form and the Subject"; the fifth is reproduced herewith. The work has characteristics which must appear as obvious faults to the unadventurous minded; and even those who are most willing to applaud Mr. Benton's ability and hardihood must at the same time wish that he had not twisted his



PORTRAIT HEAD
CECIL HOWARD
Whitney Studio Club, Anderson Galleries



LUCIA
GEORGE LUSK
Rehn Galleries

lines quite so much. However, what is bothersome is not so much the line-curvature in itself as the sacrifice to it of inner structure; the decorative emphasis so attained cannot be wholly satisfactory. Yet Mr. Benton's ambitious undertaking has the very great merit of being consistent throughout, a quality most difficult to achieve in the midst of all the conflicting tendencies and influences from which no painter can hope to escape today. Above all else, the color of these panels is full and clear and strong; among the conventional pallidities of contemporary wall decoration it possesses a convincing authority which not only commands respect but wins admiration.

All of the accessories of architecture were present in actual examples, while the mistress art itself was represented only by a few small models and a multitude of photographs; the resulting disproportion of emphasis was regrettable even if inevitable. Perhaps a greater measure of segregation of exhibits would rectify this to some extent, since the main trouble seems to be the difference in scale between the photographs of buildings and actual objects that go into the buildings. The state of American architecture as reported by these photographs is distinctly more encouraging than that of the two allied arts just considered.

To be sure, not all is well. For instance, there



HILLSIDE, BIOT
Montrois Gallery

LEE HERSCH



SOMEWHERE ON RUSSIAN HILL
Babcock Gallery

STAN WOOD



MOONLIGHT NIGHT, NASSAU
Kraushaar Galleries

GIFFORD BEAL

is Mr. Cass Gilbert's study for a war memorial; may the gods protect us from the realization of this terrible Babylonian nightmare! Running it a close second is the Masonic Temple Building for St. Louis, which is a threatened if not accomplished actuality. From Los Angeles one could expect only an architecture as conventional, as cut-to-pattern, as the moving pictures that emanate thence; and such expectations are fulfilled in the Museums of Science, History, and Art; but that Seattle should suffer the perpetration of such an anachronism as the library for the State University is a distinct disappointment. It is just too Gothic for words; and what has the Gothic to do with the far northwest?

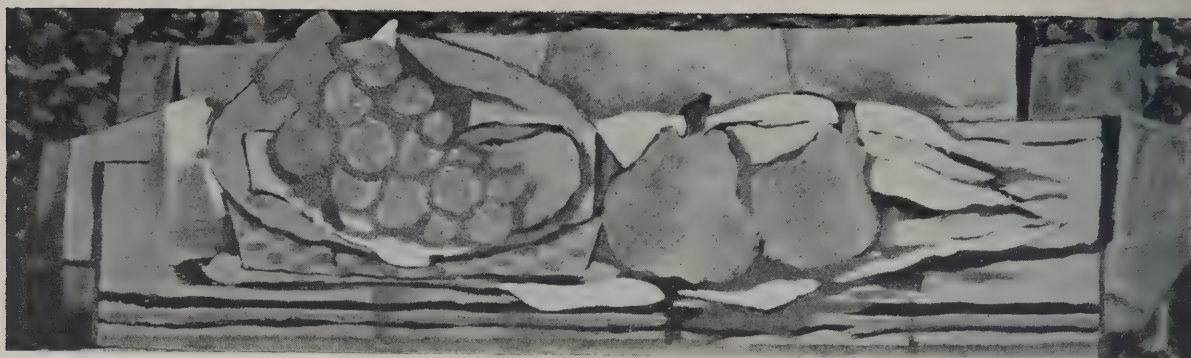
On the other hand, there are such fine things as the group of buildings for a boys' school in Connecticut by Theodate Pope and a freight station in Chicago by McLanahan and Bencker. Messrs. Day and Klauber, in their projected building for the University of Pittsburgh, are dubiously daring; but in their Liberal Arts Building for the University of Colorado have created a structure which is both good in itself and is made even better by its suitability to its surroundings.

It would probably be unsafe to draw any conclusions from the foreign exhibits as to the state of architecture in the various countries in Europe. They seem generally more hospitable to the experimenters than the United States, but this impression is quite possibly due simply to the original selection of material; in actual fact there may be there also a predominance of dull and stale conventionality.

Juries or No Juries

At the Anderson Galleries the Salons of America held the best spring exhibition of their brief history. The Salons form one of the "no jury, no prize" organizations which are the natural expression of revolt against the prevalent jury-censored type of show; and about all that can be said at each exhibition, whether of the Salons or of the Independents, is to express admiration for the principle and regret for the actual embodiment of the principle.

Hardly anyone familiar with the working of the jury system in this country can fail to wish the thing out of existence. But when one is confronted with what can only be described as a conglomeration in which technical incapacity predominates, one



FRUIT

Pierre Matisse French Exhibition, Dudensing Galleries

GEORGES BRACQUE

feels that the only way out is a modification of the jury system in the direction of greater intelligence of handling. The tremendous mass of indifferent work which finds its way to public notice through the free-for-all exhibitions is a cumulative depressant rather than a stimulant.

The foreword of the spring Salon catalogue stressed the necessity of the "exacting and exciting duty" of choosing for oneself. Of course, this is something which every one does for himself or herself in any case, no matter what the exhibition may be—whether a large one or even a small one-man show. The point about such an exhibition of that of the Salon or of the Independents is that mere quantity makes choosing too onerous and tiresome an affair. The remedy for the academic unintelligence selection is not no selection at all but more intelligent selection.

As a natural consequence, the exhibits resulting from that sort of choice will become smaller in size as well as more homogeneous in nature. Not only that, but the function of selection itself will tend naturally towards individuals rather than groups. Precisely here—in individual selection—is to be found the solution of existing exhibition problems. For only in the personal taste of a competent individual is to be found the bond of unity by which the confused and disparate artistic production of the present day can be made to cohere.

What individuals should perform this necessary task of selection it is hard to say. The danger of turning it over to the individual artist is precisely in the fact of his being a practising artist. His own artistic convictions and his own technical practice are bound to interfere with the proper understanding on his part of different convictions and different practices. Again, our museum directors as a class, have not in recent years shown themselves capable of intelligent individual choice. The sort of talent

required for a museum directorship in this country today consists not so much in a connoisseurship which is fully aware of the advanced work of the time as in administrative capacity and ability to carry out the policies of business-men trustees who play politics. The class of men today who are in the most strategic position for functioning in a selective capacity are the dealers; and fortunately, the last few years have witnessed the gradual emergence of individuals in this profession who are showing themselves thus capable. But in all probability, the ideal solution of the present *impasse* lies along the line suggested by Mr. Duncan Phillips in this issue—through the development of a new type of connoisseur. How such a type of man is to be trained and in what ways he is to be given power are matters too complex to be discussed in these notes.

At any rate, the museum-dealer system which now acts as the intermediary between the artist and public, if it is to survive much longer, must be manned by the type just described. Organizations of artists and near-artists who do no more than place before the public an indiscriminate mass of material are at best only a makeshift. As long as the art world as a whole is infested with the existing professional jury system, rebel organizations of this type are bound to be of some use. But they would be of no use whatever in a better state of things, when they and the professional juries alike are supplanted by competent individuals who are allowed scope and power to use their intelligence for the joint benefit of the artist and the public.

A specific instance of the principle of selection here advocated was afforded during the month of May by Pierre Matisse's exhibition of modern French paintings at the Dudensing Galleries. Not one of the examples then shown could with justice be called a great painting; but about the group as a whole, there was an air of homogeneity which ren-

dered it a delightful episode in the season. The pictures hung together in a deeper sense than that of being accidentally on the same walls; there was a common spirit among them. And the charm of each one was enhanced by the presence of all the others. The existence of a selective mind and a personal taste back of the whole was felt at once, and it was precisely this which rendered the event significant.

Moreover, it was also in the greater degree of homogeneity that the main merit of the annual exhibition of the Whitney Studio Club, at the Anderson Galleries, was to be found. Here is an organization of artists formed on a different principle from that of the other no-jury organizations; it is a group drawn together by a certain degree of like-mindedness and, further, a certain degree of professional competency. The resulting exhibition

proved to be both the liveliest and the most meritorious mixed one of the season.

Individual Exhibitions

Leaving behind such miscellaneous exhibitions, in commenting on which mention of individual artists and works would serve no good purpose at this late date, and coming now to the group of one-man shows which mark the practical conclusion of the season, several of great interest must be mentioned.

At Weyhe's Gallery was presented a collection of sculpture, drawings, and lithographs by Mr. Arnold Rönnebeck, a visitor from Germany. The reaction of this artist to the American scene offered the most obvious point for consideration. The unnaturalistic precision of his rendering of New York architecture gave the city an unwonted spiritual remoteness, another worldly quality, which hardly



YOUNG WOMAN AT THE PIANO
Pierre Matisse French Exhibition, Dudensing Galleries

HENRI MATISSE



THE FAMILY
Grand Central Galleries

CHARLES HOPKINSON

fits the city we know; it is only natural that, as an interpretation of this fascinatingly monstrous place, we should prefer the jangling power of Marin's tremendous creations. However, Mr. Rönnebeck's prevailing habit of working at a certain formal remove from nature appears to be a happy device for rendering subjects found in and around Positano, in Southern Italy. Yet there exists the assurance of the artist that he has very little changed optical actuality in these works—only just sufficiently to lift them into the realm of art. In view of this, that region may be judged as indeed a happy hunting ground for artists who need an adventure in the purely picturesque in order to freshen their perceptions.

The Babcock Galleries brought forward a group of water colors by a newcomer, Mr. Stan Wood. The predominant impression of his work is a welcome sensitiveness to the idiosyncrasy of his medium.

A certain tendency to force the quality of his color appears to be his greatest danger. One or two essays in the direction of imaginative conceptions did not quite convince; so far this artist is most sure of himself and of his technical mastery when he sticks closest to realism. He is already sufficiently an artist to be in no danger of a too great literalism; and, within the limits of art itself, his strong point seems to be faithfulness to the thing seen.

Another newcomer was presented at the Montross Galleries. This artist, Mr. Lee Hersch, has quite evidently given considerable attention to Cézanne and to Matisse; but apart from the works which betray a too great influence by those artists, Mr. Hersch showed others which mark him as having already attained a personal development in his art. He secures his main lines of construction in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, but within the various areas thus defined his handling of pigment is oc-

casionally less sensitive than might be expected of him. Still, Mr. Hersch is to be praised for his very manifest pleasure in the pigment itself; and, in the example herewith reproduced, he has been markedly successful in the difficult task of keeping the complex simple.

At the Grand Central Galleries was shown a room full of canvases by a painter who is perhaps the most competent portrait painter in America today—Mr. Charles Hopkinson. Any fault finding in regard to his work must resolve itself into a rather captious emphasis upon more or less unimportant details. His conception of portraiture as an art and his realization of his conception in his paintings commands the greatest respect. His ability to reconcile the oftentimes conflicting demands of design,

adequately realistic detail, perception of character, and likeness was completely demonstrated by this group of twenty portraits. From the point of view of design alone the Family Group reproduced in this number is a most admirable achievement. I know of very few other painters in this country today who could even attempt so difficult a group—certainly no more than one other who could organize it so successfully as a composition, who could maintain so just a regard for the claims of each person as an individual and at the same time maintain the proper emphasis on the picture as a whole. Mr. Hopkinson's work is marked by a degree of intelligence much above the ordinary level of contemporary American painting and the respect it now commands will prove permanent.



COAST OF BRITTANY

J. A. McNEILL WHISTLER

Purchased by the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut, from the Krashaar Galleries

BOOKS

BURLINGTON MAGAZINE MONOGRAPHS ON CHINESE ART: Published for the Burlington Magazine by E. Weyhe, New York, 1925. (\$8.50.)

When a beginner asks what he should read to get a general idea of Chinese art, the question is difficult to answer. There are many excellent books which can be recommended, each treating some particular phase of Chinese art; but not only does everybody not want to specialize in his reading but before doing so the student should know something of the general subject, the different problems which may not interest him particularly at the moment nevertheless are sure to come up sooner or later during the course of his studies. There are few books which answer this purpose and these have become quite out of date; it is therefore with great satisfaction that we welcome the Burlington Magazine Monographs on Chinese Art which, as the preface clearly states, are intended to fill this gap and which do it well.

In order to give authoritative essays on the different subjects, the editors have brought together a group of six experts who in turn give short well illustrated descriptions of the branch of Chinese art which interest them specially. Besides, in the introduction, Roger Fry gives an excellent general review of Chinese art in which he explains the differences and the relations with western art.

The six chapters which follow are by Laurence Binyon on painting, Bernhard Rackham on ceramics, A. F. Kendrick on textiles, Perceval Yetts on bronzes, Oswald Sirén on sculpture, and W. W. Winkworth on jades, enamels and lacquer. The jades which are such a very important fact in Chinese history and art have been relegated in this last chapter amongst the minor arts, in what the writer himself calls a *macédoine*. This seems unfortunate and not quite adequate; but what I regret most is that no chapter giving the outlines of Chinese history has been included. To most beginners Chinese history is an unknown quantity and when the names of dynasties and emperors are mere sounds, when the historical background fails completely, it is most difficult to remember the unfamiliar names. This particular difficulty is by no means reduced when in the same book Mr. Roger Fry writes about Kuen Lung and Mr. Rackham about the more familiar Chien Lung, many people will not guess that in both cases the same emperor is meant.

Most chapters give a short and comprehensive

sketch of the development of the branch of art under consideration with here and there hidden amongst the general enlightened instruction some pearl of special information, the result of the expert's experience or research. Mr. Binyon for example gives us a clear and sound explanation of the word rhythm with which writers on art are inclined to juggle in such a bewildering manner, and like this there are many. The book makes pleasant and interesting reading and is plentifully and well illustrated; it will be of great benefit to beginners and most useful to all those who want to have a general knowledge of Chinese art. At the end of each chapter there is a list of the best books available for the use of those who want to go deeper into the study of the different subjects.

S. C. BOSCH REITZ.

ART STUDIES: MEDIEVAL, RENAISSANCE, AND MODERN, by various authors: Princeton University Press, 1924. (\$3.50.)

"Art Studies," of which only two numbers have appeared, is a serious thing, however one may regard it. Coming out only once a year, costly to produce, no doubt, and fairly expensive to purchase, the intending subscriber may want to be reassured. It is well worth the money, even out of the poor scholar's pocket. There is reading matter for all sorts, divided almost evenly between the Middle Age and the Renaissance, with a snatch of Japanese thrown in; there is fresh erudition, the outcome of new research, and pleasant criticism, the fruit of long knowledge and understanding, with Professor Mather's brilliant *tour-de-force* to end on. Opening with a portrait of the late Allan Marquand and a page of sober affectionate praise from one who knew him long and well, the volume becomes in some sense a memorial to him; it includes also a brief essay which he had written on a Florentine Madonna relief which is, as always, approving, authoritative, and discreet. This, and the Japanese study by Frederick Mortimer Clapp, on a pair of screens in Boston Museum, make reading for any connoisseur, in their wide and sensitive appreciation of shades of beauty and degrees of perfection.

In "The Life and Works of Francesco di Giorgio," by Arthur McComb, with halftones of nearly forty pictures (many unpublished hitherto), appears the first serious essay on that enchanting painter published since that which Langton



GIULIANO DE' MEDICI

RAPHAEL

Purchased from the Hulschinsky Collection by Sir Joseph Duveen

Douglas wrote in Italian more than twenty years ago. The biography is close-packed, the new attributions are cautious, the bibliography is recent. The tone is admirable. One thing only is wanting. A leisurely, *qualitative* analysis and final interpretation of a painter's art is just as necessary as the exercise of style-criticism, though harder to compose, and from here it is missing. The art cannot be taught, but with the habit of reflection and real maturity it will come—with the practice of the hard exercise which is called thinking.

Walter Cook's article on "The Stucco Altar-Frontals of Catalonia" is only one of a series, two of which have appeared already in the "Art Bulletin," and can hardly therefore be estimated alone. It represents much work, even in these efficient days when all the apparatus of erudition is systematized and laid ready to hand in such Universities as those which stand behind these "Studies," with photographs, catalogues and card-indexes, so that the fortunate students can look over in a few weeks what not so very long ago would have cost him as many years of reading and travel and examination of the objects. As a matter of fact, Mr. Cook has travelled in Spain more than once, and he has a stubborn devotion to his aim that will bring him reputation and position and even learning in the end. The article, while not absolutely impeccable always in fact or judgment, represents serious and constructive thinking: nor should go without praise his admirable habit of pausing to sum up and note what has been observed or proved.

An admirable instance of patience and sobriety in scholarship is the essay on Fifth-century ivories proceeding from the South of France, with which E. Baldwin Smith supplements a little volume published seven years ago. The only fault to be found is that neither Scripture nor geography seems to be known with so long and familiar acquaintance as would be advantageous. The chief difficulty consists in the form of argument selected, which involves a great deal of repetition, and makes it hard not to argue in a circle and evoke the Scots verdict of "not proven"; but the method in the end is justified, the argument is close, and no praise could be too high for the self-restraint with which Dr. Baldwin Smith holds back, till the proof is completed on stylistic grounds, the brilliant bit of historical evidence which would by itself have sufficed to sustain his hypothesis. This is work that scholars must applaud and accept.

The illustrations are admirably selected to the purpose, and plain as well as beautiful to the eye. The scholar and the connoisseur will both desire

the publication to succeed and develop as quickly as possible into a quarterly. With the growing enthusiasm for art as scholarship, and the vigour of youngsters crowding into it as a profession, such a vehicle of publication is very needed.

GEORGIANA GODDARD KING.

EDITORIAL NOTE: *The publication of this volume, together with its predecessor, has been taken over by the Harvard University Press.*

TRADITION AND JAZZ: By FRED LEWIS PATTEE. The Century Company, 1925. (\$2.00.)

Jazz, in Professor Pattee's hands, is an elastic term. He uses it to describe all that he does not approve of in present-day American life and literature—which is practically everything. It covers free verse and the movies and the realistic novel and the twenty-five cent sex magazines; Sinclair Lewis and Charlie Chaplin and Carl Sandburg and Theodore Dreiser. If Professor Pattee were writing about painting the word would probably be applied to such jazzy artists as Cézanne and Ryder and Eakins and Picasso. He does not stop to argue about these "moderns"; he simply labels them "jazz" and turns his back on them.

Every June, he says, after ten months of exposure to all this modernity, he flees for his life to his "Sabine farm." In this retreat "the fever flickers and dies into gentleness, the jazz band within ceases its jungle-beat." One wonders what scenes of revelry make it necessary for him to take such radical recuperative measures; evidently the life of a college professor is not what it has been represented to be.

In this Sabine villa he has his shelf of real books, his restoratives. Few if any modern poets has he admitted to these sacred precincts. "Patiently I sample considerable of the poetry itself, though I feel at the start that I shall not like it." Edgar Lee Masters? "I dismiss him utterly from even the foot-hills of Parnassus." Robert Frost? "For me he lacks melodiousness all too often, and poise, and that inspired breath of poetry no one may define." "Robinson I must read again—I have hopes." "Not one of these poets, I am forced to say it, not one of them all, is fit yet to associate even remotely with my Sabine few—not yet." "The new group that a decade ago I viewed with such extravagant hopes seems to be on the whole a failure. It has talked itself to death; it has touched the fatal pitch of realism and has befouled its wings. A few lyrics Time may single out, but I fear it will be few indeed."

But the spectacle of Professor Pattee weeping

over the younger generation is too heartrending; let us turn to the essays in which he is in a more cheerful mood. When not troubled by his jazz complex he writes keenly and entertainingly, if somewhat pontifically, of many phases of American life and letters. There is, for instance, a chapter on the need for a new history of American literature which shall be free from the influence of the classroom, which shall make its own valuations, and which shall present our literature against the background of American history and among the distinctive conditions of American life—a suggestion which one would like to see carried out. Another chapter is devoted to the modern college, which Professor Pattee sees as a tremendous plant manned by an overpaid administrative staff and underpaid teachers. And there is an essay on Isaac Walton and fishing, which will soften the hearts of all anglers, even vers-librists.

But the jazz complex asserts itself at intervals throughout the book. We have lost all repose; our writers are sensationalists and sordid realists; everything is jazz. Undoubtedly there is some truth in this; but to dismiss a poet like Robert Frost as “scofflaw” is perilously close to evading the trouble of genuine criticism. Wholesale condemnation is easy; it is far more difficult to study contemporary life and art with an open and unprejudiced mind, and to make some attempt to separate the wheat from the chaff.

LLOYD GOODRICH.

GIOTTO, By CARLO CARRÀ: New York, E. Weyhe, 1925. (\$9.00.)

INGRES: SEIN LEBEN UND SEIN STIL, VON L. FRÖLICH-BUM: Wien-Leipzig, Mans Verlag, 1924. (New York, E. Weyhe: \$12.00.)

VAN DONGEN: Paris, Henri Floury, 1925. (New York, E. Weyhe: \$10.00.)

DAUMIER: The Man and the Artist, by MICHAEL SADLEIR: London, Hilton and Truscott Smith, 1924. (New York, Minton, Balch and Company: \$20.00.)

The general and long-established superiority of European over American books on art is strikingly brought out by these four importations from as many different countries—Italy, Germany, France and England. Very properly all four of them restrict the length of the accompanying text and center their emphasis upon reproductions of works by the various artists. These reproductions are both better in quality and far more numerous than could be

produced in this country for the same money; and it is to be hoped that all four volumes will be widely circulated, because at least three of the four artists have marked importance for practising artists and all four are important for those who would comprehend the most significant trends in contemporary painting.

The text of the volume on Giotto is by Carlo Carrà, an Italian artist of the Futurist persuasion, who appears in print very frequently in *Valori Plastici*. What might have been an interesting contribution to general literature on Giotto has foundered on the rocks of controversial scholarship. Signor Carrà has not hesitated to commit himself upon many disputed points, but this is done mainly through elaborate differences of opinions from previous writers over comparatively minor details. His text bristles with the names of books and authors and many passages are quoted simply to be contradicted. Everywhere the reader is confronted with the quicksands of conjecture. All this is on no way remedied by a jerky and disconnected method of composition, and by a translation that is clumsily literal, with no feeling for nuance or precision. But even from out all this there emerge brief glimpses of Giotto's significance today—his attack on the fundamental problems of painting, the expressiveness of his draftsmanship, the creativeness of his design, the universality of his human meaning.

However, the question of the merit or demerit of the eighty pages of text is dwarfed into insignificance by the presence of almost two hundred reproductions in collotype after photographs by Alinari. More than half are of the Paduan frescoes, since these to this author represent the summit of Giotto's achievement. Concerning the paintings at Assisi he affirms: “. . . it is certain that with the exception of the legend of St. Francis which is also doubtful, all the work attributed to Giotto at Assisi is of a much later period than the Paduan frescoes.” (p. 66.) He denies Giotto any part in the paintings of the Lower Church because they are “of inferior merit” (p. 72); and further refuses to admit the Legend into the painter's canon on the ground that this series does not possess the plastic qualities of the work in the Arena Chapel. But fortunately these opinions as to their unauthenticity do not prevent him from giving forty-four reproductions, principally from the Legend in the Upper Church. Altogether this volume affords the best survey of Giotto's work obtainable at so moderate a price.

The handsome, large-paged volume on Ingres

has only fifty-six pages of text, divided into a biographical sketch, which draws generously and intelligently upon Ingres' own letters, and a twenty-one page estimate of his work. The essay remains in its original German and, thus unmarred by any pedantically clumsy translation, it appears to be a piece of work of some consequence both in scholarly thoroughness and in literary form; it does not pretend to supplant the comprehensive and lengthy volume by M. Henry Lapauze, but it is a well-considered initiation into the art so beautifully reproduced in the plates that follow.

These are eighty in number and are all in photogravure. While this method of reproduction is inevitably unfaithful to certain factors in oil painting, Ingres' work loses less than that of most painters; indeed, in certain instances the marvel of his drawing becomes all the more effective in the absence of the overlying tints. Comparatively few of the big and lifeless "machines" are given—just enough to show that phase of Ingres' accomplishment. There are twenty-two reproductions of those amazing drawings of individuals and of family groups which collectively form one of the most treasurable items in the heritage of French art. There are also over twenty reproductions of the portraits in oil, some of which are among the most wonderful achievements of all time in portraiture. A series of six plates show his most famous nudes; but the prime value of this book to the lover of Ingres consist in almost thirty reproductions of drawings, almost all of them from the *Musée Ingres* at Montauban, studies for the finished works. It is in these drawings, which lend themselves so well to photogravure, that one comes closest to the mind of one of the giants of art; and this fascinating collection of them is invaluable to anyone enamoured of "the probability of art." "To draw," the master said, "is not merely to reproduce the contours; nor does drawing consist simply in lines; drawing is also expression, inward substance, design, form. . . . If I were to put an inscription over my door, I should write: *School of Drawing*, and I should be sure of producing painters." And again: "Draw simply and with breadth. Simplicity and breadth: they are drawing, they are art."

With no less clearness and insistence did Ingres preach also the doctrine of reverent study of Nature, knowing that the artist, in so far as he was an artist, was in no danger of copying her slavishly and unintelligently; his own dominant instinct for style kept him always above the merely imitative level and gave him that measure of unconscious ease which comes from an attention concentrated steadily

on the object. In Van Dongen, at the other extreme, exists that restless and unsure surface originality which finds its origin in self-conscious subjectivity; anxious at all costs to impose himself upon nature, he strains after a striking technic full of bizarre details. His very success in this impairs his artistic effectiveness, so that one quickly gets enough of his calculated cleverness. The well-made volume on him just issued contains one hundred reproductions in collotype. One hundred works by Van Dongen! It is as if one said: One hundred waffles for breakfast. For this painter's work is unmistakably of the sort which makes a welcome side-dish in a mixed repast or even the sole item in a *petit déjeuner* but never in itself a substantial and sustaining meal. The text of this book relies for its interest to a considerable extent upon remarks quoted directly from the painter; and these have a certain value as another expression of his mind. Where the writer speaks in his own person, the tone is somewhat exaggerated and quite too much merit is claimed for the painter's work. The principal point of this essay is that Van Dongen is preeminently, in the now sanctified phrase, *le peintre de la vie moderne*. There can be no question that he is indeed of his epoch, but there can be still less question that he is decidedly not for all time. The writer of this book indulges (p. 30) in a jibe at the young purists who, having just discovered Ingres, therefore cast a glance of disdain upon the work of Van Dongen. Perhaps it is unwise to be disdainful of anything in this world, even of a painter whom one happens not to like; but a disdain which forms only the obverse of a worship of Ingres is in youth surely a venial offense, while the worship is even more certainly a great virtue.

With Daumier one is back again on heights, and this book about him from England is worthy of the heartiest praise. Mr. Sadleir's object in writing is not only to vivify for us Daumier the man but also to set forth his artistic significance for our time. The essay itself has a satisfying form: starting with the idea that each generation sees art with new eyes, it then establishes in general terms the modern revaluation of Daumier; it follows this with a biographical sketch full of humanity and understanding; it then analyzes his mentality as revealed in his art and confirmed in his life; and concludes with a lucid and penetrating characterization of the art itself. This thirty-five-page monograph, barring a very few phrases which reach out ineffectually after impressiveness, is a model of enthusiastic and yet well-balanced art criticism. In accordance with the thesis of the text, the majority

of the hundred or more illustrations have been chosen from Daumier's paintings and drawings rather than from his lithographs. Thus most of the pictures are comparatively fresh and correspondingly strong in their appeal; one of the most important, used as a frontispiece in color, has never been reproduced before. Daumier's own work is represented with adequacy and dignity, and the letter-press interprets him and his work with persuasive skill; the combination of these things renders this volume an outstanding one in the art of books of the season now passing. VIRGIL BARKER.

WITH PENCIL, BRUSH AND CHISEL. By EMIL FUCHS: New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1925. (\$7.50.)

"With Pencil, Brush and Chisel" is the title given by Emil Fuchs to the story of his artistic career, recently brought out in a handsome volume by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Fuch's memoirs belong to the chatty type, facile, complacent and amiable. Undistinguished in style and untroubled by depth of thought, the copious tale flows on in a continuous prattling stream.

It is evident not only from his own story but also from the exhibition of his work now in progress at the Fine Arts Building, No. 215 West 57th Street, that this artist has never been hampered by lack of enterprise, nor diffidence, nor laziness. His industry in his chosen vocation seems from the start to have been combined with a natural flair for helpful publicity, and with a knack for establishing relations with persons who could assist him toward the professional success which was his goal.

Beginning with his youth in Austria, Mr. Fuchs unfolds the tale of his early endeavors to become a sculptor. From the early days in Vienna the ambitious young man seems to have missed no opportunity to bring himself to the notice of local celebrities and of those celebrities who, like Sarah Bernhardt, were occasional visitors to Vienna.

At the age of twenty-two Mr. Fuchs went to Berlin and won a scholarship at the Berlin Academy then under the direction of Anton von Werner. Some of the anecdotes of the late Kaiser's dictatorship in matters of art are appalling. Whatever we in America may have suffered from officialdom in art we have never fallen to such depths of frightfulness.

The young artist's gifts and his aptitude for getting on won him patronage from the court, but his scholarship included a sojourn in Italy and after its term had expired he stayed on in Rome where he

soon began to get orders on his own account. The rich and great began to visit his studio in troops. His extreme sense of elation in merely meeting and speaking to royalties and celebrities is astonishing. Throughout his life the thing seems never to have lost its glamor for him. He was a born autograph collector.

The reader pushes on through innumerable accounts of "great" and "memorial" occasions in the cheerful hope that with all this detailed gossip and chitter chatter the author, sooner or later, will throw some illumination on the great personages or will define with some precision the quality of some of the memorable occasions. Disappointment is the reader's portion. The celebrities hardly ever saw or do anything that is not quite pointless and flat.

Through a chance commission for a bust, which came to him while he was still in Italy, Mr. Fuchs betook himself to England. There he won a firm enough footing in the fashionable world to cause him to decide to live permanently in London, where, as he says, "the era of Sargent was just beginning."

In the narrative that follows few names of prominence in the London of the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth fail to appear. Sargent and Paderewski are the great enthusiasms of Mr. Fuchs. His comments on Mr. Paderewski's personality have more point, feeling and critical acumen that he shows elsewhere in the entire book.

The author remains artlessly delighted in his association with the prominent figures of the day. His attitude is so innocent that it is almost inoffensive. The climax of this particular kind of career arrives when King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, comes to the artist's studio and gives him a commission. Nothing but quotation can do justice to this passage:

"One afternoon in June, 1899, the Prince, accompanied only by an equerry, came quite unannounced to my studio. My surprise and happiness to see him thus walking in at my door would be difficult to describe. And he began with his usual genial affability: 'Mr. Fuchs, I saw your medal of Gen. Sir Arthur Ellis—in fact, I see it every day on the ash tray he gave me for Christmas. I consider it a happy idea and a good likeness. Do you think you could make a similar one for me?'

"'I am almost sure of it, Sir,' I answered. 'If Your Royal Highness could grant me a few sittings.'—

"'I will, and you can begin now,' said the Prince. 'If you have your material at hand, I will give you half an hour.'

"It need hardly be said that I had and without

delay he mounted the model stand and sank into what I hope was a comfortable chair. I offered him a cigaret, apologizing for its quality, but he took it and smiled. I watched the expression of his face to see whether the smile would change after the first puff.

"Observing that the Prince was no longer smoking, I interrupted my work and ventured to offer him a cigaret.

"Thank you very much," he said, "I think I had better smoke one of my own, which are milder."

"But I am glad to say that was the only occasion when I was unable to offer my august sitter a smoke to his taste. Presently he remarked:

"When you get to a point where you feel you can make a pause, please let me know."

"The only reply in such a case was to assure him that point was then and there, and I immediately laid my tools aside. Whereupon he descended from the stand, came over and looked at my work and then began with his customary urbane smile:

"I should like to ask you a delicate question. But I must tell you first that recently I had some unpleasant experience with an artist' (and he mentioned a name) 'who kept on drawing advances without ever completing his work. How much will this medal cost?'

"For a moment, I own, I was embarrassed. Finally I said to him: "Your Royal Highness' visit and graciousness has somewhat bewildered me. If I don't express myself as I should wish, I trust nevertheless that my answer will not be taken amiss. I should have liked to beg of your Royal Highness that I be permitted to pass over the question of money altogether. All my life it has been embarrassing to me. Your Royal Highness' visit has brought something into my life like sunshine which no amount of money could have procured, and I think this should be more than ample. But since I am asked a direct question I should suggest that (I mentioned a certain sum) 'would be paying me royally.'"

At the height of his success as a sculptor and medalist Mr. Fuchs took to painting and when once launched as a portrait painter he got more commissions than he had had for his busts and medals.

Visits to the United States, to Cuba and to Canada follow and finally the adoption of America as a permanent abode. In his comments on the Americans who have posed for him Mr. Fuchs is

less obsequious, more natural and therefore more interesting than when he was oppressed by the presence of royalty. His criticisms and comments on the American scene are for the most part simple and good natured if not exactly penetrating.

The book is lavishly illustrated with reproductions of Mr. Fuchs's work in sculpture, drawing, painting and etching. In studying the character of this work as it is now shown at the Fine Arts Galleries it is easy to see why Mr. Fuchs received special favor from the British Sovereigns. It is quite in keeping with the taste uniformly displayed by that illustrious family.

George Moore long ago in "Royalty in Art" described the royal family's taste: "'Exhibit us in our family circle, in our coronation robes, in our wedding dresses; let the likeness be correct and the colors bright—we leave the rest to you.' Such seems to have been the royal artistic edict issued in the beginning of the present reign. In no instance has the choice fallen on a painter of talent; but the middling from every country in Europe seems to have found a ready welcome at the court of Queen Victoria. We find there middling Germans, middling Italians, middling Frenchmen—and all receiving money and honor from our Queen."

Mr. Fuchs's is the largest one-man show New York has had for many a long day, and I saw nothing in it that would lead me to sail to Ireland in order to tell Mr. Moore that in his youth he had written more rudely than critically about the "dear Queen's" taste. I still think he was right.

F. W.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE ART OF ETCHING. By E. S. Lumsden. Philadelphia. J. S. Lippincott Company, 1925. (\$5.00.)

MODERN RUSSIAN ART. By Louis Lozowick. New York: Société Anonyme. 1925.

TOLSTOY ON ART. By Aylmer Maude. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company, 1924. (\$5.00.)

THE DOROTHEA A. DREIER EXHIBITION: FOREWORD AND CATALOGUE. By Christian Brinton. New York: Privately Printed, 1925.

ADRIAAN LUBBERS. By Italo Tavalato. Rome: Valori Plastici, 1925.



SOFA BY SUE AND MARE DESIGNED BY CHARLES DUFRESNE
EXECUTED BY AUBUSSON: LENT BY C. PACQUEMENT, ESQ.
Exposition of Decorative Arts, Paris

PARIS NOTES

Paris, May 8th. The exhibition of Decorative Arts is open. It will not be finished for many weeks. * * * The sofa designed by Charles Dufresne (reproduced above) makes me think that there is hope for modern decorative art. It is the gem of the collection. * * * The Soviet pavilion is extraordinary. * * * Raoul Dufy has painted some barges for Paul Poiret. They are gay and amusing. People smile and argue when they see them. * * * I walked through miles of plaster. * * * Poland, Sweden, Czecho Slovakia, all sent good things. Austria is entertaining, England dull, Italy conventional. * * * There are many hideous affairs. Later on I shall see the exhibition better, minus plaster and chalk. * * * The great official Salon has opened on the *Terrasse des Tuileries*, containing about four thousand paintings, drawings and pieces of sculpture. * * * The Salon des Tuileries opens soon in the Palais des Bois. There will be another two or three thousand exhibits there. To make the feast perfect, forty-three other exhibitions have recently opened. * * * At the Galerie

Dru, 11 *rue Montaigne*, they are having an exhibition of drawings and water colors by Delacroix from various important collections. An exhibition of unusual interest. * * * The Galerie Fiquet, *rue de La Boétie*, is given up to Utrillo—a large group including all periods. * * * Gromaire is at the Galerie Pierre, 13 *rue Bonaparte*. He shows oils, water colors and drawings. This is a powerful young French painter. Soon he will be considered greater than many modern Frenchmen whom you talk about in America. * * * Greatest of all the exhibitions in Paris now is that of French landscapes from Poussin to Corot. Rare examples by Corot, Poussin, Boucher, Fragonard, Claude Lorraine, Lancret, Le Nain, Pater, etc., are lent by the Louvre, the Uffizi, Brussels, Versailles, the Prado, Haarlem, Galerie Borghese, Palais de Compiègne, the King of England, Viscount Lascelles, Prince Doria Pamphili, Prince Barberini and the Duke of Devonshire. An amazing exhibition; the late Henry Lapauze prepared it. It will be open until the end of June. JACQUES MAUNY.

NOTES ON THE GANGNAT COLLECTION

From the Prefaces by

ROBERT DE FLERS AND ELIE FAURE

THE Maurice Gangnat collection, which will be sold at the Hotel Drouot, Paris, on June 24th and 25th, is already being widely discussed in Paris. Robert de Flers and Elie Faure have written the prefaces to the catalogue. The collection consists of 160 pictures by Renoir as well as canvases by Cézanne and Vuillard.

M. Gangnat was a great friend of Renoir's, a fact to which his collection testifies. Practically all of his paintings by Renoir were purchased by M. Gangnat from the artist, or given to him by the artist during the last twenty years of Renoir's life. The collection, roughly speaking then, represents a period of this great artist's fecund production which still excites argument even in the minds of his admirers. The "late" Renoir is sometimes received with restrained admiration even by those who accord to Renoir's earlier productions the greatest admiration, and not very many years ago, when the younger artists were fighting almost as much for the theories of modern art as they were for art, he who did not bow down before a "late" Renoir was considered a Philistine.

Perhaps the introductions by Robert de Flers and Elie Faure are both a little bit flattering to the taste of M. Gangnat, who evidently was very much dominated in his choice of pictures by Renoir himself, but what would be the point of publishing unflattering prefaces for a great sale? And in any case, since Maurice Gangnat did own some very beautiful pictures, and since the authors of the prefaces are informed about Renoir, it is interesting to take advantage of the kindness of the publishers of the catalogue through which we are permitted to quote from the prefaces. Concerning the taste of M. Gangnat, Robert de Flers writes in part:

"Maurice Gangnat did not give in to any of those vanities which at times have pushed certain of our contemporaries to collect works of art in the hope of deriving personal and flattering advantages. These parvenus of 'amateurism,' who have created a gallery merely for the sake of having a gallery, imagine that to be surrounded with expensive canvases will lend fineness to their profiles and penetration to their regards, and that henceforth they will not be considered stupid people. What an error of judgment! Beauty makes vulgarity only the more vulgar when vulgarity comes into the presence of beauty. Did not Degas say of a certain

banker, 'He dishonors his pictures but he never buys portraits for fear that one fine day they might stick out their tongues at him.'

"M. Gangnat did not have to refute any such statement as this. He would not own a gallery, but was happy to place on the walls of his apartment masterpieces on which it gave him pleasure to rest his eyes with that wise intoxication which taste alone gives. 'There is in art,' said La Bruyère, 'a point of perfection like goodness or maternity in nature; he who feels it and loves it has perfect taste; he who does not feel it and who loves something a little to one side of this point has defective taste.'

"This marvelous instinct of the connoisseur is generally revealed to a man by a great painter who puts him, so to speak, in a state of grace. It is Renoir, who for Maurice Gangnat was the revealing power. The first time that he went to Renoir's studio with the intention of securing two or three canvases, he took away a dozen. Later he became the friend of Renoir. Every spring he chose from his work that which he preferred, and he did this during nearly twenty years. One year, M. Gangnat noticed that Renoir hesitated about selling him some of his new work, and when he asked the reason why, Renoir said to him:

"To speak frankly, I am afraid that my canvases united in this way side by side may hurt each other. I am uneasy for them.'

"But several weeks later Renoir went to call on M. Gangnat. He walked up and down the rooms, looked for a long time at his pictures, examined certain ones as a father might have looked at his children after a long separation. Little by little his face relaxed, and wholly reassured, he declared, 'In the future you may ask me for anything you like and you shall always have it.'

Apropos of Renoir's last period to which reference has already been made, Elie Faure writes:

"I have written elsewhere that the painting of the last years of Renoir enabled me to give a definition of painting itself, a definition which I wanted to be applicable to all masters (a form which turns in a transparent space). It is the collection of Maurice Gangnat which gave me the key to this formula, to which the supreme effort of Renoir made me a little more jealously attached.

"The last time I saw Renoir he was going home



DANCER WITH TAMBOURIN
Gangnat Collection RENOIR
 Paris, 1909



DANCER WITH CASTANETTES
Gangnat Collection RENOIR
 Paris, 1909

from the Louvre where he had not been for some years. His visit had enchanted him. He could hardly contain the joy that he had felt in seeing again the Femmes d'Alger, at finding the Noces de Cana; he had seen a painting by himself, the study of the head of Mme. Charpentier.

"How did you like it?"

"Not bad, but a little empty."

"If I had been seeking proof, if his conversation over a long period had not given me many other proofs, such a remark would have been sufficient to show to me that he was fully conscious of the meaning and quality of his last tendencies. Did he not die saying, 'I am still making progress'? When accident disappears, when nothing useless interferes, when the painter by sacrifices and abbreviations, even at the cost of some awkwardness, arrives at the point where he no longer sees in the multitude of forms anything but the curves, the mass and the essential volumes, and in their chromatic variations only a large unified harmony to which everything is subservient, he approaches the great mystery . . .

"The last 'manner' of Renoir makes us think of the greatest things, for it has arrived at that point of equilibrium when the visible universe and thought fuse in a simplified form which is that of a spirit, but of a spirit ardent enough, logical enough and enough moved to demand humbly of the visible universe and of nothing else, that it supply him with the elements of this form. The miracle of painting is that it is just half-way between representation of the object toward which sculpture tends, and of an interior world seeking to pour out its heart of which music is the language.

"I know no painting which accepts and seeks more completely this double and necessary impulsion than the last works of Renoir. Compared with them, many an early Renoir in spite of its irresistible charm, appears empty. Their charm, their life, their youth, are already active and affect us, but they have not yet found their formal naked expression, those special relationships which fuse ceaselessly with the universality of things, although there are in these old canvases many more things represented than in the last canvases."

M. Faure concludes his eulogy by pointing out that only when the painter has shown himself capable of catching the character of an infinite variety of the various subtle movements and expressions that take place in real life, does he become able to simplify his vision until he sees only the vast simple forms which seem to concentrate in their living weight the blood and fire of the sun.

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